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THE FIRST REPUBLIC.

VOLUME I.



THE WORKS OF
ALEXANDRE DUMAS

The First Republic

*Or, The Whites and
the Blues*

In Two Volumes

Volume I



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PREFACE.

IN the preface to "The Company of Jehu," I told how that novel came to be made; and those who have read the book know very well what I borrowed of Nodier, the eye-witness of the death of the four Companions: I borrowed my finale of him.

Now, "The Whites and the Blues," being a continuation of "The Company of Jehu," no one will be surprised that I borrow again of Nodier. During his long illness, which was only the gradual extinction of his strength, I was one of his most constant visitors; and as he had not had time, owing to his incessant labors, to read my books when he was well, no sooner was he ill and confined to his bed than he collected about him the seven or eight hundred volumes I had published up to that time, and devoured them. The more knowledge he got of my ways of work, the more his confidence in my literary ability increased; and every time I spoke to him of himself he would answer:—

"Oh, as for me, time was always lacking. I never had leisure to do more than pencil sketches; whereas you, if you had taken this or that subject of which I have made a novel in one volume,—you would have made one in ten."

It was then that he related to me the facts filling four pages which I made into the three volumes of "The Company of Jehu," and it was then, also, that he told me the story of Euloge Schneider, declaring that I should probably make ten of it.

"Yes," he said, "some day, my good friend, you will write those volumes, and if any part of us survives hereafter, I shall enjoy your success up there, and my vanity will tell me I had something to do with it."

Well, I wrote "The Company of Jehu," and ever since the success of that book I have been tormented with the idea — taking my point of departure for a new book from Nodier's "Episodes of the Revolution," just as I took my finale from his "Thermidorean Reaction" — I have been tormented, I say, with the idea of writing a great novel on the First Republic, entitled "The Whites and the Blues," from the facts I took from his lips and from his written recollections.

But just as I was beginning to set to work a scruple seized me. This time, it was not a matter of borrowing a few pages from my old friend, it was the actual putting of himself upon the scene. So, I wrote to my dear sister, Marie Mennessier, and asked her to permit me to do a second time, with her permission, that which I had done once without it; that is to say, graft on a wild stock of my own a slip from her paternal tree. To that request she replied as follows: —

Take what you wish and all you wish, my brother Alexandre; I give my father into your hands with as much confidence as if he were your own. His memory is in good hands, and his recollections too.

MARIE MENNESSIER-NODIER.

After that, nothing could stop me; and as my plot was all laid out, I went to work at once. The publication of the book begins to-day; but in giving it to the public I have a duty of the heart to do, and I thus accomplish it:

*This book is dedicated to my illustrious friend and
collaborator,*

CHARLES NODIER.

I say *collaborator*, because if any one takes the trouble to look for another, he will have his trouble for his pains.

ALEX. DUMAS.

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THE FIRST REPUBLIC; OR, THE WHITES AND THE BLUES.

PROLOGUE.

THE PRUSSIANS ON THE RHINE.

FROM THE HÔTEL DE LA POSTE TO THE HÔTEL DE LA
LANTERNE.

ON the twenty-first Frimaire, year II. (11th of December, 1793), the diligence from Besançon to Strasbourg drew up, about nine in the evening, in the interior courtyard of the hôtel de la Poste, which stands behind the cathedral.

Five travellers got out; only one of whom, the youngest of the five, will occupy our attention. He was a child, about thirteen or fourteen years of age, thin and pale, who might have been taken for a girl dressed in boy's clothes, so quiet and gentle was the expression of the face. His hair, which was cut à la Titus, a fashion which zealous republicans had copied from Talma, was a dark chestnut; eyebrows of the same color overshadowed a pair of light-blue eyes, which rested on men and things, like piercing interrogations, with remarkable intelligence. The lad's lips were thin, his teeth handsome, his smile charming; and he was dressed in the style of the day, if not elegantly, at least so neatly that it was easy to see a woman's hand had passed that way.

The conductor, who seemed to take some special care of the boy, gave him a little package, not unlike a soldier's

knapsack, which, thanks to a pair of straps, could be carried on the back. Then, looking about him, the conductor called out, —

“Holà! is there any one here from the hôtel de la Lanterne waiting for a young gentleman from Besançon?”

“I am,” said a rough, coarse voice; and a stable-man, hidden by the darkness in spite of the lantern he carried in his hand, which lighted only the pavement at his feet, came up to the lumbering vehicle on the side of the open door.

“Ha! it’s you, Sleepy!” exclaimed the conductor.

“My name’s not Sleepy, I’m called Coclès,” replied the stable-man, in a surly tone, “and I have come to fetch citizen Charles —”

“Sent by the citoyenne Teutch, are not you?” said the lad, in a gentle voice, forming a charming contrast to the rough tones of the hostler.

“Yes, that’s so. Well, are you ready, citizen?”

“Conductor,” said the child, “will you tell them at home —”

“That you got here safe, and they met you — yes, yes, Monsieur Charles.”

“Oh, oh!” exclaimed the stable-man, in a tone that was almost threatening, walking close up to the conductor and the lad, “oh, oh!”

“What do you mean with your ‘oh, ohs!’”

“I mean that the language you are talking may be that of Franche-Comté, but it is n’t that of Alsace.”

“Really!” said the conductor, in a jeering tone; “so that is what you want to say to me, is it?”

“And to give you a bit of advice,” added citizen Coclès, “which is, to leave your *monsieurs* inside your diligence, inasmuch as they are not in fashion in Strasbourg, above all now that we have the honor of receiving within our walls the citizen-representatives Saint-Just and Lebas.”

“A fig for your citizen-representatives; take this young man to the Lanterne.” And without paying further heed

to citizen Coclès' advice, the conductor turned in to the hôtel de la Poste.

The man with the lantern looked after him, muttering; then turning to the lad he said, —

“Come, come on, citizen Charles,” and, walking first, he showed the way.

Strasbourg is at no time a lively city, above all, at two hours after taps; but it was less lively than ever at the time this tale begins, that is to say, early in December, 1793. The Austro-Prussian army was literally at the gates; Pichegru, general-in-chief of the army of the Rhine, after collecting all the remnants of the corps he could find, had, by force of will and example, re-established discipline and resumed the offensive on the 18th Frimaire, that is, three days earlier, organizing (inasmuch as he was too weak to offer battle) a war of skirmishers and sharpshooters. He succeeded Houchard and Custine, both guillotined on account of their reverses, also Alexandre de Beauharnais, who was about to be guillotined also.

Saint-Just and Lebas had come to Strasbourg not only to order Pichegru to conquer, but to decree victory. The guillotine followed them, to execute instantly any sentence they pronounced.

Three decrees had been issued that very day. First: it was ordered that the gates of Strasbourg should be shut at three in the afternoon, under pain of death to whoever delayed the closing even five minutes. Second: it was forbidden to fly before the enemy; the penalty of death was decreed for whoever turned his back on the battle-field, whether a cavalry man who galloped his horse, or a foot-soldier who ran. Third: it was ordained, in consequence of the surprises planned by the enemy, that every man should go to bed in his clothes. Death was decreed for all, soldiers, officers, or chief officials, who should be discovered undressed.

The lad who now entered the town was to see within six days the execution of each of these decrees.

As we have said, all these circumstances, added to the news received from Paris, made Strasbourg, a naturally dull town, duller still. The news from Paris was the death of the queen, the death of the Duc d'Orléans, the death of Madame Roland, the death of Bailly. There was also talk of the probable capture of Toulon by the English; but this was only a rumor which lacked confirmation.

Neither was the hour of the lad's arrival one which was likely to make Strasbourg seem gay to him. By nine o'clock at night the dark and narrow streets were deserted and left to the patrols of the Civil Guard and the Company of the Propaganda, whose duty it was to keep public order. Nothing could be more lugubrious for a traveller just arriving from another city which was neither the scene of war nor a frontier town, than the sound of the nocturnal marching to and fro of these armed bodies, stopping now and then, with gruff orders and clang of weapons, as they met other bodies, exchanged the pass-word, and went on.

Two or three of these patrols had met our young arrival and his conductor without taking any notice of them, when suddenly another body advanced, and the words "Qui vive?" resounded. There were three ways of replying to the nocturnal qui-vive in Strasbourg; all three indicating in a sufficiently characteristic way the different shades of opinion. The Indifferents replied. "Friends." The Moderates replied: "Citizens." The Fanatics replied: "Sans Culottes."

"Sans Culotte!" replied Coclès, energetically.

"Advance!" cried an imperative voice.

"Ha, good!" said Coclès, "I know that voice; it is citizen Tétrell's; that's all right."

"Who is citizen Tétrell?" asked the lad.

"The friend of the people, the terror of aristocrats, a pure patriot." Then, advancing like a man who had nothing to fear, he added: "It is I, citizen Tétrell, it is I!"

"Ah, you know me, do you?" said the leader of the patrol, a giant nearly six feet tall, who attained a height of

seven feet by means of his hat and the feathers that surmounted it.

"Of course!" said Coclès; "who does n't know citizen Tétréll in Strasbourg?" and then, as he passed the giant, he added: "Good-night to you, citizen Tétréll."

"You know me, that's all very well," returned the giant; "but I don't know you."

"Oh, yes, you do! I am citizen Coclès, whom they used to call 'Sleepy' in the days of the tyrant. In fact it was you yourself who baptized me with that name when you kept your horses and dogs at the Lanterne. Sleepy! don't you recollect Sleepy?"

"To be sure I do; and I gave you the name because you were the laziest rascal I ever knew. And that young lad, who is he?"

"That?" said Coclès, raising his lantern to the level of the boy's face. "Oh, that's only a brat his father has sent here to be taught Greek by Euloge Schneider."

"What does your father do, little man?" asked Tétréll.

"He is judge of the court at Besançon, citizen," replied the child.

"But you ought to know Latin before you learn Greek."

The boy drew himself up. "I know Latin," he said.

"Know Latin, do you?"

"Yes, at Besançon my father and I never talk anything else."

"The devil! you seem to me pretty far advanced for your years. How old are you, eleven or twelve?"

"Nearly fourteen."

"And what makes your father send you here to be taught Greek by citizen Euloge Schneider?"

"My father isn't as strong in Greek as he is in Latin. He taught me all he knew of it; and now he sends me to citizen Schneider, who speaks it fluently, having held the Greek professorship at Bonn. Here is the letter my father gave me for him. Besides, he wrote him a week ago to let him know I was coming to-night; and it was he who took

a room for me at the 'Lanterne' and sent citizen Coclès to meet me."

So saying, the lad gave a letter to citizen Tétrell, to prove that what he said was true.

"Here, Sleepy, bring your lantern," said Tétrell.

"Coclès, Coclès," insisted the hostler, obeying, nevertheless, the order given him under the other name.

"My young friend," said Tétrell, "let me tell you this letter is not for citizen Schneider, but for citizen Pichegru."

"Ah, I beg your pardon, I have made a mistake, my father gave me two letters, and I must have given you the wrong one."

Taking back the first letter, he handed up the second

"Ah! this time it is all right," said Tétrell. "'To Citizen Euloge Schneider, public prosecutor.'"

"Eloge Schneider," corrected Cocles, thinking the baptismal name of the public prosecutor was lopped of some merit.

"Give your guide a lesson in Greek," said the leader of the patrol, laughing; "tell him that Euloge is a name which means — come, young man, what does it mean?"

"'Fine speaker,'" replied the boy.

"Well answered, faith! do you hear that, Sleepy?"

"Coclès," repeated the hostler obstinately, more anxious about his own name than that of the public prosecutor.

During this time Tétrell had drawn the boy a little aside, and bending his tall form so as to reach the child's ear, he said, in a low voice, —

"Are you going to the hôtel de la Lanterne?"

"Yes, citizen," replied the lad.

"You will find there two of your townsmen, who have come from Besançon to defend the adjutant-general Perrin, who is accused of treason."

"Yes, citizens Dumont and Ballu."

"That's it. Well, tell them they have not only nothing to hope for their client by remaining here, but it will not be

safe for themselves to do so. It concerns their own heads; you understand?"

"No, I don't understand," said the boy.

"What! you don't see that Saint-Just will chop their necks as if they were a pair of chickens if they stay? Advise them to cut and run, and the sooner the better."

"From you?"

"No, mind you don't say that, or they'll make me pay for all the broken china, — or rather, all that is n't broken." Then, straightening up, he said aloud, "It is all right; you are good citizens, you can go your way. Forward, march!"

And citizen Tétrell, at the head of his patrol, left citizen Coclès proud of having talked for ten minutes with a man of that importance, and citizen Charles much troubled at the confidence just made to him. The pair walked on in silence.

The weather was dull and murky, as it mostly is in December in the north and east of France; and though the moon was nearly at the full, heavy black clouds, racing along like the waves at the equinox, obscured it constantly. In order to reach the hôtel de la Lanterne, situated in what was formerly called the rue de l'Archevêché and is now the rue de la Déesse-Raison, it was necessary to cross the market-place, then occupied by a scaffold, against which the lad, in his absorption, came near jostling.

"Take care, citizen Charles," said the hostler, laughing; "don't knock over the guillotine."

The boy gave a cry of horror and started back.

Just then the moon shone out brilliantly for a few seconds. The horrible instrument was visible, and a pale, sad gleam struck athwart the knife.

"Good God! do they really use it?" said the boy, drawing closer to Coclès.

"Use it!" cried the hostler, joyously; "I should think so, and every day too! To-day it was Mother Raisin's turn. Though she was eighty years old she had to go

under. She called out to the executioner: 'It is n't worth while to kill me; wait a bit and I'll die of myself.' But that did n't help her; they tipped her off as if she was but twenty."

"What had she done?"

"Given a bit of bread to a famished Austrian. She said as he did n't ask for it in German she thought he was a townsman."

The poor lad, who had never before left his father's house, or known so many diverse emotions pressed into one day, felt chilled to the bone. Was it the weather, or was it Coclès' talk? Casting another look at the instrument of death, which the moon, again veiling herself, was sending back into darkness like a phantom of the night, he said, shivering,—

"Are we far from the hôtel de la Lanterne?"

"Faith, no! for here it is," replied Coclès, pointing to an enormous lantern hanging above a porte-cochère, and lighting the street for fifty feet around it

"I am glad," muttered the lad, his teeth chattering.

Then, running the rest of the way, which was not more than twenty or thirty feet, he opened the door of the inn, which opened on the street, and sprang, with a cry of satisfaction, into the kitchen, the immense chimney of which had a blazing fire. To this cry another cry responded,—that of Madame Teutch, who, though she had never seen him, was certain, from the appearance of Coclès with his lantern on the sill of the door, that this was the youth entrusted to her care.

II.

THE CITOYENNE TEUTCH.

THE citoyenne Teutch, a stout, rosy Alsatian from thirty to thirty-five years of age, had a truly maternal affection for the travellers with whom Providence provided her, more especially if they happened to be young and pretty children about the age of the boy who had just come to her kitchen fire, where, by the bye, he was alone. She went to him at once, and seeing him stretch his feet and hands to the blaze, and continue to shudder as if cold, she cried out, —

“Ah, you dear little fellow! what makes you shudder like that? Heavens! how pale he is!”

“Ha, ha!” laughed Coclès, in his coarse way; “he shudders because he’s cold, and he is pale because he went head foremost into the guillotine. It seems he had never seen one, and it scared him. They are such fools, children are!”

“Hold your tongue, you idiot!”

“Thank you, bourgeoisie; is that my pay?”

“No, my friend,” said the lad, taking some money from his pocket; “here it is.”

“Thank you, citizen,” said Coclès, lifting his hat with one hand and holding out the other. “Hang it!—silver money! So there is some still in France! I thought it was all gone; but I see now, as Tétréll said, that was only a rumor those aristocrats have set going.”

“You go and attend to your horses,” cried the citoyenne Teutch, “and leave us in peace!”

Coclès went off grumbling.

Madame Teutch sat down, and, in spite of some opposition from Charles, she took him on her knees. We have said he was fourteen, but he looked to be hardly ten or eleven.

"Listen to me, my little friend," she said to him; "what I am going to tell you is for your good. If you have silver and gold, don't let anybody see it. Change some of it for assignats. Assignats being legal tender, and the louis d'or being worth five hundred francs, you will get a great profit, and you won't be suspected of aristocracy." Then, passing to another set of ideas, she added, "Poor little fellow, how cold his hands are!" and she held them to the fire as we do those of children. "Now, the next thing to be done," she said, "is to have some supper."

"Oh! as for that, no, madame, and thank you very much; we dined at Erbstein, and I'm not a bit hungry. I would rather go to bed; I feel as if I should n't get completely warm till I am in my bed."

"Well, then, they shall warm it, and with sugar too; and when you are once in bed you must have a cup of — what? milk, or broth?"

"Milk, if you please."

"Milk, so be it! Poor little fellow, he is hardly weaned, yet here he is, travelling along the highways all alone, like a man. Ah! we live in dreadful times!"

And she took Charles in both arms, as if he were a child, put him on a chair, and went to see on the key-board what room she could give him.

"Let me think!" she said. "No. 5, that will do — no, the room is too big and the window does n't shut tight; he'd be cold. No. 9, no, that has two beds. Ah! 14! that's the very one to suit him; a big closet, and a bed with curtains to keep him from draughts, and a good chimney that does n't smoke, with an Infant Jesus over it — yes, that'll keep him safe. Gretchen! Gretchen!"

A handsome Alsatian girl, about twenty, dressed in the charming costume which somewhat resembles that of the women of Arles, ran in when called.

"What is it, mistress?" she asked in German.

"Get No. 14 ready for this cherub; take the finest sheets and see they are dry. I'll beat him up an egg in milk."

Gretchen lighted a candle and prepared to obey. Madame Teutch returned to Charles.

"Do you understand German?" she asked.

"No, madame; but if I stay long in Strasbourg, which seems probable, I hope to learn it."

"Do you know why I gave you No. 14?"

"Yes, I heard you say why in your monologue."

"Heavenly Father! my monologue! and what's that?"

"Madame, it is a French word made from two Greek words: *monos* which means *alone*, and *logos* which signifies *speech*."

"And you know Greek at your age, dear child!" said Madame Teutch, clasping her hands.

"Oh! very little, madame; it is to learn more of it that I have come to Strasbourg."

"You came to Strasbourg to learn Greek?"

"Yes, with M. Euloge Schneider."

Madame Teutch shook her head.

"Ah! madame, he knows Greek like Demosthenes," said Charles, thinking that Madame Teutch denied the learning of his future instructor.

"I don't say he does n't; I say that, well as he may know it, he has n't time to teach you."

"What is he doing, then?"

"Do you want me to tell you?"

"Yes, I should like to know."

Madame Teutch lowered her voice.

"He cuts off heads," she said.

Charles quivered.

"He cuts — off — heads?" he said.

"Did n't you know he was the public prosecutor? Ah! my poor boy, your father chose you a strange teacher."

The lad was thoughtful for a moment.

"Was it he," he asked, "who had old Mother Raisin's head cut off to-day?"

"No; that was the Propaganda!"

"What is the Propaganda?"

"It is a society for the propagation of revolutionary ideas. They all work on their own lines: citizen Schneider as public prosecutor; citizen Saint-Just as representative of the people; and citizen Tétrell as the head of the Propaganda."

"Is one guillotine enough for them all?" said the youth, with a smile that was older than his years.

"They each have one."

"Ah!" said the boy, "my father certainly did not know all that when he sent me here."

He reflected a moment; then, with a firmness which showed precocious courage, he said: "But, since I am here, I shall stay." Turning to another idea, he added: "You were saying, Madame Teutch, that you gave me No. 14 because it was small, and had a bed with curtains, and did not smoke."

"And for another reason, my little man."

"What is that?"

"Because in No. 15 you will have a young companion, — a little older than you, but that does n't signify; you'll divert his mind."

"Is he unhappy?"

"Yes, very. He is hardly fifteen, but he is already a man. He is here on a melancholy business. His father, who was commander-in-chief of the Army of the Rhine before citizen Pichegru, is accused of treason! He used to lodge here, dear man; and I'll bet anything they like that he is no more guilty than you or I. But he's a *ci-devant*; and nobody trusts *ci-devants*, you know. Well, as I was saying, the young man is here to copy the papers which ought to prove his father innocent. He is a good, pious boy, you see, and he works at his task from morning till night."

"I could help him," said Charles; "I write a very good hand."

"That's good; that's what I call being a comrade." And Madame Teutch, in her enthusiasm, kissed her guest.

"What is his name?" asked Charles.

"He is called citizen Eugène."

"Eugène is only a first name."

"Yes. He has a surname, and a queer name, too, if I could only remember it. His father was Marquis — Marquis — stop, wait —"

"I am waiting, Madame Teutch," said the boy, laughing.

"That's only a way of speaking; you know what I mean. But the name is — is — what they put on the backs of horses — *Harnais* [harness]. Yes, yes, that's it, — *Beauharnais*! — Eugène de *Beauharnais*. I think it is because of his *de* that they call him citizen Eugène, short off."

These remarks brought to the lad's mind what Tétréll had said to him.

"By the bye, Madame Teutch," he said, "have you two commissioners of the commune of Besançon in the house?"

"Yes; they have come to defend your townsman the Adjutant-General Perrin."

"Will they get him off?"

"Bah! he has done better than wait for the decision."

"What has he done?"

"Escaped last night."

"And they have n't caught him!"

"No, — not yet."

"I am glad. He is a friend of my father; and I liked him, too, myself."

"Don't say that here."

"But the other two?"

"Messrs. Dumont and Ballu?"

"Yes. Why do they stay here if the man they came to defend is out of prison?"

"He will be sentenced for contumacy, and they want to defend him absent as if he were present."

"Oh!" muttered the boy, "I understand what Tétréll meant." Then, aloud, "Can I see them to-night?" he said.

"Who?"

"Citizens Dumont and Ballu."

"Certainly you can see them, if you like to sit up; but they've gone to the club of the 'Rights of Man,' and they are sure not to come in before two in the morning."

"I'm too tired to sit up," said the lad; "but you can give them a note from me as soon as they come in, can't you?"

"Certainly."

"To them themselves; into their own hands?"

"To them themselves; into their own hands."

"Where can I write?"

"In the office, if you have warmed yourself."

"Yes, I have."

Madame Teutch took a lamp from the table and carried it to a desk in a little office railed off from the kitchen, like a bird-cage. The youth followed her; and there, on paper bearing the stamp of the *hôtel de la Lanterne*, he wrote as follows:—

"A townsman, who knows *on good authority* that you will be arrested soon, advises you to return to Besançon at once."

Then folding and sealing the note, he gave it to Madame Teutch.

"But you didn't sign it," she said.

"There's no necessity; you can tell them yourself that the paper came from me."

"Yes, I will."

"If they are still here to-morrow morning, please let me manage to see them before they go."

"Surely you shall."

"There, it's done!" said Gretchen, coming in, her sabots clacking.

"Is the bed made?" asked Madame Teutch.

"Yes, mistress."

"The fire lighted?"

"Yes."

"Then heat the warming-pan, and take citizen Charles to his room. I'll go and beat up his egg."

Citizen Charles was so tired that he followed Gretchen and her warming-pan at once. Ten minutes after he was in bed, Madame Teutch appeared bearing the beaten egg, which she made the sleepy boy drink down, tapping him on each cheek; then she tucked him up maternally, wished him good-night, and went away, taking the candle with her.

But the wishes of the worthy woman were only half complied with; for at six in the morning all the guests at the *hôtel de la Lanterne* were awakened by the noise of voices and the rattle of arms; soldiers grounded their muskets on the pavement outside, while hasty steps rushed through the corridors, and all the doors were violently flung open one after another.

Charles sat up in bed and listened. As he did so his room was suddenly filled with light and noise. Policemen, accompanied by gendarmes, rushed into the room, pulled the boy brutally out of bed, asked his name, his Christian name, what he was doing in Strasbourg, when he had come; looked under the bed, up the chimney, into the closets, and went out as they came, with a rush, leaving the boy, clad in his shirt, standing quite bewildered in the middle of the room. It was evident that a domiciliary visit (very common in those days) had been made to the hotel, but that Charles was not its object. Perceiving this, the boy thought he had better get into bed, after closing the door of his room, and go to sleep if he could.

That resolution taken and accomplished, he had hardly drawn the sheet over his nose when, the noise in the house having ceased, the door of his room opened and gave entrance to Madame Teutch, coquettishly arrayed in a white wrapper, and holding a candlestick in her hand. She advanced softly, having opened and closed the door without any noise, and made a sign to Charles—who rose on his elbow and looked at her amazed—not to say a

word. The boy already trained to this life of vicissitudes, although his training had begun only the night before, followed this silent advice, and kept perfectly quiet.

The citoyenne Teutch then put her candlestick on the fireplace, took a chair, still with the same precautions, brought it close to the lad's pillow, and sat down.

"Well, my little friend," she said, "you've had a great fright, have n't you?"

"Not much of one, madame," responded Charles; "for I knew very well it was n't I they were after."

"You warned your townsmen just in time!"

"Ah! was it they the police were hunting for?"

"Yes, just so. By great good luck they came in at two o'clock, and I gave them your note. They read it twice; then they asked who gave it to me. I told them it was you, and who you were; then they consulted together an instant, and said, 'Come, we had better go!' and they went up that minute to pack their trunks, and sent Sleepy to see if there were any seats to be had in the diligence that starts for Besançon at five in the morning. Luckily there were two places left. Sleepy engaged them; but to make sure that nobody else got them, the two gentlemen left here at four o'clock, and they had been an hour on the road to Besançon when the police came and rapped at the door. But just think how careless they were!—they left the little note you wrote behind them, and the police have pounced on it."

"Oh, that does n't matter; I did n't sign it, and nobody in Strasbourg knows my handwriting."

"True, but the note was written on paper with our heading on it; so they fell upon me, and wanted to know who had written it."

"Oh, goodness!"

"Of course you know I'd have my heart torn out sooner than tell them; poor dear darling, they'd have dragged you off! I answered that when travellers ask for paper it is taken to their rooms, and as there are always some

sixty or more travellers here, I could n't possibly tell which one had used my paper to write a note. Then they talked of arresting me. I answered that I was ready to go with them, but that would n't do them any good, as I wasn't the man citizen Saint-Just had sent them after. They saw the truth of that argument and gave in, saying, 'That 's very well for to-day, but you 'll see another time!' I said, 'Well, search the house;' and they searched! I've come to warn you not to say one word, and if they accuse you, swear by all the devils that you know nothing of that note."

"When it comes to that point I'll see about it. Meantime I'm very much obliged to you, Madame Teutch."

"Ah! one more bit of advice, my dear little man; when we are alone you can call me Madame Teutch,—that's all right and proper; but before the world, say citoyenne Teutch plain up and down. I don't know that Sleepy would do a bad deed, but he's a zealot, and when fools are zealots I don't trust 'em."

After delivering that axiom, which proved both her prudence and her perspicacity, Madame Teutch rose, put out the candle on the chimney-piece, inasmuch as morning had dawned since she came there, and left the room.

III.

EULOGIE SCHNEIDER.

BEFORE leaving Besançon, Charles had asked his father to explain to him the usual habits of his teacher, Eulogie Schneider. He knew that he rose every morning at six o'clock and worked till eight; that at eight he breakfasted, smoked a pipe, and then worked again until he went out to walk between one and two o'clock. Charles considered it advisable, therefore, not to go to sleep again; daylight comes late at Strasbourg in December, where the narrow streets delay it from entering the lower floors of the tall houses. It was then about half-past seven, and allowing that it took him half an hour to dress and go from the hôtel de la Lanterne to the public prosecutor's house, Charles saw that he would arrive there just as his tutor was going to breakfast.

He had just finished dressing himself, as elegantly as his wardrobe would allow, when Madame Teutch came in.

"Merciful powers!" she cried, "are you going to a wedding?"

"No," said the lad, "I am going to Monsieur Schneider's."

"What are you thinking of, my child? you look like an aristocrat. If you were eighteen instead of thirteen, they would cut your head off. Here! off with those fine clothes, and get into your travelling suit, the things you had on yesterday; they are good enough for the monk of Cologne."

And the citoyenne Teutch with a few twirls of her hand whisked off one suit and put on the other, while her young lodger, amazed at her rapid actions, let her do it.

"There, now!" she said, "go and see your man, but be sure you call him 'citizen,' and not 'monsieur,' or in spite of your fine recommendations, you may come to grief."

The young fellow thanked her for her good advice and asked if she had any more to give.

"No," she said, shaking her head, "unless it is to come back as soon as you can; because I am going to prepare for you and your neighbor in No. 15 a nice little breakfast such as he, *ci-devant* that he is, never tasted. There, now, off with you!"

With that adorable motherliness which Nature puts into the heart of every woman, Madame Teutch felt an actual tenderness for her new guest, and assumed to herself the management of his affairs; he, on the other hand, being still young and feeling the need of a woman's kindly affection, which makes life so much easier, was quite disposed to follow her advice as he would have done that of a mother. He let her kiss him on both cheeks, and after learning how to find his way to the house of citizen Eulogie Schneider, he left the *hôtel de la Lanterne* to make his first step into what the Germans call the "vast world,"—that step on which the whole future life may depend.

He passed the cathedral, where, for want of looking about him, he came near being killed. The head of a marble saint fell at his feet, followed immediately by a bust of the Virgin. He turned to the place whence the two projectiles came, and there beneath the portal of a magnificent edifice he saw, astride the shoulders of a gigantic apostle, a man with a hammer in his hand making great devastation among the saints, fragments of whom had rolled to the boy's feet. A dozen men were standing about, laughing and applauding the profanation.

The boy continued his way, went through the grove, stopped at a modest-looking house, ran up three steps, and knocked at a little door. A glum old servant-woman opened it, and put him through a series of questions. When he had answered them all, she showed him, still grumbling, into the dining-room, remarking, —

"Wait there; citizen Schneider is coming to breakfast, and you can speak to him, as you pretend you have something to say."

Left alone, Charles threw a rapid glance round the room. It was very plain, panelled with planks, and contained no ornaments whatever except two crossed sabres.

The terrible agent of the Revolutionary committee of the Lower Rhine now entered the room. He passed close to the lad without seeing him, or at any rate without showing by word or look that he did see him, and sat down at the table where he instantly attacked a pyramid of oysters, flanked on one side by a dish of anchovies and on the other by a jar of olives. Let us employ the slight pause that ensued to give in a few words the physical and moral portrait of the strange man to whom Charles had been consigned.

Jean-Georges Schneider, who had given to himself — or taken, as the reader pleases — the name of Euloge, was a man of thirty-seven or thirty-eight years of age, ugly, stout, short, common, with round limbs, round shoulders, and a round head. That which first struck the eye in his unpleasant appearance was the hair cut short like a brush, while at the same time his enormous eyebrows were allowed to grow as they pleased in length and thickness. These bushy brows, which were black and tufted, overshadowed a pair of tawny, savage eyes, fringed with red lashes. The man had begun life in the Church, hence his nickname of the "monk of Cologne," which his assumed name of Euloge had not done away with. Born in Franconia, of poor agricultural parents, he owed to the good disposition he showed in childhood the protection of the vicar of his parish, who taught him the rudiments of Latin, and sent him to the Jesuit school at Wurzburg, where his rapid progress won him, at the end of three years, admission to the Academy. Expelled for bad conduct, he fell into the depths of poverty, and finally entered the convent of the Franciscans at Bamberg. When his studies were ended he was thought competent for

employment as professor of Hebrew, and was sent to Augsbourg. Thence he was summoned in 1786 to the post of preacher at the court of Duke Charles of Wurtemberg. He preached with great success, and devoted three fourths of his salary to his needy family. It is said that he there joined the sect of Illuminati, organized by Weishaupt, which explains the ardor with which he adopted the principles of the French Revolution. At this epoch in history, full of ambition, impatient of control, goaded by ardent passions, he published so free and liberal a catechism that he was forced to cross the Rhine and settle in Strassbourg, where he was appointed, 17th of June, 1791, episcopal vicar and dean of the faculty of theology; after that, he not only did not refuse to take the civic oath, but he preached in the Cathedral, mingling, with extraordinary fire, political ideas and religious instruction.

Before the 10th of August, all the while defending himself as a republican, he had advocated the overthrow of the king. After that date he fought the royalist party with desperate courage, that party having strong hold in Strassbourg, and especially in its neighborhood. This struggle led to his being elected, towards the end of 1792, mayor of Haguenau. Finally, having been appointed, February 19, 1793, public prosecutor to the courts of the Lower Rhine he was invested on the 5th of the following May with the title of Commissioner to the Revolutionary tribunal of Strassbourg. It was then that the terrible lust for blood to which his violent nature drove him first showed itself. Impelled by a feverish activity, when victims lacked him in Strassbourg, he roamed through the neighborhood with his terrible escort, followed by the guillotine and the executioner. At the slightest provocation he would stop in the towns and villages, where they had trusted never to see the fatal instrument. There he would open a court, accuse, condemn, and execute, and in the midst of this bloody orgy, he would declare the assignats (then worth fifteen per cent of their nominal value) at par, and furnish the army with

more grain than all the other commissioners of the district put together. From the 5th of November to the 11th of December (the day on which Charles arrived in Strasbourg) Euloge Schneider had put to death, either in Strasbourg, Mutzig, Barr, Obernai, Eppig, or Schlestadt, thirty-one persons.

Though our young friend was ignorant of most of these details, and more especially the last, it was not without a feeling of terror that he found himself face to face with the terrible proconsul. But, reflecting that he had, unlike the rest, a protector in the man who threatened others, he recovered his composure, and sought for some means to begin a conversation; the oysters occurred to him.

"*Rara concha in terris*," he said with a smile, in his thin, boyish voice.

Euloge turned and looked at him.

"Do you mean to say that I am an aristocrat, you brat?"

"I don't mean anything at all, citizen Schneider; but I know you are a learned man, and I wanted to attract your attention to me, a poor little fellow you haven't deigned to notice; so I said a few words in a language you know, and quoted an author you like."

"Faith, that's true; and well said, all that."

"As I come recommended to *Euloge* rather than to citizen Schneider, I ought to be a *good speaker*, so as to be worthy of the recommendation."

"And who has recommended you to me?" said Schneider, turning his chair so as to face the boy.

"My father; and here's his letter."

Euloge took the letter, and recognized the writing.

"Ah ha!" he said, "from an old friend." Then he read the letter from end to end. "Your father," he continued, "is one of the men of our day who write the purest Latin. Will you breakfast with me?" he added, holding out his hand to the boy.

Charles gave a glance at the table, and no doubt his face showed the want of liking he had for a repast so luxurious and yet so frugal.

"No; I understand," said Schneider, laughing; "a young stomach like yours wants something more solid than anchovies and olives. Come to dinner; I have three friends to dinner to-day; if your father were here he would make the fourth, and you shall take his place. Drink a glass of beer to your father's health."

"Ah, that indeed, with pleasure," cried the boy, taking up a glass and touching it to that of Schneider. But as the beaker was a huge one, the boy could only half empty it.

"Well," said Schneider, "go on!"

"I'll drink the rest by and by to the health of the Republic," said the boy; "but the glass is too big for one of my size to drain at a draught."

Schneider looked at him with a certain kindness.

"Faith! he's a pretty boy," he said.

Just then the old servant-woman brought in the newspapers, German and French.

"Do you know German?" asked Schneider.

"Not a word"

"Very good, I'll teach you."

"With Greek?"

"Greek! do you want to learn Greek?"

"That's my great desire."

"Well, we'll try to satisfy it. Here, take the 'Moniteur Français,' and read it, while I read the 'Vienna Gazette.'"

There was a silence for a time while each read his paper.

"Oh! oh!" cried Eulogé, then he read aloud. "'Strasbourg is probably taken by this time, and our victorious troops are on the march to Paris' They are reckoning without Pichegru, without Saint-Just, without me!"

"'We are masters of the outposts of Toulon,'" read Charles from his paper, "'and in three or four days we shall enter the town, and the Republic will be avenged.'"

"What is the date of that 'Moniteur'?" asked Schneider.

"The 8th," replied the boy.

"What else does it say?"

"'Robespierre, during the session of the 6th,'" read Charles, "'produced an answer to the manifesto of the Allied Powers. The Convention ordered it to be printed, and also translated into every language.'"

"What else?" said Schneider.

The boy continued: "'On the 7th, Billaud-Varenne announced that the rebels of La Vendée, in an assault on the town of Angers, had been defeated and driven back by the garrison, with the assistance of the inhabitants.'"

"Hurrah for the Republic!" cried Schneider.

"'Madame Dubarry, condemned to death on the 7th was executed the same day, with the banker van Deniver, her lover. The old prostitute completely lost her head before the executioner cut it off. She wept and struggled, and called for help; but the people answered her appeals with yells and curses. They remembered the evils of which she and her like had been the cause, evils that have caused the nation's poverty.'"

"Infamous creature!" said Schneider, "after dishonoring the throne she now tries to dishonor the scaffold!"

At this moment two soldiers entered the room, whose uniforms, familiar enough to Schneider, made the young lad shiver. They were dressed in black; beneath the tri-color cockade on their shakos were two cross-bones; rows of white braid on their pelisses and dolmans resembled the ribs of a skeleton, and their pouches bore skulls surmounted by other cross-bones. They belonged to the regiment called the Huzzars of Death, all the members of which were bound by an oath not to make prisoners. A dozen soldiers of this regiment formed Schneider's body-guard, and he used them as messengers. He rose when they entered.

"Now," he said to his young visitor, "stay here, or go away, just as you like; I have to send off my couriers and attend to business. But don't forget that we dine at two, and you are to dine with us."

Nodding to Charles he went into his study, attended by his funereal escort.

The privilege of remaining was not so attractive that our young man grasped it. He jumped up the moment Schneider, followed by his two dismal guards, had departed, and seizing the sort of cap with which he covered his head, he darted from the room, sprang down the steps at a bound, and, still running, reached good Madame Teutch's kitchen, crying out : —

“Oh ! I'm so hungry ; here I am !”

IV.

EUGÈNE DE BEAUHARNAIS.

At the cry of her "little Charles," as she called him, Madame Teutch came out of a dining-room, which opened upon the courtyard, and appeared in the kitchen.

"Ah!" she said, "here you are, thank God! You poor little Tom Thumb, I'm thankful the ogre has n't devoured you."

"On the contrary, he was charming. His teeth are not half so long as you said they were."

"God grant you may never feel them! But if I heard right, yours are pretty sharp. Come in here, and I will go and call your future friend, who is hard at work, as usual, poor boy."

And the citoyenne Teutch ran up the stairs with a juvenility that showed she felt the need of exercising her exuberant strength. While she was gone Charles examined the preparations for the most appetizing breakfast that had yet been served to him. From this examination he was diverted by the opening of the door, which now gave entrance to the young man mentioned by Madame Teutch.

He was a lad of fourteen, with black eyes, and curly black hair falling on his shoulders; his dress was elegant, his linen extremely white. In spite of the attempts that had been made to disguise the fact, everything about him was redolent of aristocracy. He went up to Charles, and held out his hand.

"Our good landlady tells me, citizen, that I shall have the pleasure of spending some days with you; and she adds that you have promised to like me a little, which gives me great pleasure, for I am very much disposed to like you."

"Yes, yes," cried Charles, "with all my heart!"

"Bravo!" said Madame Teutch, coming into the room; "now that you have bowed to each other like gentlemen, which is a very dangerous thing to do in these days, you had better embrace like comrades."

"I ask nothing better," said Eugène; whereupon, Charles threw himself into his arms.

The two lads kissed each other with the frankness and cordiality of youth.

"Ah, ça!" said the elder, "I know you are called Charles, and my name is Eugène. I hope that now we know each other's names, we need not say 'monsieur' or 'citizen.' Come, let's sit down, Charles; I am dying of hunger, and Madame Teutch says your appetite is not deficient."

"Hey, that's polite," said Madame Teutch. "Ah! those *ci-devants*, my little Charles, those *ci-devants* know how to say and do the right thing."

"But you must not say so, citoyenne Teutch," said Eugène, laughing; "a good inn like yours should not admit any but the *sans-culottes*."

"Then I should have to forget that I have had the honor of entertaining your worthy father, Monsieur Eugène; and God knows I can't do that, for I pray for him night and morning."

"You must pray for my mother too, my good Madame Teutch," said the young man, brushing the tears from his eyes; "for my sister Hortense writes me that our dear mother has been arrested and taken to the Carmelite prison. I received the letter this morning."

"Poor friend!" cried Charles.

"How old is your sister?" asked Madame Teutch.

"Ten."

"Dear child! send for her at once. We'll take care of her; she mustn't stay alone in Paris at that age."

"Thank you, Madame Teutch, thank you; but she is not alone, fortunately; she is with my grandmother at our château of la Ferté-Beauharnais — But there! I have

made you all sad, and I had vowed to keep this new trouble to myself."

"Monsieur Eugène," said Charles, "when people make such vows as that, they don't trust their friends. Well, to punish you, you shall be made to talk of nothing but your father, mother, and sister, during all breakfast-time."

The two boys sat down to table, and Madame Teutch served them. The task imposed on Eugène was an easy one. He told his young comrade that he was the last descendant of a noble family of the Orleanais; that one of his ancestors, Guillaume de Beauharnais, had married, in 1398, Marguerite de Bouiges; and another, Jean de Beauharnais, had given testimony at the trial of the Maid of Orleans. In 1764 their estate of la Ferté-Aurain had been raised to a marquise under the name of la Ferté-Beauharnais. His uncle François, who had emigrated in 1790, became a major in Condé's army, and offered himself to the president of the Convention to defend the king. As for his father, who at this time was in prison on a charge of plotting with the enemy, he was born in Martinique, and had there married Mademoiselle Tascher de la Pagerie, with whom he came to France, where they were heartily received at court. Appointed to the States-General by the nobility of the seneschal's-court of Blois, he had, on the night of the 4th of August, been among the first to advise the suppression of titles and privileges. Elected secretary to the National Assembly and member of the Military Committee, he was seen, at the time of the festival of the Federation, working eagerly at the levelling for the Champs de Mars, harnessed to the same cart as the Abbé Sieyès. Finally he was sent to the Army of the North, as adjutant-general; he commanded the camp at Soissons, refused the ministry of war, and accepted the fatal position of commander-in-chief of the Army of the Rhine; the rest is well known.

But it was more especially about the beauty and grace and goodness of his mother that Eugène was eloquent; his

heart gave out its floods of filial love; he seemed to think of work with double ardor, now that it was for his dear mother Joséphine, as well as for his father, the Marquis de Beauharnais. Charles who, on his side, had the tenderest affection for his own parents, took delight in listening to his companion, and was eagerly asking questions about his mother and sister, when suddenly a dull report was heard, which shook the windows of the inn, followed by several other detonations

‘ Cannon ! cannon ! that’s cannon ! ’ exclaimed Eugene, more accustomed to the sounds of war than his companion “ To arms ! to arms ! ” he cried, “ the town’s attacked ! ”

And then, from three or four directions, came the roll of drums beating the alarm. The young fellows rushed to the door, where Madame Teutch had preceded them. A great tumult was arising in the town; horsemen, in various uniforms, were riding in every direction, no doubt bearing orders, while the people, hastily arming themselves with pikes, sabres, and pistols, were hurrying toward the gate of Haguenau, shouting “ Patriots, to arms ! the enemy is here ! ”

Minute after minute the dull roar of the cannon, even more than the hum in outcries, warned the town of danger, and called the citizens to its defence

“ Come to the ramparts, Charles,” said Eugene, darting into the street, “ if we can’t fight ourselves we can see the fight from there ”

Charles darted too, and followed his comrade, who, being familiar with the topography of the town, led him by the shortest cut to the gate of Haguenau. As they passed a gunsmith’s Eugene stopped short

“ Ha ! an idea ! ” he cried. Entering the shop he asked, “ Have you a good carbine ? ”

“ Yes,” said the man, “ but it is dear.”

“ How much ? ”

“ Two hundred francs ”

The youth pulled a handful of assignats from his pocket and threw them on the counter,

"Have you balls of the right calibre, and powder?"

"Yes."

"Give me some."

The gunsmith picked out twenty balls that would fit the barrel with only a push from the ramrod, then he weighed out a pound of powder and put it in a flask, while Eugène counted down two hundred francs in assignats, and six francs more for the balls and powder.

"Can you fire a gun?" asked Eugène of his comrade.

"Alas! no," said Charles, ashamed of his ignorance.

"Never mind," replied Eugène, laughing, "I'll fight for both."

He resumed his running toward the threatened quarter, loading his gun as he ran. It was singular to see how every one, no matter what his opinions might be, bounded, so to speak, toward the enemy; from every door an armed man darted; that magic cry, "The enemy! the enemy!" seemed to evoke defenders. Around the gate the crowd was so compact that Eugène saw, if he wanted to reach the rampart, he must make a circuit; accordingly he turned to the right and soon reached, with his young companion, that part of the rampart which faces Schiltigheim. A large number of patriots had already assembled there and were firing at the enemy. Eugène had some difficulty in slipping through them to the front rank, but he finally managed it and Charles followed him.

The road and the plain before them was like a battle-field in its worst confusion. French and Austrians were fighting pell-mell with a fury which no words can describe. The enemy, in pursuit of a body of French troops which appeared to have been seized with one of those panics the ancients attributed to the wrath of a god, came near entering the town with the fugitives. The gates, closed just in time, left a number of our men outside, and it was they who, massed in the ditches, had turned with fury against their pursuers, while from the ramparts thundered the cannon, and volleys of musketry were discharged.

"Ah!" cried Eugène, waving his carbine joyously. "I knew it would be fine to see a battle!"

As he said the words, a ball passed between him and Charles, cut off a lock of his hair, made a hole through his hat, and killed a patriot behind him. The wind of the ball blew on the faces of both the lads.

"I know who fired that shot, I saw him! I saw him!" cried Charles.

"Where? where?" asked Eugène.

"That one, don't you see? — the one who is tearing his cartridge to load again."

"Wait! wait! you are quite sure, are you?"

"Certain."

"Well then, look!"

The lad fired; the dragoon leaped in his saddle; the horse shied, — the rider had no doubt inadvertently touched him with a spur.

"Hit! hit!" cried Eugène.

True enough; the dragoon endeavored in vain to fasten his carbine to the swivel, but the weapon escaped him; he put one hand to his side and guiding his horse with the other, tried to leave the mêlée; but after a few steps, his body swayed forward and back, then, dropping on the holsters, fell head foremost to the ground. One foot was caught in the stirrup; the terrified horse broke into a gallop and dragged its rider with it. The two boys watched it for a moment, and then both horse and rider disappeared in the smoke.

At this moment the gates opened and the garrison issued, with fixed bayonets, the drums beating the charge. It was the last effort the patriots were required to make, for the enemy did not expect them. The bugles sounded the retreat, and the Austrian cavalry scattered over the plain massed itself on the main road, and returned at a gallop to Kilstett and Gambelheim. The cannon from the ramparts raked the column for a few minutes, but the rapidity of its retreat soon carried it out of range.

The two boys returned through the town all-glorious, — Charles at having seen a battle; Eugène at having taken part in one. Charles made Eugène promise to teach him how to use that very carbine he had handled so well.

The cause of this affray was now known for the first time. General Eisemberg, a veteran of the old Luckner school, who could fight a sort of guerilla warfare with some success, was intrusted by Pichegru with the defence of the advanced post of Bischwiller. Whether it was carelessness, or dislike of the decrees of Saint-Just, instead of guarding the post with the vigilance enjoined on him by the representatives of the people, he allowed his troops to be surprised in quarters, and was, in fact, surprised in his own, — so completely surprised that he and his staff barely escaped with their lives, at the full speed of their horses. When he reached the walls of Strasbourg and knew himself supported, he turned and made an effort to rally his troops; but it was then too late.

It now became apparent to the eyes of every one that the poor devil had better have let himself be taken prisoner or killed, than seek for safety in a town presided over by Saint-Just; for no sooner was he inside the walls than he was arrested, he and his whole staff, by order of the representative of the people.

When the two young friends returned to the hôtel de la Lanterne they found poor Madame Teutch in a state of the greatest anxiety. Eugène was beginning to be known in the town, where he had now lived a month, and some one had told her he was seen running toward the gate of Haguenau with a musket in his hand. At first she could not believe it; but when she saw him coming back actually carrying the weapon, she was seized with retrospective terror, which was trebled by the sight of the hole in his hat, and by Charles's account of the affair; for the boy was as wildly enthusiastic as a conscript on seeing war for the first time.

All this enthusiasm, however, did not make Charles forget that he was to dine with citizen Euloge Schneider at two o'clock. Accordingly, and punctually at that hour, having mounted the steps with less rapidity than he had tlovn down them in the morning, he knocked at the little door to which they led.

V.

MADEMOISELLE DE BRUMPT.

At the sound of the first cannon the Society of the Propaganda had met and declared its sittings permanent so long as Strasbourg was in danger.

Rabid jacobin as he was, Euloge Schneider, who was to Marat what Marat was to Robespierre, was himself surpassed in "patriotism" by the Society of the Propaganda. It results that he, public prosecutor and special commissioner of the Republic, even he had to reckon with two conflicting powers between whom he was forced to keep himself balanced,—on the one hand, with Saint-Just, who (strange as it may seem to the reader of to-day, though incontestably true) represented the moderate section of the republican party, and the Propaganda, which represented the ultra-jacobins. Saint-Just held the material power; but citizen Tétrell, leader of the Propaganda, held the moral power.

Euloge Schneider had therefore thought it advisable to be present at the meeting of the Propagandists, who discussed the best means of saving the country; whereas Saint-Just and Lebas were among the first to issue from Strasbourg on horseback in the thick of the fire, recognizable by their dress and tricolor plumes, as the representatives of the people; and they had ordered the gate of the town to be closed behind them while they themselves took their places at the head of the republican ranks. When the enemy were put to flight, they re-entered Strasbourg and went to the City Hall, where they lived; while the members of the Propaganda continued their discussions, though the danger was over.

This circumstance was the cause why Euloge Schneider, who impressed the necessity of punctuality on others, was half an hour late for dinner himself. Charles had used the delay by making acquaintance with the three guests who, like himself, were awaiting the host. Their names were Edelmann, Young; and Monnet.

Edelmann was a remarkable musician, the equal of Gossec in church music. He had also composed a score for a theatre on the poem of "Ariadne in Naxos," which was played in France, if I remember right, about 1818 or 1820. He was a very small man, with a lugubrious face, always wearing spectacles which seemed to grow upon his nose; his coat was maroon in color, and invariably buttoned from top to bottom with brass buttons. He had flung himself into the revolutionary party with all the exaggeration and violence of a man of imagination. When his friend Dietrich, mayor of Strasbourg, accused of "moderantism" by Schneider, fell a victim in the struggle, he testified against him, saying: "I weep your fate because you are my friend; but you must die because you are a traitor."

As for the second,—that is to say, Young,—he was a poor shoemaker, with the coarse exterior in which Nature, as often happens, whether by accident or caprice, hides a poetic soul. He knew Greek and Latin, but he wrote his odes and satires in German. His well-known republicanism had made his poetry very popular; often, as he went along the streets, the common people would cry out to him: "Verses, Young, verses!—give us some verses!" Then he would stop, mount a post, or the coping of a well, or the nearest balcony, if there happened to be one, and toss strophes and odes to the skies like fiery, hissing rockets. He was one of those rare and honest men, one of those single-minded revolutionaries, who were blindly devoted to the grandeur of the popular cause,—men who expected nothing from the Revolution but the emancipation of the human race, who died as the martyrs of old, without com-

plaint and without regret, sure of the future triumph of their faith.

Monnet, the third, was no stranger to Charles, who gave a cry of delight when he saw him. He was formerly a soldier (a grenadier) in his youth; and having left the military service, he became a priest, and was made prefect of the lyceum at Besançon, where Charles had known him. Just as he had reached the age of passions,—that is to say, when he was twenty-eight years old, and might have regretted the vows he had rashly taken,—the Revolution intervened and broke them. He was tall, a little bent, full of cordiality and politeness, with a melancholy grace which seemed at first sight to be his chief characteristic. His smile was sad, sometimes bitter; it might be thought that in the depths of his heart he hid some mournful secret, and was asking of men, or rather from humanity itself, a shelter against some danger to his innocence,—the greatest of all dangers at that period. Thus it was that he flung himself, or rather had suffered himself to fall into the extremist party to which Schneider belonged. At the present moment, trembling at his union with fury, his complicity with crime, he was letting himself go with closed eyes he knew not whither.

These three men were the three friends, the three inseparables of Schneider. They began now to get uneasy at his non-appearance; for each felt that Schneider was his pillar of strength; if Schneider were shaken, they fell; if Schneider fell, they were dead men. Monnet, the most nervous and consequently the most impatient of the three, had just risen, intending to go out for news, when a key was heard grinding in the lock of a door which was opened and then slammed with violence.

Schneider entered the room. The sitting of the Propaganda had been stormy; the ashy skin of the public prosecutor was blotched with angry color, perspiration was rolling from his forehead, his loosened neckcloth gave to sight the choleric swelling of his thick bull's-neck. As

he came into the room he flung his hat to the farther end of it.

When the three men saw him they rose as if moved by a spring and made one step in his direction. Charles, on the other hand, stood up behind his chair as if he were making a barricade of it.

"Citizens," cried Schneider, grinding his teeth, "citizens, I announce to you a fine piece of news, — news which may not rejoice your hearts, but will at any rate astound you. I shall be married within a week."

"You!" exclaimed the three men with one voice.

"Yes, I. It will be a fine surprise to Strasbourg when that bit of news goes round from mouth to mouth. 'Have you heard?' 'No!' 'The monk of Cologne is to be married!' 'Really?' 'Truly.' Young, you shall write the epithalamium, Edelmann shall set it to music, and Monnet, who is as gay as a sarcophagus, shall sing it. Charles, mind you write the news to your father by the next post."

"But who is it you are going to marry?"

"Faith, I don't know, and what's more, I don't care. I've a great mind to marry my old cook; it would be a good example of the fusion of classes."

"What has happened? Come, tell us."

"Oh! nothing, except that I have been attacked, arraigned, accused, — yes, accused!"

"Where?"

"At the Propaganda."

"Oh!" cried Monnet, "a society that you yourself created!"

"Did you never hear of children that killed their fathers?"

"But who attacked you?"

"Tétrell. Can you understand that democrat who has brought luxury into sansculottism, carries Versailles guns, pistols with *fleur-de-lis*, has packs of hounds like a *ci-devant*, a stud like a prince, and is, the Lord knows why, the idol

of the Strasbourg populace? Perhaps it's because he glitters like a drum-major. I did think I had given guarantees enough of sound opinions; but no! the uniform of a public prosecutor can't cover the monk's cowl or the canon's surplice; they have been throwing that cursed priesthood into my face, which, they say, makes me irremediably suspicious to the true sons of liberty. Who, I ask you, has immolated more victims than I on the sacred altar of liberty? Have n't I within the last month cut off twenty-six heads? How many do they want?"

"Be calm, be calm, Schneider!"

"It is maddening!" continued Schneider, getting more and more excited, "what with the Propaganda on the one hand shouting, 'You don't do enough!' and Saint-Just, on the other, bawling out, 'Stop! stop!' Yesterday I arrested six of those curs, those aristocrats, and to-day four more. There's nothing to be seen in Strasbourg and its neighborhood but my Death Huzzars. This very night I am going to capture an *émigré* who has had the audacity to cross the Rhine in a smuggler's boat and go to Plobsheim to conspire with his family. That fellow, *he's* sure of his fate! Ha! I've learned one thing," he continued, flinging out his right arm with a threatening gesture; "it is that events are stronger than wills; and that if there are men who—like the chariots of war mentioned in the Scriptures—crush the people as they pass, it is because those men are driven by the same irresistible and fatal power which rends volcanoes and precipitates cataracts."

Then, after this declamation, which was not without a certain eloquence, he burst into a roar of nervous laughter.

"Pooh!" he said, "there's nothing before life and nothing after death; it is all a waking nightmare, that's the whole of it! It isn't worth thinking about while it lasts, or regretting when it goes. Come, let's have some dinner; *valeat res ludicra*, hey, Charles?"

So saying he preceded his friends into the dining-room, where an admirable dinner was served.

"But," said Young, sitting down with the rest at the table, "I don't see anything in all that to force you to marry in a week."

"True, I forgot to tell you the best part of all. Would you believe that while calling me the monk of Cologne (where I never wore a cowl) and the canon of Augsbourg (where I never was a canon), they also reproached me for my orgies and debauches! My orgies, indeed! For thirty-four years of my life I ate nothing but carrots and drank water; it would be hard indeed if I could n't now eat white bread and a bit of meat. My debauches! If they think I pulled off my gown to live like Saint Anthony, they are mistaken. Well, there's one way to stop their mouths, and that's to marry. The devil take me! I can be a faithful husband and a good father of a family, like other men! — that is, if citizen Saint-Just lets me have leisure enough."

"Have you chosen the happy bride to share your couch?" asked Edelmann.

"No," said Schneider; "as there's a woman in the case, the devil will provide."

"To the health of the future spouse of Schneider!" cried Young; "and as he has chosen the devil for go-between, may the devil find him a rich and young and handsome mate."

"Hurrah for the wife of Schneider!" said Monnet, sadly.

At that instant the door opened and the old cook appeared upon the threshold.

"Here's a citoyenne," she said, "who wants to speak to citizen Euloge on pressing business."

"Bah!" said Euloge, "there's no business so pressing as to eat my dinner. Tell her to come back to-morrow."

The old woman disappeared, but presently put her head in again.

"She says to-morrow will be too late."

"Then why did n't she come earlier?"

"Because it was impossible, citizen," said a soft and

supplicating voice from the antechamber. "Let me see you, let me speak to you, — I implore it!"

Euloge, with an impatient gesture, signed to the old woman to close the door and come to him. But suddenly reflecting on the freshness and charm of the voice, he asked the cook, with the smile of a satyr: —

"Is she young?"

"About eighteen," was the answer.

"Is she pretty?"

"With the devil's beauty."

The three men began to laugh.

"You hear that, Schneider? the devil's beauty!"

"You've only to find out if she's rich," said Young, "and there's your wife provided. Open the door, old woman, and let her in; she must be an acquaintance of yours as she comes from the devil."

"Perhaps she comes from God," said Charles.

"No, for our friend Schneider has quarrelled with God, and is, on the other hand, great friends with the devil."

"Besides," said Young, "nobody but the devil hears and grants the prayers that are made to him."

"Well," said Schneider, "let her in."

The old woman opened the door; and it instantly framed the graceful figure of a young girl in a travelling-dress, wrapped in a black satin mantle lined with pink silk. She made a few steps into the dining-room and stopped in the full light of the wax-candles. The four men gave a murmur of admiration.

"Citizens," she said, "which of you is the citizen Commissioner of the Republic?"

"I am, citoyenne," replied Schneider, without rising.

"Citizen," she said, "I have a mercy to ask of you on which my life depends."

Her eyes turned anxiously from one to another of the party.

"You need not be troubled by the presence of my friends," said Schneider; "they are also the friends, by

taste, and I might say by profession, of beauty; that's my friend Edelmann, he's a musician —"

The young girl inclined her head as if to say, "I know his music."

"— and this is my friend Young, a poet —"

Same movement of the head, which meant: "I know his poems."

"— and this is my friend Monnet, who is neither poet nor musician, but has eyes and heart, and is all ready, I see, to plead your cause. As for my young friend here, he is only a scholar, but learned enough already to conjugate the verb *to love* in three languages. You can safely explain yourself before them all — unless you have something to say to me that can only be told in a *tête-à-tête*."

He rose and offered his hand to the young girl, motioning toward a half-open door which led into the adjoining salon.

"No," she said quickly, "no, monsieur —"

Schneider frowned.

"— pardon me, I meant citizen. No, citizen, what I have to say does not fear the light, nor yet publicity."

Schneider sat down again and made a sign to the young girl to take a seat. But she shook her head.

"It becomes suppliants to stand," she said.

"Then," said Schneider, "let us proceed regularly. I have told you who we all are; now tell us who you may be."

"My name is Clotilde Brumpt."

"*De Brumpt*, I suppose you mean?"

"It is unjust to reproach me for a crime committed three or four centuries before I was born, and in which I took no part."

"You need not say more; I know your history, and what has brought you here."

The young girl made a movement of supplication, throwing forward her head and her clasped hands; as she did so the hood of her mantle dropped on her shoulders, and

revealed to the light a face of extreme beauty. Her charming golden hair was parted to the crown of the head and fell in curls beside her cheeks, framing the perfect oval of the face. Her forehead, of a pure and marble whiteness, seemed the more dazzling because the eyes and brows and lashes were black; the nose, straight and yet flexible, shared in the slight trembling of the cheeks, which showed the traces of much weeping; her lips, half-open with entreaty, seemed to be cut in soft pink coral, and behind them the pretty teeth shone white as pearls; a throat like snow and smooth as satin, was nearly hidden by a black gown high to the neck, beneath the folds of which the graceful undulations of the body which it draped could be seen. She was glorious to behold as she stood there.

"Yes, yes," said Schneider, "yes, you are handsome; you have the beauty of the accursed races, their grace, and their seduction. But we are not Asiatics to be seduced from our duty by Helens or Roxalanas; your father is a conspirator, your father is guilty, your father shall die."

The poor girl gave a cry; the words were like a dagger piercing her heart.

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, "my father is not a conspirator."

"If he was not conspiring why did he emigrate?"

"He emigrated because, belonging to the Prince de Condé, he thought he ought to follow his commander into exile; but faithful to his country as he was to his master, he has never been willing to fight against France. For the two years of his exile, his sword has never left its scabbard."

"What does he want to do in France? why did he cross the Rhine in a smuggler's boat?"

"Alas! my mourning clothes may tell you, citizen. My mother was dying on this side the river, a few miles from him. The man in whose arms she had passed the twenty happy years of her life, waited anxiously for words of hope. Each message we could send him said, 'Worse! worse!'"

still worse!’ Two days ago he could bear it no longer; he crossed the river disguised as a peasant. Perhaps the reward has tempted the boatman; God forgive him, he denounced my father, and to-night my father has been arrested. Ask your agents how and when,—at the moment when my mother was yielding her last breath. Ask them what he was doing,—weeping as he closed her eyes. Ah! if ever a return from exile is pardonable, it is that of a husband who comes to bid a last farewell to the mother of his children. Good God! will you tell me that every *émigré* who returns to the soil of France deserves to die?—yes, he does, if he comes back with conspiracy in his heart, and weapons in his hand, but not if he comes to kneel beside the deathbed of a wife.”

“Citoyenne Brumpt,” said Schneider, shaking his head, “the law does not concern itself with sentimental subtleties; it says, ‘In such a case, under such circumstances, for such causes, the penalty of death is incurred.’ The man who puts himself into the circumstances stated by the law, and is aware of the law, is guilty; and if guilty, he must die.”

“No, no, not if he is judged by men, and those men have a heart.”

“A heart!” cried Schneider; “do you suppose a man must always have a heart? My enemies accused me to-day at the Propaganda of listening weakly to human entreaties. Don’t you know that my path would be easier and more agreeable if I could lift a handsome creature like you at my feet and dry her tears, instead of saying, brutally: ‘It is useless, you are wasting your breath’? No, unhappily the law is there, and the executors of the law must be as inflexible as the law. It is not a woman, it is an iron statue, holding a sword in one hand and scales in the other; nothing can be placed upon those scales but the accusation on one side and the truth on the other; nothing can divert the blade of that sword from the terrible line that is marked out for it. On that line was the head of a king, the head

of a queen, the head of a prince; and those three heads fell like that of a beggar convicted of a murder or incendiarism. To-morrow I go to Plobsheim; the scaffold and the executioner will accompany me. If your father was not an *émigré*, or if he did not furtively cross the Rhine, if, in short, the accusation is unjust, he will be set at liberty; but, if the accusation, which your own lips confirm, is true, his head will fall in the market place of Plobsheim."

The young girl raised her head, and making a strong effort over herself, she said:—

"Then you leave me no hope?"

"No."

"I ask for one word more," she said, standing erect.

"Say on."

"No, to you alone."

"Come here, then."

The girl walked at once, with a firm step, to the salon which she entered without the least hesitation. Schneider followed her and closed the door behind them. The moment they were alone he put out his arm to clasp her waist; but simply, and with great dignity she arrested his action with her hand.

"In order that you may pardon the last effort that I make, citizen Schneider," she said, "you must remember that I have appealed to your heart by every honest means and you have repulsed them; you must say to yourself that I am driven to despair, and that, wishing to save the life of my father, and being unable to move you otherwise, it becomes my duty to say: If prayers and tears are powerless, perhaps money—"

Schneider made a scornful motion of the shoulders and lips, but the young girl paid no heed to it.

"I am rich," she continued; "my mother being dead, I inherit an immense fortune, which is mine, mine only, citizen Schneider. I can dispose of two millions. Had I four I would offer them to you; but two is all I have; will you accept them and save my father?"

Schneider laid a hand upon her shoulder; his eyes were thoughtful, but the heavy brows almost concealed their expression from the eager examination of the girl.

"To-morrow," he said, "I shall go to Plobsheim, as I told you. You have just made me a proposition, I will there make you another."

"You mean?" cried the girl.

"I mean that if you choose this matter can be settled."

"If your proposition is such as to leave any stain whatever on my honor, it will be useless to make it."

"It will leave none."

"Then you will be welcome at Plobsheim."

Bowing to him, without real hope in her heart and with tears in her eyes, she opened the door, crossed the dining-room, inclined her head to those present, and disappeared. Neither the three men nor Charles could see her face, which was entirely hidden by the hood of her mantle.

The Commissioner of the Republic followed her from the salon; he looked at the door of the dining-room until it was closed behind her, and he listened until he heard the roll of the carriage which took her away. Then walking up to the table he poured into his own glass and those of his friends, an entire bottle of *Liebefraumicht*.

"In this generous wine," he said, "let us drink to the health of Clotilde Brumpt, the affianced wife of Jean-Georges-Euloge Schneider."

He raised his glass, and his four guests, thinking it useless to ask an explanation, which he would probably not give, followed his example, and the toast was drunk.

VI.

MAÎTRE NICOLAS.

THE impression made by this scene was deep, and each person felt it according to his nature ; but the one most affected was our young schoolboy. He had certainly often seen *women*, but it was the first time that *woman* was revealed to him. Mademoiselle de Brumpt, as we have said, was marvellously beautiful, and that beauty had appeared to the eyes of the lad under conditions well calculated to bring it out. A strange emotion filled his being, something like a painful clutch at his heart, when, the young girl having gone, Schneider raised his glass and announced that Clotilde Brumpt would be his future wife.

What could have happened in the salon ? By what persuasive words had Schneider brought her to consent so rapidly ? For the lad could not doubt, after Schneider's assurance, that the consent had been given. It must have been that she took him aside to offer herself to him. If so, what supreme devotion of filial love it was that brought this lily of purity, this fragrant rose, to ally herself with a prickly holly, a coarse thistle ! To him, to Charles, it seemed that if he were the father of that perfect girl he would rather die a hundred deaths than buy his life by such a sacrifice of his daughter. As it was the first time the lad had ever appreciated beauty in a woman, so also it was the first time he had perceived the immense gulf which ugliness can put between two persons of opposite sexes. And how hideous this ugliness of Schneider's was, thought Charles, observing it for the first time. It was the worst of all ugliness ; that which nothing can efface because it is complicated with moral ugliness, — the fetid

ugliness of monkish faces which, when young, receive the impress of hypocrisy.

Charles, lost in reflection, his face turned to the door through which the young girl had disappeared, by the same attraction which inclines the heliotrope to the setting sun, seemed with open mouth and moving nostrils to be inhaling the fragrant atoms she had scattered as she passed. The nervous agitations of youth awoke in him; and, as in April the chest expands when it inhales the first breezes of spring, so his heart dilated as he breathed the first perfume of love. It was not yet day, it was only dawn; it was not yet love, it was but the herald that announced it.

He was about to rise and follow the magnetic current, and go he knew not whither, like other young and agitated hearts, when Schneider rang the bell. The sound made him shudder and descend from the heights he was scaling. The old cook appeared.

"Are there any orderlies about?" asked Euloge.

"Two," she answered.

"Tell one of them to fetch me Maître Nicolas."

The old woman shut the door without answering, — a proof that she knew what was meant. Charles did not know, but it was evident that the toast which followed Mademoiselle Brumpt's departure and the order given to the old woman were linked to one purpose, and he felt he was about to learn something strange. It was evident also that the other three knew who Maître Nicolas was, inasmuch as they, free as they were with Schneider, asked no questions. Charles would gladly have inquired of his neighbor Monnet, but he dared not, for fear that Euloge might hear the question and answer it.

There was a moment's silence, during which a certain uneasiness was apparent among the guests; the expectation of coffee, that joyous liquor due at the dessert, even its coming, did not lift so much as a corner of the crape veil which Schneider's order, simple as it sounded, had spread about them.

Ten minutes elapsed. At the end of that time three raps given in a peculiar manner were heard. The guests visibly quivered. Edelmann buttoned up his coat; Young coughed; Monnet turned as pale as the collar of his shirt.

"There he is!" said Euloge, frowning and speaking in a voice which Charles's excited interest made him think changed.

The door opened and the old woman announced:—

"Citizen Nicolas."

Then she stood aside to let that person pass, taking extreme care that he should not touch her as he did so.

A pale, grave, thin little man entered the room. He was dressed like everybody else, and yet—impossible as it was to say why—there was in his dress, his manner, his whole person, something strange that made those who saw him ponder. Edelmann, Young, and Monnet, drew back their chairs. Schneider advanced his. The little man made two steps within the room, bowed to Euloge without taking any notice of the others, and stood with his eyes fixed upon him.

"To-morrow, at nine o'clock, we start," said Schneider.

"For what place?"

"Plobsheim."

"How long shall we be there?"

"Two days."

"How many assistants will be needed?"

"Two. Is your machine in order?"

The little man smiled, and shrugged his shoulders as if to say, "Fine question!" then he said aloud: "Am I to wait at the gate to Kehl, or shall I join you here?"

"Join me here."

"At nine o'clock, punctually."

The little man turned to leave the room.

"Wait," said Schneider; "don't go without drinking to the health of the Republic."

The little man accepted, bowing. Schneider rang the bell; the old woman appeared.

"A glass for citizen Nicolas," he said.

Schneider took up the first bottle that came to hand, and tipped it carefully over the glass so as not to cloud the liquor. As the first red drops fell into the glass the little man said quickly, —

"I do not drink red wine."

"Ah, true!" said Schneider. Then, with a laugh, he added: "So you are still nervous, citizen Nicolas?"

"Yes."

Schneider took another bottle of wine, — it was champagne this time.

"There!" he said, offering it to the man, "guillotine me that bottle."

And he laughed. Edelmann, Young, and Monnet tried to do likewise, but failed. The little man was serious. He took the bottle, pulled from his belt a knife with a broad, straight, pointed blade, passed it several times round the neck of the bottle, just below the orifice; then, with a sudden, sharp blow of the same knife, he sent the neck, cork, and wire fastenings flying. The foam burst forth like blood from a severed human neck, but Schneider, who stood ready, caught it in a glass.

The little man filled the glasses, but it so chanced that only five were filled, not six. That of Charles was left empty, and the boy took care not to show it. Edelmann, Schneider, Monnet, and Young, clicked their glasses with that of the little man. Whether it was a chance hand blow, or whether it was an omen, Schneider's glass was broken by the click.

All five cried out, "Vive la République!" But only four could drink the toast; the wine had run from Schneider's broken glass. A few drops remained in the bottle. Schneider seized it with a feverish hand, and put the neck of it hastily to his lips. More hastily he withdrew it. The sharp edges of the broken glass had cut his lip through to the teeth. A blasphemy burst from his bleeding mouth, and he dashed the bottle to fragments on the floor.

"Nine o'clock is the hour, is it?" said the little man, tranquilly.

"Yes, and to the devil with you!" said Schneider, holding his handkerchief to his mouth.

Maitre Nicolas bowed and went away. Schneider, who had turned very pale, and came near fainting at the sight of his own blood which flowed profusely, had fallen into a chair. Edelmann and Young went to his assistance. Charles pulled Monnet by the skirt of his coat.

"Tell me," he whispered, quivering with emotion at the strange scene he had just witnessed, "who is Maitre Nicolas?"

"Don't you know?" asked Monnet.

"How should I know? I came to Strasbourg only yesterday."

Monnet did not reply in words, but he passed his hand around his neck.

"I don't understand," said Charles.

Monnet dropped his voice.

"Can't you understand he is the executioner?"

Charles shuddered.

"Then the machine is — is —?"

"Yes, by God!"

"What is he going to do with the guillotine at Plobsheim?"

"He told you himself — marry!"

Charles wrung the cold damp hand of the man who answered him, and darted from the room. He saw, as if through a mist of blood, the awful truth.

VII

FILIAL LOVE, OR THE WOODEN LEG.

CHARLES returned at a run to Madame Teutch, like a hare to its form, a fox to its burrow; that was his haven, his place of safety. When he got there he felt secure; once over the threshold of the hôtel de la Lanterne, it seemed to him he had nothing more to fear.

He asked at once for his young comrade. Eugène was in his room, fencing with a sergeant-major of a regiment in garrison at Strasbourg. The man had served under his father, the Marquis de Beauharnais, who had several times taken notice of his bravery. When the marquis heard that his son was going to Strasbourg to seek for documents that were required for his defence, he requested Eugène to continue the training necessary to all young men of good family, and to ask if a certain sergeant, Pierre Augereau, was still stationed at Strasbourg, and if he were, to take fencing lessons of him.

Eugène inquired, and found Pierre Augereau; only, that warrior being now sergeant-major, he no longer fenced except for pleasure. But as soon as the worthy soldier knew that it was the son of his old commander who wanted lessons, he declared it would be for his own pleasure to have bouts with Eugène at the inn. The special cause of the sergeant-major's subsequent assiduity was that he soon found out his pupil was almost his master, and could admirably defend himself against the rough and inconsequent play of his old-fashioned practice. Besides (and this reason deserved a front rank), every time he went to fence with his pupil, the pupil invited him to dinner, and the dinners of the citoyenne Teutch were far preferable to those in barracks.

Pierre Augereau was in a regiment which had gone out of the town that morning in pursuit of the Austrians, and he had seen his pupil on the ramparts, gun in hand. He had made him all sorts of signs with his sabre, but the lad was so busy in sending his own balls after the Austrians that he did not even see the telegraphic signals of the worthy sergeant-major. Citoyenne Teutch was the first to tell the latter that Eugène had come very near being killed. She showed him the cap with the hole in it, and related how the young fellow had returned shot for shot, — a fatal return for the Austrian dragoon. When, therefore, Augereau went up to his pupil's room, he made him a great many compliments, and his pupil, as usual, invited him to the meal that, in Germany, comes between the mid-day breakfast, which is almost a dinner, and the supper, which is served at ten o'clock at night.

When Charles arrived, the master and pupil were just saluting; the bout was over. Eugène had shown himself very vigorous, alert, and agile, so that Augereau was particularly proud of him. The table was set in the same little room where the two lads had breakfasted in the morning. Eugène presented his new friend to the sergeant-major (who, seeing him so pale and puny, took a very poor idea of him), and begged Madame Teutch to set another place at the table. But Charles declared he was not hungry, he had just finished dinner, he would only drink to the promotion of the sergeant-major; as for food, he didn't want any.

To explain, not his want of appetite, which was easily explainable by the fact that he had dined, but his paleness and agitation, he related the scene he had just witnessed.

After that, Pierre Augereau told the lads the story of his life and adventures. He was born, he said, in the faubourg Saint-Marceau, of a journeyman mason and a fruit girl; from his infancy he had had a fancy for boxing; he had learned that and fencing as a Parisian *gamin* learns everything; his adventurous life took him to Naples, where he

entered the service of King Ferdinand as a carbineer; there he first taught fencing, being careful (and it was this that made his fence extremely dangerous) to mix the Neapolitan system with the French system. In 1792, when the order was issued for all Frenchmen to leave Naples, he returned to France, which he reached two days before the 2d of September, just in time to join the volunteers whom Danton was sending from the Champ de Mars to the armies, and who took so brilliant a part in the battle of Jemmapes. Augereau had there received his first rank; thence he was sent to the Army of the Rhine, where the Marquis de Beauharnais made him sergeant, and where he had lately been promoted sergeant-major. He was now thirty-six years old, and his great ambition was to rise to the rank of captain.

Eugene had nothing to relate; but he made a proposal which was received with acclamations; namely, to go to the theatre and distract Charles's mind from his gloomy thoughts. A troupe of actors under the management of citizen Bergère were just then playing at the Breuil Theatre Voltaire's "Brutus," and "Filial Love, or the Wooden Leg," by citizen Demoustiers.

They shortened their dinner, and by six o'clock the two lads, protected by the sergeant-major, who was a head taller than they, and possessed a pair of vigorous fists which were always at the service of his friends, entered the theatre, already crowded with spectators, and found, though with much difficulty, three places on the eighth seat from the orchestra. At this period stalls were unknown.

The happy issue of the morning fight had made the day a sort of fête; and the tragedy of "Brutus," which happened to be on the bills for that day, seemed like a homage rendered to the courageous conduct of the inhabitants of the town. Persons were pointing out to each other among the audience the heroes of the day, and it was known that the young actor who played the part of Titus had not only taken part in the battle, but was wounded.

Amid the noise which always precedes the representation of a play when the house is crowded, the manager came forward and struck three raps; instantly, as if by magic, the audience was silent. It is true that, seconding the blows of the manager's stick, silence was commanded by the all-powerful voice of Tétrell, who was elated at the triumph he had won that morning in the Propaganda over Euloge Schneider.

Charles at once recognized his nocturnal acquaintance and pointed him out to Eugène, without, however, saying a word of their meeting or of the warning sent by him. Eugène knew him, too, from having seen him in the streets of Strasbourg; he had heard that he was one of his father's persecutors, and regarded him therefore with an angry eye. As for Pierre Augereau, he saw the man for the first time, and, humorist that he was, like all true sons of the Parisian faubourgs, the fact that struck him most was Tétrell's gigantic nose, the nostrils of which spread extravagantly over his two cheeks, and bore some resemblance to those extinguishers which sextons carry round on long sticks to put out the flame of the wax tapers which are too tall for them to blow out.

The small Charles happened to be seated just below Tétrell. Augereau, who was separated from him by Eugène, proposed to change places with him.

"Why?" asked Charles.

"Because you are in a draught of air from citizen Tétrell's nose," said the sergeant-major, "and I'm afraid when he breathes he will blow you away."

As Tétrell was more feared than liked, the speech made those about them laugh.

"Silence!" roared Tétrell.

"What did you say?" asked Augereau, in the aggravating tone peculiar to the *gamin de Paris*.

He stood up and turned round to face the man who had called to him, and as he did so the audience recognized the uniform of the regiment that had gone out to defend the

city that morning; instantly the applause broke forth, accompanied by cries of,—

“Bravo, sergeant-major! hurrah for the sergeant-major!”

Augereau made a military salute, and sat down as the curtain was then going up. The attention of the audience turned to the stage, and Tétrell's nose, as well as the sergeant-major's speech, was forgotten.

In Voltaire's tragedy the curtain rises, it will be remembered, on a session of the Roman senate at which Junius Brutus, first Roman consul with Publicola, announces that Tarquin, who is besieging Rome, has sent an ambassador.

It was easy to see the sort of spirit that animated the audience when, after the first thirty-eight lines, Brutus declaimed the following:—

Rome knows that her freedom was ever my aim;
Our views are divergent, our object the same.
I see in these envoys who hither have come,
The homage of kings to the people of Rome.
Let us treat with them then, and accustom their pride
To place our Republic, a peer, at their side,
Till the day when, fulfilling high heaven's decrees,
They are forced to make treaties with us — on their knees!

Thunders of applause burst forth; it seemed as though France, like Rome, had a presentiment of her glorious destiny. Brutus, interrupted in the middle of his speech, was unable to continue it for over ten minutes.

He was interrupted a second time with still greater warmth when he reached these lines:—

Beaten down 'neath a sceptre of iron so long,
Our race, through misfortune, has learned to be strong.
Revolt and rebellion were born of our kings,
From the crimes of the Tarquins our liberty springs;
And Tuscans may learn, in the hour of their need,
When oppressed by their tyrants, to follow our lead.

Here, the actors made a pause. The consuls walked to the altar with the senate; as they walked, the house rang

with cries and bravos ! Then all were hushed to listen to the invocation : —

Oh ! Mars, god of heroes, of battles, of Rome,
Fighting ever with us in defence of our home,
On thy altar, great Mars, hear thy votary now ;
In the name of all Romans I make thee this vow :
If there be in our city *one* traitor alone
Who would fain see proud Tarquin restored to his throne,
In tortures and torments that wretch shall expire,
His ashes be given to the winds from the fire ;
And his name shall in deeper abhorrence be held
Than that of the tyrants whom Rome has expelled !

In times of political effervescence no one thinks of the merit or demerit of the verses they applaud, only of their harmony with our feelings. Seldom indeed have windier tirades passed the lips of an actor, yet never did the splendid lines of Corneille and Racine call forth equal enthusiasm.

On the present occasion this enthusiasm, which already seemed to have reached a point whence it could go no farther, burst all bounds when the curtain rose upon the second act and the young actor who played the part of Titus (he was a brother of Mme. Fleury of the Théâtre-Français) came forward with his arm in a sling. An Austrian bullet had gone through his biceps.

The few verses which made allusion to the victories of Titus and to his patriotism were encored, and then, rejecting the proposals of Porsenna, Titus said : —

In Rome I was born, and for Rome I would die.
Though the Senate full justice to me may deny,
Yet better by far is their rule, though severe,
Than the sceptre of tyrants who govern by fear.
On my heart, like my father's, are graven two things,
The worship of Freedom, the hatred of Kings !

And finally, when in the succeeding scene he cries out, renouncing his love : —

I banish that hope with a resolute will ;
Rome summons me now to the Capitol Hill,
Where those arches triumphal my glory proclaim,
The people, assembled, are calling my name
To swear the great oath, that secures to the end
The liberties Romans will die to defend ! —

the wildly enthusiastic young men rushed upon the stage, embraced the actor, and clasped his hands, while all the women present waved their handkerchiefs and flung flowers to their hero.

Nothing was wanting to the triumph of Voltaire and Brutus, — above all to that of Fleury, who carried off the honors of the evening.

We have said that the second piece was by Demoustiers, and was entitled "Filial Love, or the Wooden Leg." It was one of those so-called idyls furnished by the republican Muse ; for it is very remarkable that never was dramatic literature so completely diluted rose-water as it was during the years '92, '93, and '94. That is the period in which were written "La Mort d'Abel ;" "Le Conciliateur ;" "Les Femmes ;" and "La Belle Fermière." It would seem as though the people, after the bloody emotions of each day, needed such goody insipidities at night to restore their balance. Nero crowned himself with flowers after burning Rome.

But an event connected with the combat of the morning put an obstacle in the way of presenting the trash prepared for the present occasion. Madame Fromont, who played the part of Louise, the only woman in the piece, had lost her husband and her father, both having been killed in the fight of the morning. It was therefore almost impossible that she should play, under such circumstances, the part of a loving woman, or indeed any part. The curtain was raised, and Titus-Fleury came forward with tears in his eyes to beg the audience, in the name of Madame Fromont, to kindly consent to the substitution of the opera of "Rose and Colas" for that of "Filial Love," giving as a reason,

that Madame Fromont was overwhelmed with grief at the loss of her father and husband, who had given their lives for the Republic.

Cries of "Yes! yes!" mingled with unanimous applause, resounded through the house, and Fleury was just retiring from the stage, when Tétrell, rising, made a sign that he wished to speak. Instantly several voices cried out:—

"It is Tétrell, the friend of the people! Tétrell, the terror of aristocrats! Let us hear Tétrell!"

VIII.

THE PROVOCATION.

THAT evening Tétréll was more elegant than ever. He wore a blue coat with wide lapels and gilt buttons, a waist-coat of white piqué, the lapels of which almost covered those of the coat; a tricolor sash with a gold fringe was round his waist, and in that sash were stuck superb pistols with ivory-inlaid handles and barrels damascened with gold; his sabre, in a red morocco scabbard, dangled insolently over the balcony and hung suspended above the pit like another sword of Damocles. He prefaced his speech by striking on the railing of the box, which sent the dust flying from the velvet.

"What is this I find here, citizens?" he said in a tone of anger. "I thought I was in Sparta; it seems I was mistaken, — we are in Corinth or at Sybaris. Is it in presence of republican men that a republican woman dares to put forward such excuses? Are we no better than those miserable slaves across the river, those dogs of aristocrats who, when we whip them, crack their lungs in howling '*Libera!*' Two men have died for their country; immortal glory to their memory! The women of Sparta presented bucklers to their sons and husbands saying but four words: 'With, or upon them.' If they returned upon them — that is, dead — the women put on their gayest garments. The citoyenne Fromont is pretty. Lovers will not be lacking to her. All the handsome men in town were not killed at the gate of Haguenau. As for her father, there is not an old patriot in the place who would not be glad to change places with him. Don't expect, citizen Fleury, to touch our feelings with the pretended sorrows of a woman who has been favored with the for-

tune of war, who has just acquired by means of a cannon-ball a crown for her dowry, and a whole people for her family. Go, tell her to appear; go, tell her to sing; tell her, above all, to stop her tears; this is a day of public rejoicing; tears are for aristocrats!"

Every one kept silence. Tétrell was, as we have said, the third power in Strasbourg, more feared perhaps than either of the two others. The actor Fleury backed off the stage, and five minutes later the curtain rose for the first scene of "Filial Love" — which proved that Tétrell was obeyed.

It is absolutely necessary, for a complete understanding of the scene which follows, that I should give an analysis of this pitiable pastoral, which I have taken the wearisome trouble to read through.

The piece opens with the following verses, to a well-known tune:—

Youthful lover, gather flowers
For the garlands of thy maid;
Love shall grant in bosky bowers
Tender favors gladly paid.

An old soldier has retired to a cottage at the foot of the Alps, near the battle-field of Nefeld, where he was wounded, and where his life was saved by another soldier whom he has never seen since. He lives alone with his son, who, after singing the four opening stanzas, of which the foregoing is one, sings the next four, which complete the idea; they end thus:—

But mine's a love surpassing that
Man feels for any maid;
I gather flowers to deck the hat
That shields my father's head,—

an occupation all the more ridiculous for a tall fellow of twenty-five, because the old soldier wakes up before the crown is made, and we are not allowed to see whether the

wreath of water-lilies and forget-me-not became him. In exchange, however, we are given a duet, in which the son repels the ideas of love and marriage which the father endeavors to put into him; the son winds up his share of the duet with:—

I know the sweetest love of all
Is that I feel for you.

But he presently changes his opinion. Having gathered the flowers to crown his father, he now goes to gather the fruit for his breakfast. Meanwhile a young girl rushes upon the scene, singing:—

Ah! kind old man,
Ah! help me, pray;
Have you seen a traveller pass this way?

This traveller is the young girl's father. The old man has not seen him; and as she is very anxious and uneasy, she stops and eats some breakfast and goes to sleep. Then everybody sets out to search for the lost father, and Armand (that is, the young man who gathered flowers for *his* father) finds him,—all the more easily because he is sixty years old and has a wooden leg. It is easy to understand the joy with which Louise beholds her recovered father; a joy doubled by the discovery, after a very short explanation, that the father of Louise is the very soldier who saved the life of Armand's father at the battle of Nefeld, and who lost, in consequence of that service, a leg, which royal munificence has replaced with a wooden one,—an unexpected bit of luck which justifies the picturesque double title of the play, "Filial Love, or the Wooden Leg."

So long as poor Madame Fromont could wander about the stage, and call to the Alpine echoes to restore her father, her tears and her distress only helped her part; but when he was found, the contrast of that theatrical situation to her own struck the poor soul, who had lost her

own father forever, in all its appalling truth. The actress ceased to be an actress; she became an actual wife, an actual daughter. She uttered a mournful cry, pushed her pretended father from her, and fell in a swoon; the actors caught her and carried her from the stage.

The curtain fell. Then a fearful tumult arose among the audience. Most of them took part for poor Madame Fromont and cried out, "Enough! enough!" Others called to her, "Citoyenne Fromont! citoyenne Fromont!" but more with the wish to recall her and give her an ovation, than to force her to go on with her part. A few malevolent minds, hardened Catos (Tétrell was among them) cried out: —

"The play! go on with the play!"

After about five minutes of this frightful uproar, the curtain rose, silence was restored, and the poor widow appeared, pale and bathed in tears, leaning on the arm of Fleury, who seemed to make himself her protector; she came, scarcely able to drag herself along, to thank those who had shown her sympathy, and to implore the mercy of the others.

At the sight, the whole house resounded with applause and bravos, which would have been unanimous if a loud hissing from the balcony had not protested against the universal feeling.

But the hiss had hardly sounded before a voice replied to it from the pit, crying out: —

"Wretch!"

Tétrell gave a bound; leaning over the edge of the balcony, he roared out: —

"Who said 'wretch'?"

"I," said the same voice.

"Whom did you mean by 'wretch'?"

"You."

"You are hiding there in the pit; you dare not show yourself."

A lad, about fifteen, sprang on a bench at a bound, stand-

ing higher than those about him by the whole length of his body.

"Here I am!" he said; "I show myself, and you can see me."

"Eugène Beauharnais! the son of General Beauharnais!" cried several of the audience, who knew the father when stationed at Strasbourg, and also the son, who had been there for some time. General Beauharnais was greatly beloved. A little group now gathered about the lad, whom Augereau on one side and Charles on the other, were preparing to sustain.

"Wolf-cub of an aristocrat!" cried Tétrell, seeing the adversary with whom he had to deal.

"Bastard of a wolf!" replied the youth, nothing daunted by the uplifted fist and threatening eyes of the leader of the Propaganda.

"If you make me come down to you," cried Tétrell, "beware! I'll flog you."

"If you make me come up to you," responded Eugène, "beware! I'll box your ears."

"There! there's for you, brat!" said Tétrell, forcing a laugh and making an insulting gesture.

"There! there's for you, coward!" retorted the youth, flinging his glove, into which he had slipped two or three leaden balls. The missile, thrown with the accuracy of a schoolboy, struck Tétrell full in the face. He uttered a cry of rage, put his hand to his cheek, and found it covered with blood.

It would have taken Tétrell, with the thirst of vengeance upon him, too long to go round by the corridors. He drew a pistol and aimed at the lad, around whom a space was instantly cleared, each man fearing that Tétrell's hand, which trembled with passion, would send the projectile wide of its mark.

At the same instant a man wearing the uniform of the volunteers of Paris, and on the arm of that uniform the chevrons of a sergeant, flung himself between Tétrell and

the lad, covering the latter with his body and crossing his arms.

"All very fine, citizen," he said, "but when a man carries a sabre at his side, he does n't assassinate."

"Bravo, the volunteer! bravo, the sergeant!" shouted the audience from all parts of the house.

"Do you know," continued the volunteer, "what this lad, this wolf's-cub, this brat, as you call him, was doing while you — you — were making fine speeches at your Propaganda? He was fighting to prevent the enemy from entering Strasbourg. You were demanding the heads of your friends; he was destroying the enemies of France. Put back your pistol into your belt, for it does n't in the least frighten me, and listen to the rest I have to say to you."

The most profound silence filled the theatre, and on the stage, the curtain being still raised, were a mass of actors, machinists, and soldiers of the guard. In the midst of this silence, filled with intense excitement, the volunteer continued, not raising his voice, which was, however, heard distinctly by each person present.

"What I have still to say," continued the sergeant, unmasking the person of the youth and laying a hand upon his shoulder, "is, that this lad, who is no wolf-cub of aristocracy, no brat, but a man, whom victory has this day baptized a republican on the battlefield, after having insulted you, defies you; after calling you a wretch he calls you a coward; and he will await your second and fight you with any weapon you choose — always provided that you do not follow your usual custom, and make your second the executioner and your weapon the guillotine. It is I who tell you this, do you hear me? in his name and mine; it is I who answer for him, — I, Pierre Augereau, sergeant-major of the first regiment of the volunteers of Paris. And now go hang yourself, or what you will. Come, citizen Eugène."

He circled the lad with his arm and put him on the

ground; but as he did so he contrived to lift him high in order that the whole house might see him; the applause was frantic.

Amid those cries, hurrahs, and bravos, he left the theatre with the two lads, half the audience following them to the *hôtel de la Lanterne*, shouting, —

“Vive la République! long live the volunteers of Paris! down with Tétréll!”

IX.

CHARLES IS ARRESTED.

WHEN kind Madame Teutch heard the uproar in the street, which was evidently approaching the hôtel de la Lanterne, she appeared on the sill of the door, and from afar she saw, by the light of the torches which the most enthusiastic had obtained, her two young charges and sergeant-major Pierre Augereau, brought back to her in triumph.

The fear which Tétrell had sown about him throughout the town had borne its fruit, and the harvest was now ripe; he reaped hatred. Thirty or more willing men proposed to Pierre Augereau to watch over Eugène's safety, thinking it very possible that Tétrell might profit by the darkness to do him some ill turn. But the sergeant-major thanked them, saying he would himself watch over the lad and be responsible for his safety. Only (to retain all this goodwill which might be useful later) the sergeant-major thought it advisable to offer a glass of punch, or one of hot wine, to the leaders of the escort. The proposal was scarcely made before the kitchen of the inn was crammed, and the boiling of the wine began in an immense caldron, with plenty of sugar and a mixture of alcohol.

The crowd did not depart till midnight, after exchanging many grasps of the hand and many oaths of alliance offensive and defensive, interspersed with cries of "Vive la République!"

But when the last imbiber of boiled wine had departed, when the door was closed upon him, and the shutters were shut with care, so that no light could be seen from the windows, Augereau became serious and said to Eugène:—

"Now, my young friend, we must think of your safety."

"My safety?" cried the youth. "Did n't you say your-

self I had nothing to fear, and that you would answer for me ? ”

“ Certainly I answer for you, but only on condition of your doing as I wish. ”

“ What do you want me to do ? let us see that first ; you won’t wish me to do anything cowardly, I hope ? ”

“ Hey ! monsieur le marquis, ” said Augereau, “ no such suspicions as that, or by the thousand thunders of the Republic ! we shall quarrel. ”

“ Come, come ! my good Pierre, don’t get angry. What do you want me to do ? Tell me quick. ”

“ I don’t trust a man with such a nose as Tétrell’s when it is n’t carnival time. Besides, he’ll never fight a duel. ”

“ Why do you think so ? ”

“ Because he looks like a coward. ”

“ Yes, but suppose he does fight ? ”

“ If he fights, of course that’s all right ; you risk a cut with a sword, or a pistol ball, and the thing is over ; but if he does n’t fight — ”

“ Well, what then ? ”

“ That’s quite another thing. If he does n’t fight, you risk having your head chopped off, and that’s what I want to guard against. ”

“ How will you do it ? ”

“ By taking you to the barracks of the volunteers of Paris ; he won’t come after you there, I’ll warrant. ”

“ Hide myself ? Never ! ”

“ Hush ! my young friend, ” said the sergeant-major, frowning ; “ don’t talk in that way before Pierre Augereau, who knows what courage is ; no, you won’t hide yourself, you’ll simply wait, that’s all. ”

“ What am I to wait for ? ”

“ Tétrell’s seconds. ”

“ His seconds ! he will send them here, and I shall not know of it if I go away. ”

“ Well, here’s little Charles, who risks nothing ; has n’t

he been created and sent into the world expressly to stay here and let us know what happens. A thousand gods! what a troublesome mind you've got, and how you do see difficulties! Come, make up your mind, and let's be off."

"Charles!" cried Eugène, "the first thing that happens, no matter how trifling it is, you'll come to the barracks and let me know, won't you?"

"I give you my word of honor."

"All right," said Augereau. "To the right about, march!"

"Where are we going?"

"To the barracks."

"By the courtyard?"

"By the courtyard."

"Why not through the door?"

"Because if we go through the door, some idler may see us and follow us just from curiosity; whereas by the courtyard, I know a certain gate which opens on a lane where even a cat does n't go once a month, — a lane that takes us straight to the barracks, and no one will know where the turkeys perch."

"You remember what you have promised, Charles?"

"Though I'm two years younger than you, I have a word of honor as good as yours, Eugène; besides, to-day has made me older, as old as you. Good-bye, and feel easy; Augereau will watch over you, and I'll watch over your honor."

The two lads shook hands; the sergeant-major almost cracked poor Charles's fingers as he gripped them in his own; then he dragged Eugène off through the courtyard, leaving Charles endeavoring, with a grin of pain, to separate one finger from another. That operation accomplished, the lad took up his candlestick as usual, and his key, ran up to his room, and went to bed.

But he was hardly in it before the door softly opened, and Madame Teutch came in on tiptoe, making a sign with her hand that she had something very important to say to him. The lad knew enough by this time of Madame

Teutch's mysterious ways not to be alarmed by her appearance in his room, no matter at what unearthly hour. She came up to the bed, murmuring : —

"Poor cherub !"

"Well, citoyenne Teutch," said Charles, laughing, "what now ?"

"I must tell you what has happened, though I know it will make you very uneasy."

"When did something happen ?"

"While you were at the theatre."

"Goodness ! and what did happen ?"

"They made a visit here."

"They ? who ?"

"The men who came before for citizens Dumont and Ballu."

"Well, they did n't find them any more than they did the first time, I presume."

"My treasure, they did n't come for them."

"For whom, then ?"

"For you."

"For me ? Ha ! and what gives me the honor of such a visit ?"

"They were looking for the writer of that little note, you know."

"In which I told the lawyers to cut and run as fast as they could ?"

"Yes."

"Well ?"

"Well, they searched your room and tumbled over all your papers."

"I don't mind that ; they did n't find anything against the Republic there."

"No, but they found an act of a tragedy."

"Ah ! my tragedy of 'Theramenes.'"

"They 've carried it off."

"The wretches ! luckily, I know it by heart."

"But do you know why they took it ?"

"Because they liked the verses, I suppose."

"No, because they saw the writing was the same as in the little note."

"Goodness! that's serious."

"You know the law, my poor boy; whoever harbors suspected persons, or helps them to escape —"

"The punishment is death."

"Just hear him say that, the little devil! as cool as if he was asking for jam on his bread."

"I say it that way, Madame Teutch, because there is n't any danger for me in it."

"What do you mean? Why is n't there any danger for you?"

"Because a man must be over sixteen to have the honors of the guillotine."

"Are you sure, my dear child?"

"I know all about it; besides I read yesterday on the walls a new decree of citizen Saint-Just forbidding that any warrant should be served without first communicating the charge to him, so that he may himself question the accused person — Stay! one thing —"

"What's that?" asked Madame Teutch.

"Just give me that ink, and paper, and a pen."

He took the pen and wrote: —

"Citizen Saint-Just, I have just been arrested illegally, and believing in your justice, I ask to be brought before you."

And he signed it.

"There," he said to Madame Teutch, "in these days one has to foresee all. If I'm arrested, send that note to citizen Saint-Just."

"Merciful Father! you poor little dear, if such a misfortune happens, I promise you I'll take it myself and give it into his own hands if I have to wait twenty-four hours in the antechamber."

"Then it will be all right, citoyenne Teutch. Kiss me, and go to bed and to sleep; I'll try to myself."

Madame Teutch kissed him and walked off muttering, —
“God’s truth! there are no children in these days! Here’s one who insults citizen Tétréll, and another who asks to be taken before citizen Saint-Just!”

Madame Teutch closed the door; Charles blew out his candle and went to sleep.

The next morning about eight o’clock he was busy arranging his papers, which were somewhat in disorder after the visitation of the night before, when Madame Teutch burst into the room crying out, —

“Here they are! here they are!”

“Who?” asked Charles.

“The police who are after you, poor child!”

Charles hastily hid in his bosom, between his shirt and his skin, his father’s second letter, the one addressed to Pichegru; he was afraid it would be taken from him and not returned.

The police entered the room and informed the lad of their purpose. He declared himself willing to go with them. As he passed citoyenne Teutch, he gave her a look which meant, “Don’t forget;” to which she replied with a motion of her head meaning, “Don’t fear.”

The police carried Charles away on foot. As they passed the house of Euloge Schneider, the boy had a momentary idea of asking to be taken before the man to whom he had been consigned, and with whom he had dined the day before. But before that house stood the guillotine, by the guillotine a waiting coach, on the steps Maître Nicolas. He remembered the whole scene of the dinner, and he shook his head, muttering to himself, —

“Poor Mademoiselle de Brumpt, God help her!”

The lad was one of those who still believed in God; it is true he was only a child.

X.

SCHNEIDER'S TRIP.

CHARLES and the men who were conducting him were hardly out of sight before the door of Euloge Schneider's house was opened, and the Commissioner of the Republic appeared on the threshold, cast a tender glance at the instrument of death, which was neatly taken apart and lying on its own cart; then he nodded in a friendly manner to Maître Nicolas and got into the empty coach. There he turned round and said to Maître Nicolas, —

“How are you going?”

Nicolas showed him a cabriolet which was then driving up. In it were two men, his assistants; the cabriolet was his own. The party was complete, — prosecutor, guillotine, and executioner.

They started through the streets which led to the gate of Kehl, where the road to Plobsheim begins. Wherever the cortège passed, terror passed too, with icy wings. People on their doorsteps went back into their houses; those who were on the street flattened themselves against the walls or tried to escape down the byways. A few fanatics alone waved their hats and cried out, “Vive la guillotine!” in other words, “Long live Death!” but, for the honor of humanity, let us say that they were few.

Schneider's usual escort — namely, eight Huzzars of Death — attended him. In each village through which he passed the Commissioner halted, spreading terror around him. As soon as the lugubrious procession stopped, he announced by criers that he was ready to listen to complaints and denunciations. He heard them, questioned the trembling mayors and municipal councils, ordered arrests, and went his way, leaving sadness and desolation behind

him, as though the curse of yellow fever or the plague had come that way.

The village of Eschau stands at some distance to the right of the main road. It hoped, therefore, that it might be spared this horrible infliction. The hope was vain. Schneider plunged into a cross-road much cut up by rains. His own coach and the executioner's cabriolet got through safely, thanks to their lightness; but the cart which bore the red machine remained stuck in the mire. Schneider sent on four of the Death huzzars to fetch men and horses. There was some delay in obeying his mandate; enthusiasm for such work was not warm. Schneider was furious; he threatened to stay permanently at Eschau and guillotine the whole village; and he would have done it if the delay had suited him, such was the supreme omnipotence of these terrible dictators. This explains the massacres of Collot-d'Herbois at Lyon, and of Carrier at Nantes. The frenzy of blood mounted to their brains, as it did, eighteen hundred years earlier, to those of Nero, Commodus, and Domitian.

At last, by force of men and horses, the cart was pulled from the mud-hole and the procession entered the village. The mayor, the assistant mayor, and the council were in waiting at the end of the main street to address Schneider. The latter surrounded them with his Death huzzars and would not listen to a word they had to say.

It was market-day. He stopped in the market-place, and set up the scaffold before the terrified eyes of the population. Then he ordered that the mayor should be bound to one of the arms of the guillotine, and the assistant mayor to the other, and he placed the whole municipal council on the platform of the machine. This sort of pillory was an invention of his for all those who had not, as he thought, deserved actual death.

It was now mid-day, — the dinner hour. He entered an inn directly opposite to the scaffold, had his table set on the balcony, and ordered his meal to be served, four of the Death huzzars standing guard near him. At dessert he

rose, lifted his glass high above his head, and cried out: "Long live the Republic, and death to aristocrats." When the spectators had repeated the cry, even those on the scaffold who were looking at him in terror, not knowing what fate he would ordain for them, he said:—

"Enough! I pardon you."

Then he ordered the guard to unbind the mayor and his assistant, and told the municipal council to come down from the scaffold, commanding them to set an example of equality and fraternity by helping the executioner and his assistants in taking down the guillotine and replacing it on its cart. Then he obliged the whole municipality to escort him in triumph through the village.

Plobsheim was reached about three in the afternoon. At the first house he came to Schneider asked where the Comte de Brumpt lived. The house was pointed out to him. It was in the rue du Rhin, the handsomest and widest street in the town. When the procession came in front of the house, Schneider ordered the guillotine to be set up; then he left four huzzars to guard the scaffold and took the four others with him.

He went to the hôtel du Bonnet Phrygien (formerly that of the Croix Blanche) and there he wrote the following note:—

To citizen Brumpt, in the City prison:

If you send me your word of honor, in writing, to make no attempt to escape, you will be set at liberty.

Only, you must invite me to dinner to-morrow at mid-day, because I have to speak with you on important matters.

EULOGIE SCHNEIDER.

He sent the missive by an huzzar. Ten minutes later, the messenger brought back the answer:—

I give my word to citizen Schneider to return to my own house, and not to leave it without his permission.

I shall have much pleasure in receiving him at dinner to-morrow, at the hour he indicates.

BRUMPT.

XI.

AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

MADemoiselle DE BRUMPT had no sooner seen the horrible machine which was standing before her house than she ordered the window-shutters on that side to be closed. When, therefore, the Comte de Brumpt, issuing from the prison with no other keeper than his word of honor, came in sight of his house, he saw it closed like a sepulchre, and a scaffold in front of it. He asked himself what this could mean, and whether he ought to go farther.

But his hesitation lasted only for a moment. Neither tomb nor scaffold could make him retreat; he went straight to the front door, and gave his usual three raps, — two almost together, the third, a little later.

Clotilde had retired with Madame Gérard, her companion, to a bedroom at the back of the house looking on the garden. She was lying back on the cushions of a sofa, weeping, — so plain seemed to her this answer to her petition. When she heard the first two raps, she gave a cry; at the third, she sprang to her feet.

“My God!” she cried.

Madame Gérard turned pale.

“If the count were not in prison,” she said, “one might swear it was he.”

Clotilde rushed to the stairs.

“It is his step!” she murmured.

A voice asked: —

“Clotilde! where are you?”

“Father! father!” cried the girl, darting down the stairs.

The count was at the foot of the staircase, and received her in his arms.

"My daughter, my child!" he stammered, "what is the meaning of all this?"

"I don't know myself."

"But that scaffold before the door? these windows, why are they closed?"

"Schneider put up the scaffold; it was I who closed the windows, that I might not see you die."

"But Schneider has just released me from prison on parole, and has asked himself to dinner for to-morrow."

"Father," said Clotilde, "perhaps I have done wrong, but if so, the blame is on my love for you. When I saw you arrested, I went to Strasbourg and implored your pardon."

"From Schneider?"

"From Schneider."

"Poor girl! What price did he ask for it?"

"Father, the price is still to be agreed upon. To-morrow he will tell us his conditions."

"Then we must wait."

Clotilde took her prayer-book, left the house, and went and shut herself into a little church, so humble that no one had yet thought of dispossessing God of it. There she prayed till evening. The guillotine remained all night before the house.

The next day, at twelve o'clock, Schneider presented himself. In spite of the lateness of the season, the house was filled with flowers; it would have seemed decked for a gala, if Clotilde's mourning garments had not protested against joy, as the snow in the streets protested against the spring-time.

Schneider was received by the count and his daughter.

He had not taken his name of Euloge for nothing. At the end of ten minutes Clotilde was asking herself if this could be the same man who had treated her so brutally in Strasbourg. The count, reassured, left the room to give some orders. Schneider offered his arm to the young girl, and led her to a front window, the shutters of which he opened.

The guillotine stood in front of that window decked with flowers and ribbons.

"Choose," he said, "between a scaffold and an altar."

"What can you mean?" asked Clotilde, shuddering.

"To-morrow you will be my wife, or, to-morrow the count will die."

Clotilde turned as white as the handkerchief she held in her hand.

"My father would rather die," she said.

"For that reason," he replied, "I wish you to inform him of my desire."

"You are right," she said; "it is the only way."

Schneider closed the window, and led her back to her place. Clotilde drew a flask of salts from her pocket and inhaled the fumes. By a supreme effort of will, the expression of her face, though sad, regained its calmness, and the color, which seemed gone forever, returned to her cheeks. It was evident she had taken a resolution.

The count returned. A servant followed him, and announced dinner. Clotilde rose, took Schneider's arm before he offered it, and led him to the dining-room.

A splendid dinner was served, messengers had been sent during the night to Strasbourg for the best fish and game that could be had. The count, almost reassured, did the honors of his table to the Commissioner of the Republic with all the courtesy of a great seigneur. The best wines of Hungary, Germany, and the Rhine, were served. The poor girl alone ate little, putting only water to her lips.

But toward the end of dinner she held out her glass to the count who, much surprised, filled it with Tokay. Then she rose, and lifting her glass, said:—

"To Euloge Schneider, the generous man to whom I owe my father's life; happy and proud will be the woman whom he chooses for a wife."

"Beautiful Clotilde," cried Schneider, surprised and delighted, "do you need to be told that I love you?"

Clotilde touched her glass very slowly and gently to

Schneider's; then she went up to her father, and kneeling beside him said, to his great astonishment: —

"Father, I entreat you to give me as a husband the generous man to whom I owe your life; I call Heaven to witness I will not rise until you grant my prayer."

The count looked alternately at Schneider, whose face was beaming with joy, and at Clotilde on whose forehead was the shining halo of martyrdom. He understood that something was happening at that moment so great and so sublime that he must not interfere with it.

"My daughter," he said, "you are mistress of your hand and fortune; do as you like; what you do will be right."

Clotilde rose and held out her hand to Schneider. The man seized it and bent over it, while Clotilde with her head thrown upward seemed to ask of God, as though in wonder, how he could suffer such deeds to be done beneath His eye. But, when Schneider raised his head, the young girl's face had resumed its serenity broken for an instant by that appeal to God, which had no answer. Then, as Schneider pressed her to say on what day she would be his, she smiled, and took both his hands.

"Listen, Schneider," she said; "I ask of your tenderness one of those favors a man never refuses to his betrothed. Some pride is mingled in my joy. It is not at Plobsheim, a poor little village of Alsace, that the greatest of our citizens should give his name to the woman he loves and chooses. I want the world to see that I am Schneider's wife and not his concubine. There is no town to which you have gone without being followed by a mistress; I might be mistaken for one. Strasbourg is but fifteen miles from here. I wish, also, to procure a wedding-dress suitable for such a marriage. To-morrow, at whatever hour you like, we will start, alone together, or accompanied, and I will give you my hand in presence of the citizens, the generals, and the representatives."¹

¹ I have not changed one word of this speech; I give it as I take it from Charles Nodjér's "*Souvenirs de la Révolution*."

"I am willing," said Schneider, "I am ready to do all you wish — but on one condition."

"What is that?"

"That we start to-day, and not to-morrow."

"Impossible!" she said, turning pale. "The gates of Strasbourg close at three o'clock, and it is now half-past one."

"They shall close at four."

Then, calling to two huzzars (fearing if he sent one that some accident might hinder him), —

"To Strasbourg at full speed," he cried, "and see that the gate of Kehl is not closed till four o'clock. Wait at the gate and make sure that my order is obeyed."

"I see that I must do as you wish," said Clotilde, letting her hand fall into that of Schneider. "Ah! my dear father, I do believe that I shall be a very happy woman."

XII.

SAINT-JUST.

THE previous night had passed, as we have seen, without any news from Tétrell; the day likewise. At five in the afternoon, receiving no information of any kind, Eugène and Augereau determined to go to the hôtel de la Lanterne. There, indeed, they found news.

Madame Teutch, in despair, related how her poor little Charles had been arrested at eight in the morning and taken to prison. All day she had waited at Saint-Just's house to speak to him, but it was not until five in the afternoon that she had been able to do so. She had given him Charles's note. "Very good," Saint-Just had said, "if what you tell me is true, he will be set at liberty to-morrow." Madame Teutch had returned home with some hope in her heart. The citizen Saint-Just had not seemed to her as ferocious as they said he was.

Charles, though sure of his innocence, not having as a schoolboy had any connection with political matters, was nevertheless impatient as the day passed and he heard no news; this impatience changed into anxiety when the morning of the next day went by and he still was not summoned before the representative of the people. This was not, as it happened, the fault of Saint-Just, one of the most scrupulous of men in keeping promises. A grand circuit had been planned for that morning at daybreak through all the French region that surrounded Strasbourg, to obtain evidence that Saint-Just's orders were being strictly obeyed. He did not return to the Hôtel de Ville until an hour after mid-day, and then, remembering his promise to Madame Teutch, he sent an order to the prison for little Charles.

Saint-Just had got wet from head to foot during his excursion, and when the lad entered his study he had nearly finished dressing and was tying his cravat. His cravat, as every one knows, was the essential feature of Saint-Just's toilet. It was a scaffolding of muslin, from which issued a rather handsome head, and it seemed to be specially devised to conceal the immense development of jaw which is observable in beasts of prey and conquerors. The most remarkable feature in the face was the eyes, large, limpid, fixed, and keenly interrogative, with over-shadowing brows, drawn, not in a curve but in a straight line, meeting above the nose each time that he frowned under the impulsion of an impatient feeling or some mental preoccupation.

His complexion was pale and had a grayish tinge, like that of many other of the laborious toilers of the Revolution, who, with a presentiment of premature death, added nights to days to gain time to achieve the terrible work which the magician, whom we call Providence and who bears in his keeping the grandeur of nations, had entrusted to them. His lips were soft and fleshy, those of the sensual man who had begun his career in literature by an obscene book, but who, with a powerful effort of self-control, ended by conquering his temperament and by adopting, as regards women, the life of an anchorite. While he stood there arranging the folds of his cravat, and constantly tossing aside the silky locks of his magnificent hair, he dictated to a secretary in a steady flow, orders, warrants, laws, decrees, sentences, which were presently to be posted, in French and German, on the walls of the most frequented streets and squares in Strasbourg, and from which there was no appeal. In fact, such was the sovereign, absolute, autocratic power of the representatives of the people when on a "mission" to the armies that they owed no more account of the heads they took off than the mowers of a field of wheat.¹ Perhaps the most remarkable points about these decrees and proscriptions dictated by Saint-Just were the

soncliseness of their style, and the curt, sonorous, vibrant voice in which they were spoken. The first speech he made in the Convention was a demand for the arraignment of the king; and at the first words of his cold, bitter speech, cutting as steel, there was not a listener present who did not feel, with a strange and shuddering sensation, that the king was lost.

The cravat tied, Saint-Just wheeled suddenly round to take his coat, and then saw Charles, who was waiting for him. His eyes rested on the lad, visibly calling on his memory to enlighten him; then, stretching his hand toward the fireplace he said: —

“Ah! is it you they arrested yesterday morning, and who sent me a letter by the landlady of the inn where you lodge?”

“Yes, citizen,” replied Charles, “it is I.”

“The men who arrested you allowed you to write to me, did they?”

“No, citizen, I wrote beforehand.”

“How was that?”

“I heard I was to be arrested.”

“And you did not hide?”

“Why should I? I was innocent, and they say you are just.”

Saint-Just looked at the boy for a moment in silence; he himself seemed very young as he stood there in his shirt of the whitest and finest linen with full sleeves, a white waistcoat with broad lapels, and his artistically tied cravat.

“Have your parents emigrated?” he asked.

“No, citizen, my parents are not aristocrats.”

“What are they?”

“My father is the chief-justice of the court at Besançon; my uncle is major of a regiment.”

“How old are you?”

“Nearly thirteen.”

“Come here.”

The lad obeyed.

"Upon my word," said Saint-Just, "he looks like a little girl. But you must have done something to make them arrest you?"

"Two of my compatriots, citizens Dumont and Ballu, came to Strasbourg to defend the adjutant-general Perrin. I knew they were to be arrested one night or the next day, and I warned them by a little note; that little note they left behind them, and my writing was recognized. I thought I had done right. I appeal to your heart, citizen Saint-Just."

Saint-Just laid the tips of his fingers, white and delicately cared for as a woman's, on the lad's shoulder.

"You are still a child," he said, "so I shall only tell you this: There is a sentiment more sacred than compatriotism, and that is patriotism; before being citizens of the same town, we are sons of the same country. The day will come when reason will have made great strides, when humanity will stand before country, when all men will be brothers, when the nations will be sisters, when there will be no enemies but tyrants. You yielded to an honorable feeling, the love of your neighbor as the Gospel ordains; but in so yielding, you forget a higher sentiment, more sacred, more sublime,—devotion to your country, which precedes all else. If those men were enemies of their country, if they had transgressed the law, you ought not to have put yourself between them and the sword of justice. I am not of those who have the right to preach example, being one of the very humblest servants of liberty. I serve her according to my means, I will make her triumph to the extent of my powers, or I will die for her: that is all my ambition. Why am I to-day so calm and so proud of myself? Because I have this day with the very blood of my heart, given proof of my respect for the laws I have myself decreed."

He paused for a moment to observe whether the boy were listening to him attentively. Charles was not losing

a word; on the contrary, he was garnering one by one the words that fell from those powerful lips, which he has since transmitted to posterity.

Saint-Just resumed:—

“After the shameful panic at Eisemberg, I issued a decree that every soldier, every non-commissioned and commissioned officer, should sleep in his clothes. Well, when we made our rounds this morning, I rejoiced in the opportunity of seeing a dear friend of my childhood, like myself from the town of Blérancourt in the department of the Aisne, like me a pupil in the college at Soissons. I went to the village where I knew that he, Prosper Lenormand, was stationed and I asked for the house where he lodged. It was shown to me; I hurried there; his room was on the first floor. Great as my power is over myself, my heart beat with pleasure as I went up those stairs at the thought of meeting my friend after five long years of separation. I entered the first room, and called: ‘Prosper! Prosper! where are you? It is I, your schoolmate, Saint-Just.’ No sooner had I called than the door opened and a young man in his shirt flung himself into my arms, crying out: ‘Saint-Just! my dear Saint-Just!’ I pressed him to my heart and wept, for that heart had just received a frightful blow. The friend of my youth, he whom I longed to see again, whom I had made such haste to meet, had violated the law I had issued three days earlier; he must suffer death! Then my heart bowed down before the might of my will, and, turning to the witnesses of the scene, I said in a calm voice: ‘Heaven be doubly praised, my dear Prosper, in that I have seen you again, and am enabled to give, in the person of a man who is so dear to me, a memorable lesson in discipline, and a great example of justice by immolating you to the public weal.’ Turning to those who accompanied me, I said: ‘Do your duty.’ I kissed Prosper for the last time, and then, at a sign from me, they dragged him from the house.”

“Why?” asked Charles.

"To shoot him. Was he not forbidden under pain of death to undress himself?"

"But you pardoned him?" asked Charles, in tears.

"Ten minutes later he was dead."

Charles gave a cry of horror.

"Your heart is weak, poor child; read Plutarch and you will grow a man— But tell me, what are you doing in Strasbourg?"

"Studying, citizen," replied the boy. "I came here only three days ago."

"What are you studying in Strasbourg?"

"Greek."

"I think it would be more logical to study German; besides, what good is Greek? — the Lacedæmonians did not write it." Then, after a moment's silence, during which he looked at the boy with curiosity, he added: "What learned man is teaching Greek in Strasbourg?"

"Euloge Schneider."

"Euloge Schneider! does he know Greek?"

"He is one of the chief hellenists in Germany; he translated Anacreon."

"The monk of Cologne!" cried Saint-Just. "Euloge Schneider anacreontic! Well, well! go learn your Greek from Euloge Schneider, my boy—but," he added, in a ringing voice, "if I thought you would learn other things, I would strangle you here and now."

Stunned by this outburst, the boy stood motionless and silent, leaning against the wall as if he were a figure in the tapestry.

"Oh!" exclaimed Saint-Just, getting more and more excited, "Greeks like him are those who are destroying the sacred cause of the Revolution; it is such as they who arrest children of thirteen, and expect the Mountain to applaud them for it. Ha! I swear by the Republic that I will soon do justice on those men who daily put our priceless liberties in danger. A terrible and exemplary justice is needed, and I will do it. They dare to reproach

me for not giving them headless carcasses enough to satisfy them! The Propaganda wants blood — well, it shall have it! To begin with, I will drench it with the blood of its leaders. Let me have one occasion, one pretext, with justice on my side, and they shall see!”

Saint-Just had broken from his cold tranquillity; he was terrible, he was menacing; his eyebrows met, his nostrils swelled like those of a lion pursuing its prey; his skin was the color of ashes; he looked about him as if searching for something, man or thing, to destroy.

At that moment, a messenger who had just dismounted, as was seen by the mud which bespattered him, rushed into the room, and going up to Saint-Just, said something in his ear. As he listened, there came upon that savage face an expression of joy, mingled with doubt. It seemed as though the news the horseman brought was so pleasant to him that he dared not wholly trust it.

XIII.

EULOGIE SCHNEIDER'S WEDDING.

SAINT-JUST looked the man over from head to foot, as if he feared he had to do with a madman.

"Where do you come from yourself?" he asked.

"From your colleague Lebas."

"To tell me —?"

The man again lowered his voice so that Charles could not hear what he said. As for the secretary, he had previously left the room carrying Saint-Just's decrees to the printer.

"Impossible!" said the proconsul, again passing from hope to doubt; the matter seemed to him so incredible.

"It is really so," replied the messenger.

"But he would never dare," said Saint-Just, clenching his teeth, while a flash of hatred gleamed in his eyes.

"It was the Death huzzars themselves who took possession of the gate, and prevented its being closed."

"The gate of Kehl?"

"The gate of Kehl."

"The very one before the enemy?"

"Yes, that one."

"In spite of my formal order?"

"In spite of your order."

"What reason did the huzzars give for preventing that gate from being closed at three, when all gates are ordered closed at that hour under pain of death?"

"They said the Commissioner of the Republic was returning to Strasbourg through that gate with his bride."

"The bride of Eulogie Schneider! the bride of the monk of Cologne!"

Saint-Just looked about him, evidently seeking Charles in the dusk of the room — for evening was coming on.

"If you want me, citizen Saint-Just, I am here," said the lad, approaching him.

"Yes, come here; did you know that your Greek professor was going to be married?"

The scene with Mademoiselle de Brumpt came back to the boy's mind.

"I know something; but it is too long to tell you."

"No, tell it," said Saint-Just, laughing, "there's time enough."

Charles related the dinner at Schneider's with the episodes of the young girl and the executioner. As Saint-Just listened, his head remained absolutely quiescent, while the rest of his body was in lively motion. Suddenly a great noise was heard in one of the streets which led from the Hôtel de Ville to the gate of Kehl. Saint-Just no doubt guessed the cause of the uproar, for he said, addressing Charles:—

"If you wish to go, my boy, you are free; but if you would like to see a great act of justice done, you can stay."

Curiosity fastened Charles to Saint-Just's side; he stayed.

The messenger went to the window and drew aside the curtain.

"Hey!" said he, "see here; here's the proof that I was right; here he is!"

"Open the window," said Saint-Just.

The messenger obeyed; the window opened on a balcony projecting above the street. Saint-Just went out upon it, inviting Charles and the messenger to follow him.

The clock struck; Saint-Just turned and looked at it; it was four o'clock. The cortège was just entering the square.

Four outriders, dressed in the national colors, preceded the carriage, which was drawn by six horses, and thrown wide open in spite of the threatening weather. Schneider

and his betrothed, who was richly dressed and dazzling with youth and beauty, sat within. The Commissioner's usual escort, his black horsemen, his Death huzzars, caracolled about the carriage with naked sabres, pushing back, in the name of equality and fraternity, the inquisitive crowd which pressed too closely on the procession. Immediately behind the carriage came a low cart with high wheels, painted red, drawn by two horses decked with ribbons of the three colors, and led by men of sinister aspect, wearing black blouses and phrygian caps with large cockades, who bantered the huzzars with gruesome jests. A little chaise brought up the rear, in which was seated a small, pale, serious-looking man, to whom the people pointed with trembling fingers, uttering two words, in low and frightened voices:—

“Maître Nicolas!”

The whole procession was illuminated by a double row of men on foot bearing torches.

Schneider was coming to present his bride to Saint-Just, who, on his side, as we have seen, had advanced upon the balcony to receive him.

Saint-Just, calm, rigid, and cold as a statue of Justice, was not popular; he was feared and respected. So that when he was seen on the balcony, in his dress as representative of the people, with his plumed hat, his tricolor sash, and at his side the sabre he knew well how to draw when he faced the enemy, there were neither cries nor bravos, only a cold murmur and a movement of retreat among the crowd, which left an open space below the balcony, into which the carriage with the bride and bridegroom, the cart containing the guillotine, and the chaise of the executioner, now advanced.

Saint-Just made a sign with his hand. Every one present supposed that he was about to speak first; in fact, after that imperative gesture, which he had made with impressive dignity, he was about to speak, when, to the astonishment of every one, the young girl, with a rapid movement,

opened the carriage door, sprang to the ground, and closed it again; then, falling on her knees on the pavement, she cried out, in the midst of the solemn hush:—

“Justice, citizen! I appeal to Saint-Just and to the Convention.”

“Against whom?” demanded Saint-Just, in his incisive, vibrant voice.

“Against that man; against Euloge Schneider; against the Commissioner of the Republic!”

“Speak! what has he done?” replied Saint-Just; “Justice listens.”

Then, in a voice of emotion, though strong, indignant, and threatening, the young girl told the hideous drama of her mother’s death, her father’s arrest, the scaffold erected before his house, the alternative offered her,—calling to witness, as she related each terrible fact, the executioner, his assistants, the Huzzars of Death, and at last even Schneider himself. As each man was called upon, each answered:—

“Yes; it was so!”

Except Schneider, who was crouching in the coach like a leopard about to spring, and virtually answered yes by his silence. Saint-Just, gnawing his fist, let the girl say all; then, when she had finished, he replied:—

“Citoyenne Clotilde Brumpt, you have asked for justice, and you shall have it. But what would you have done if I were not willing to grant it?”

She drew a dagger from her breast.

“To-night, in bed, I would have stabbed him!” she said. “Charlotte Corday has taught us how to treat Marats! And now,” she added, “now that I am free to mourn my mother and comfort my father, I ask of you that man’s pardon.”

At the word “pardon” Saint-Just quivered as if a snake had stung him.

“His pardon!” he cried, striking the railing of the balcony with his closed fist; “the pardon of that execrable wretch! the pardon of the monk of Cologne! You jest,

young girl. If I did that, Justice would spread her wings and fly from France, never to return. His pardon!" Then, with a fearful outburst, in a voice that was heard to an incredible distance, he cried:—

"Away with him! — to the guillotine!"

The pale, thin, serious man got down from his chaise, came beneath the balcony, took off his hat, and bowed.

"Am I to cut off his head, citizen Saint-Just?" he asked humbly.

"Unhappily I have no right to order it," said Saint-Just; "if I had, humanity should be avenged within this hour. No, as Commissioner of the Republic, his life is in the hands of the Revolutionary tribunal, not in mine. Give him the punishment he invented himself. Bind him to the guillotine! Shame here, death there!"

And, with a gesture of supreme power, he extended his arm in the direction of Paris. Then, as if all that he himself had to do with this drama was done, he pushed Charles and the messenger back into the room, followed them, closed the window behind him, and laid his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Never forget what you have just seen," he said; "and if any one ever says before you that Saint-Just is not a man of the Revolution, of Liberty, of Justice, answer boldly that it is not true. And now go where you like; you are free."

Charles, in a transport of juvenile admiration, tried to take Saint-Just's hand and kiss it; but he withdrew it hastily, and stooping down he kissed the boy's forehead.

Forty years later, Charles, in his manhood, told me, as he related this history and urged me to "make a book" of it, that he still felt, in memory, upon his brow the touch of that kiss of Saint-Just. Oh, dear Charles Nodier! each time that you have given me that advice I have followed it, and your genius, hovering over me, has brought me success.

XIV.

WISHES.

As Charles left the Hôtel de Ville, he could see from the portico the whole scene stretched out before him. Mademoiselle de Brumpt, hastening no doubt to put herself in safety and reassure her father, had disappeared. Two men with phrygian caps, and black blouses, were setting up the scaffold with a readiness which showed long practice at the business. Maître Nicolas held Schneider, who refused to leave the carriage, by the arm ; seeing which, two of the Death huzzars went to the other side of the vehicle, prodded him with their bayonets, and forced him out.

A cold rain was falling, and the piercing air penetrated the clothes like needles, yet Schneider wiped his brow with his handkerchief, for the sweat was pouring from it. Half way between the carriage and the guillotine, they had taken away, first, his hat on account of the tricolor cockade, next, his coat because it was a military one ; cold and terror combined seized upon the wretched creature, and his teeth chattered as he mounted the steps of the scaffold. The instant that he was seen a great cry rose from ten thousand throats throughout the square, uttered as it were by a single voice : —

“To the knife ! to the knife !”

“Good God !” muttered Charles, leaning against the wall and shuddering with horror, but kept there by invincible curiosity, “will they kill him ? will they kill him ?”

“No, don’t be uneasy,” said a voice ; “this time he’ll get nothing more than a good fright, though it would be just as well if they finished him up at once.”

Charles knew the voice, and turning round he saw Sergeant Augereau.

"Ah!" he cried joyfully, as if he himself had escaped from some great danger. "Ah! is it you, my good friend? where's Eugène?"

"As safe and sound as you are. We went back to the hôtel last night, where we heard of your arrest. I went to the prison, and was told you were there. I went again at one o'clock to-day; you were there still. At three o'clock I heard Saint-Just had sent for you; so then I determined to wait here in the square till I saw you come out. I was certain he wouldn't gobble you up, the devil take him! Suddenly I saw you come out with him on the balcony, and you and he seemed the best of friends; that made me easy. And here you are, free!"

"As air"

"Nothing to keep you here?"

"I wish I'd never come."

"I don't agree with you there. It is a very good thing to have made a friend of Saint-Just, very much better than to be friends with Schneider, especially as for the time being Saint-Just is the stronger of the two. As for Schneider, you have n't had time to feel any liking for him, and I don't suppose you'll be inconsolable for his loss. What has happened to-night is a good lesson for Tétrell, who, by the bye, has n't budged; but for all that, we mustn't give him time to take his revenge."

At this moment loud cries and yells resounded.

"Oh, my God! what is it now?" said Charles, hiding his head behind the sergeant's arm.

"Nothing," said Augereau, rising on his toes, "nothing; they are only fastening him to the knife, as he has done with others — it is his turn now."

"Terrible, terrible!" muttered Charles.

"Terrible, yes, but we see it every day, and worse too. Say good-bye to your Greek teacher, for you'll probably never see him again, inasmuch as when he gets off that

pillory they 'll take him to Paris, where I don't envy him his ascension. Let's go to supper; bless my soul, boy, you must be hungry."

"I never thought of it," said Charles; "but now you remind me, I must own my breakfast is a long way off."

"All the more reason for going as fast as we can to the hôtel de la Lanterne."

"Come on then." Charles gave a last look at the square. "Good-bye, poor friend of my father," he murmured. "When he sent me here, he supposed you the good and learned monk he used to know; he little thought you were the bloody satyr I've found you, or that the spirit of the Lord had left you. *Quos vult perdere Jupiter dementat*. Come on, let's go."

And the lad began to drag Pierre Augereau toward the hôtel.

Two persons were there awaiting him with anxiety: Madame Teutch and Eugène. Madame Teutch, using her double right as woman and landlady, seized upon Charles, and it was not until she had looked him well over to be sure it was he, and had kissed and re-kissed him, to make certain it was not his shadow, that she handed him over to Eugène. The greeting of the two lads was less demonstrative, but quite as tender. Nothing binds all hearts so swiftly as dangers incurred together, and, God be thanked, since these young fellows had known each other events had not been wanting to bring the diapason of their friendship to that of the friendships of antiquity. It was all the more intense at the present moment from the thought that they were now to part. It would have been imprudent for Eugène, who had almost finished the work he came to do, to stay longer in Strasbourg, under the weight of Tétréll's vengeance; for though that patriot might nurse his wrath in secret for a certain time, he assuredly would not forget it.

As for Charles, his stay in Strasbourg was without an object, inasmuch as Euloge Schneider could no longer teach him, — that being the only purpose for which his father had

sent him. Eugène was therefore to return to Paris, where his mother and sister were striving to procure the release of his father, while Charles, utilizing the second letter his father had given him, was to go to Pichegru and make his apprenticeship at soldiering, as he could not make it with Schneider in the dead languages.

It was arranged that the two lads should start the next morning at daybreak, each in his own direction. This determination was dreadful to good Madame Teutch, who had improvised herself a nice little family, and loved these boys, she declared, as though they were her own; but she was much too sensible a woman to prevent, or even to delay, a departure which she herself thought not only necessary, but urgent. She therefore entered into all their plans, on the sole condition that they would accept from her the last meal they took in her house.

Not only was this condition accepted, but the kind woman, whom the two lads regarded, if not as a mother, at least as a friend, was invited to do the honors of the repast,—an invitation which gratified her so much that she was not content with giving the chef orders for a most excellent supper, but she went up to her own room and picked out her best gown in which to appear.

Now, as the preparations for supper, and the adorning of Madame Teutch, necessitated a delay of half an hour, it was decided that this delay should be utilized by the boys in making their preparations for departure. The Paris diligence in which Eugène's seat was taken, started at daybreak. Charles meant to see his friend off, and then go to Auenheim, where Pichegru's headquarters now were,—Auenheim being about twenty-four miles from Strasbourg. It was one of the eight or ten fortresses which, like advanced sentinels, watched over Strasbourg and its environs.

To prepare Charles for such a fatiguing walk, he wanted a good night's rest, and it was to procure this that Madame Teutch asked the lads to arrange their papers and pack their trunks before sitting down to table.

During this time, Augereau had gone to his quarters to leave word that, as he was invited to a supper, he did not know at what hour he should return to barracks, and perhaps he should not return at all. Augereau, having been a fencing-master, had always had more liberty than the other Volunteers of Paris, who themselves, as a regiment, had more privileges than the other troops.

The two lads had left the door between their rooms open, so that they might talk to each other while they packed their things. Each, at this moment of parting, thought of the future, and planned it as he wished.

"As for me," said Eugène, putting his war papers together, "my road is traced out. I shall never be anything but a soldier; I hardly know Latin, for which I have a pious repugnance, and as for Greek—not one blessed word of it! On the other hand, I can ride any horse that comes to hand, and hit the bull's-eye at twenty paces; Augereau will tell you that I need fear no one with sword and sabre; and my heart beats, and the blood all rushes into my face at the sound of a drum or a bugle. I shall be a soldier like my father,—perhaps a general too, who knows? Oh! it's fine to be a general!"

"Yes," said Charles, "but just see what it leads to! look at your father! you are sure of his innocence, are you not?"

"Of course, I'm sure."

"Well, he is in danger of exile, and even death."

"Pooh! did n't Themistocles, who fought in the battle of Marathon, and won that of Salamis, die in exile? Exile, when it is n't deserved, makes a man a hero; death, when it strikes the innocent, makes a hero a demigod. Would n't you like to be Phocion, at the risk of drinking hemlock?"

"Hemlock for hemlock," said Charles, "I'd rather drink that of Socrates; he's my hero."

"Ah! I don't deny him either. He began by being a soldier; he saved the life of Alcibiades at Potium, and that of Xenophon at Delium. To save the life of a fellow-

creature, Charles, was a deed for which the Romans voted their noblest crown, — a wreath of oak-leaves.”

“Save the lives of two men, and make sixty thousand perish, like Phocion in the forty-five battles he fought! Do you call that sufficient compensation?”

“Faith, yes, when the two men were Alcibiades and Xenophon.”

“Well, I have n’t as much ambition as you,” said Charles, with a sigh. “I don’t want to be an Alexander, a Scipio, or a Cæsar; I shall be contented if I am only — I won’t say Virgil, for there never can be but one Virgil, but — Horace, Longinus, perhaps Apuleius. You want camps, horses, armies, tents, fine uniforms, drums, bugles, trumpets, military bands, the rattle of musketry, the roar of cannon; but for me, the *aurea mediocritas* of a poet suffices, — a little house full of friends, a large library full of books, a life of work and dreams, and the death of the righteous to end it; if God grants all that, he will have done more for me than I ask. Ah, if I only knew Greek!”

“But if you are going to Pichegru, he’ll certainly make you an aide-de-camp, in course of time.”

“No, he is to make me his secretary at once — There! I’ve strapped my bag.”

“And I’ve packed my trunk.”

Eugène went into Charles’s room.

“Ah!” said he, “you are a happy fellow to know how to limit your wishes; you have some chance, at any rate, of getting what you want, whereas I —”

“Do you think my ambition is n’t as great as yours, Eugène? is n’t it as hard to be Diderot as to be Maréchal de Saxe, or Voltaire as Monsieur de Turenne? Not that I expect to be either Diderot or Voltaire.”

“Nor I Maréchal de Saxe.”

“Never mind; let us wish it to each other.”

Here the voice of Pierre Augereau was heard at the bottom of the staircase.

“Come, young men; supper is ready.”

"Come, monsieur learned writer!" said Eugène.

"Come, citizen general!" said Charles.

A rare thing! each had wished for that which God designed for him; each desired the future that Providence held in store for him.

One last word here to end the terrible events of this day, after which we will return to these young fellows. At six o'clock a post-chaise drove up to the guillotine, to the uprights of which Euloge Schneider was bound. Two gendarmes got out, unfastened Schneider, made him get into the vehicle, and took their places beside him. The post-chaise then started at a gallop on the road to Paris.

On the 12th Germinal, year II. (April 1, 1794) Euloge Schneider was guillotined for having by "immoral and cruel extortions and vexations, by revolting and sanguinary abuse of his powers as Commissioner of the Republic, oppressed, robbed, assassinated, dishonored, and destroyed the property and peace of families."

On the same scaffold, a few days later, died Young the poet-shoemaker, Edelmann the musician, and the ex-professor of the college at Besançon, Monnet. Of the five heads which sat around Euloge Schneider's table on the memorable day when Mademoiselle de Brumpton came to implore her father's pardon, that of Charles was the only one which remained on its shoulders at the end of four months.

XV

THE COMTE DE SAINTE-HERMINE.

THE supper was excellent, the night fine, and whether it was that he did not like to disturb his comrades by a late return, or that he wished to be sure to see the lads off, Augereau did not go back to barracks that night.

The next morning at six a carriage stood before the door of the hôtel de la Lanterne. Madame Teutch declared that her poor little Charles was not strong enough to walk twenty-four miles in one day, and that, consequently, she and Sergeant-major Augereau would drive him as far as Bischwillers, that is to say, more than two thirds of the way. At Bischwillers they would breakfast, and as it was only seven miles from that little town to Auenheim, Charles could easily do the rest of the way on foot. We have already said that Pichegru's headquarters were at Auenheim.

They were to drop Eugène on the way at the coach-office of the diligence to Paris, which in those days took four days and two nights to go from Strasbourg to the capital. Madame Teutch and Augereau took the back seats, Charles and Eugène the front, Sleepy was on the box, and the caravan started.

The carriage, as agreed upon, stopped at the coach-office, where the horses were already in the diligence, which was ready to start. Eugène got out; Madame Teutch, Charles, and the sergeant, not willing to leave him till the last moment, got out too. Five minutes later the conductor summoned all to take their seats. Eugène kissed, and was kissed in turn. Madame Teutch stuffed cakes into his pockets; Charles pressed his hands, weeping; Augereau explained to him for the hundredth time a certain secret

pass he had learned of the best fencing-master in Naples, and then the moment came to part. Eugène disappeared into the bowels of the huge machine; the door was closed; the horses, facing the great gates, started; Eugène's profile was visible above the door; they heard his voice crying out, "Adieu!" and then the diligence turned into the street and was lost to view. The listeners heard for a few moments the rumbling of the wheels, the jingling of the bells, the clacking of the postilion's whip; then the sounds died away in the distance and all was over.

Nothing is so sad as a parting; those who are left behind never seem to have stayed voluntarily, but to be forgotten and neglected. Madame Teutch, Augereau, and Charles looked at each other sadly.

"There! he's gone," said Charles, wiping his eyes.

"Yes, and in two hours it will be your turn, poor little Charles," said citoyenne Teutch.

"Pooh!" said Augereau, the representative of stern courage. "Mountains don't meet, says the proverb, but men do."

"Alas! the proverb says 'men,'" responded Madame Teutch; "it does n't say anything about women."

They got back into the carriage. In spite of an heroic struggle Charles attempted to make, Madame Teutch took him on her knees and kissed him for himself and Eugène both. Augereau filled his pipe and lighted it; Coelès was waked up, being, true to his nickname, asleep on the box. The carriage started, but the route was changed; the porter having been questioned as to which was the shortest and best road to Auenheim, that by Bischwiller or that through Offendorff, declared that there was no question about it; the road to Bischwiller was only a country road, but that through Offendorf was the great highway. They therefore went by Offendorff.

The road to Offendorff is charming; it skirts the Rhine and keeps constantly in sight the islands, so varied in shape, which adorn that majestically broad river. At

Offendorf the road comes down to the bank. The travellers stopped there a while to rest the horse and to ask at which village along the road they could get breakfast; the crisp morning air and the breeze which shook the hoar-frost from the branches had sharpened the appetites of the three travellers. Rohwillers was named to them.

An hour later they stopped before the tavern of the Lion d'Or. There they inquired the distance to Auenheim and found it was a short eight miles, which a good walker could do in two hours and a quarter. Charles declared he would not allow his friends to go any farther; for he was already ashamed, he said, at having to own before Pichegru that he walked only a third of the way; what would it be if they drove him to Auenheim? he should die of shame. Perhaps if Madame Teutch had been by herself she might have insisted, but the sergeant-major, who may have had his own reasons for wishing to be alone with Madame Teutch, took Charles's view of the matter.

It was then half-past ten o'clock. Breakfast was ordered; and it was settled that at twelve the young traveller should start for Auenheim, while Augereau, Madame Teutch, and Sleepy should return to Strasbourg.

The breakfast was sad at first; but the sergeant-major not being of a melancholy turn of mind, the good Rhine wines soon brightened the party. They drank to Augereau's promotion; to the continued good health of Madame Teutch; to Eugène's safe journey, and the happy issue of his father's case; also to the future of Charles; and the result of all these libations was that sadness disappeared, and gave place to an unlimited confidence in the ways of Providence. People no longer believed in the old God, who had been deposed; nor in the new one just proclaimed: the Father Eternal was too old; the Supreme Being too young; but Providence, whom the destroyers of altars had overlooked, suited everybody.

Mid-day sounded. The sergeant-major rose.

"Honest folk keep their word," he said; "we agreed to

say good-bye at twelve o'clock, and twelve o'clock has struck; besides, even if we stayed together an hour longer, or even two hours, we should still have to part; let us therefore part at once. Come Charley, my boy, show you are a man."

Charles, without answering, shouldered his bag, took his stick in one hand and his hat in the other, kissed the sergeant-major, then Madame Teutch, and tried to thank her, but his voice failed him. He could only say, "Au revoir." Then he slipped an assignat of twenty francs into Sleepy's hand, and sprang forward along the road.

When he had gone about fifty steps he turned round and saw that as the street had made a curve, Madame Teutch and the sergeant had gone to a window on the upper floor of the inn, from which they could see the road to Auenheim. Fearful of her own weakness, the worthy hostess of the hôtel de la Lanterne was leaning on the arm of the sergeant-major. With her free hand she was waving her handkerchief to Charles. Charles pulled out his and responded to her signals. Another turn in the street took him out of sight of the window, so he returned upon his steps for a last flourish of his handkerchief to his good friends; but the window was already closed, and he could not see through the panes whether they were still in the room or had gone downstairs. Charles gave a great sigh, set off again at a good pace, and was soon beyond the village.

It was then the middle of December; the winter had been severe; for three days snow had been falling,—a fact scarcely perceptible in town, where it melted as it fell; but in the solitude of the country, where there was little or no traffic to disperse it, it had hardened under a temperature of ten degrees of cold. The scene was resplendent. It seemed as if night had spread a carpet of white velvet woven with silver threads. The trees with their pendant icicles resembled enormous chandeliers. Birds were flying above the road, anxiously wondering where was the food which God provided for them, and which for the last three

days had been so rare; puffing out their feathers to keep warm, they looked to be double their usual size, and when they lighted on the swaying branches of the trees, they shook down a rain of diamonds as they swung.

Charles, who was destined to become in later years so sensitive to the beauties of nature that he pictured them in the language of true appreciation, felt his sad thoughts melt away in presence of a nature so picturesque. Proud of the freedom of body and mind with which he was now starting to make his way in the world, he walked along unconscious of distance or fatigue.

He had gone about three quarters of the way when, just beyond Sessersheim, he was overtaken by a squad of some twenty foot-soldiers, commanded by a captain on horseback, who was smoking a cigar. These twenty men were walking in two files. Between them, in the middle of the road, walked a man who had evidently dismounted, for he wore spurs on his riding-boots. A large white cloak covered him so completely from his shoulders to his heels, that nothing could be seen of him but a youthful and very intelligent head, the habitual expression of which seemed to be carelessness and gayety. He wore on his head a fatigue cap of a shape not used in France.

The captain of the troop, noticing Charles as he walked along beside the young man with the white mantle, looked at him for a moment, and then, observing his youth, said to him kindly:—

“Where are you going, my young citizen?”

“Captain,” said the boy, thinking he ought to give a fuller explanation than that demanded, “I come from Strasbourg, and I am going to the headquarters of citizen Pichegru at Auenheim; am I far from there?”

“No, not more than half a mile,” said the young man in the white cloak. “See, through the trees yonder,—those are the first houses of Auenheim.”

“Thank you,” said Charles, beginning to hasten his steps.

"Look here, my young friend," said the man with the white cloak, "if you are not in a great hurry you might walk with us, and that would give me time to ask some news of our part of the country."

"What country, citizen?" asked Charles, amazed, and noticing for the first time that the young man's handsome and noble countenance wore a tinge of sadness

"Why!" said the other, "you are from Besançon, or, at any rate, from Franche-Comte. Can our native accent be mistaken? I, too, am a Franc-Comtois, and I glory in it!"

Charles reflected; this recognition of locality by the accent reminded him of a bit of school knowledge

"Well," said the young man, "do you want to be incognito?"

"No, no, citizen, I was only thinking that Theophrastus who was originally named Tyrtamus, and whom the Athenians, as the change of name shows, called the "fine speaker," was recognized as a Lesbian by a market-gardener after he had lived fifty years at Athens"

"You are learned, monsieur," said the young man, laughing; "that's too much luxury in these days"

"No; for I am going to join General Pichegru, and he is a very learned man I am ambitious to become his secretary, thanks to a good recommendation to him which I have And you, citizen, are you in the army?"

"No, not exactly."

"Then," said Charles, "I suppose you are attached to some ministry?"

"*Attached*! that's just the word for it — only, I am not attached to a ministry, I am attached to myself."

"But," said Charles, dropping his voice, "you called me 'monsieur' just now, out loud; are not you afraid of losing your place?"

"Ah! captain," cried the young man laughing, "listen to this; here's a youth who is afraid if I call him 'monsieur' I shall get into trouble and lose my place! Do you know

any one who would like my place? I'll give it him gladly if he'll take it."

The captain answered with a pained smile, and shrugged his shoulders; Charles felt almost certain he heard him mutter the words: "Poor devil!"

"Tell me," said the young man with the white cloak; "as you are from Besançon — for that is so, is it not?"

"I don't conceal it," said Charles.

"Then you probably know the family of Sainte-Hermine?"

"Yes, a widow, whose husband was guillotined eight months ago."

"That's right," said the man in the cloak, raising his eyes to heaven."

"And three sons."

"Three sons, yes — there are still three," he muttered with a sigh.

"The eldest, the Comte de Sainte-Hermine, emigrated, and there are two younger sons: one about twenty, the other fourteen or fifteen."

"Thank you; how long is it since you left Besançon?"

"Hardly a week."

"Then you can give me the latest news of that good family."

"Yes, but sad news."

"Go on; tell me."

"The night before I came away, my father and I attended the funeral of the countess."

"Ah!" exclaimed the young man, as if he had received an unexpected blow; "then the countess is dead?"

"Yes."

"Well! so much the better," he said, looking up to heaven, while the tears rolled from his eyes.

"Why better?" cried Charles.

"Yes," said the young man, "better she should die of illness than of grief on hearing that her son was shot."

"Has the Comte de Sainte-Hermine been shot?"

"Not yet, but he will be."

"When?"

"When we reach the fortress of Auenheim; that's where the executions take place, I am told."

"Is the Comte de Sainte-Hermine in the fortress of Auenheim?"

"No, but they are taking him there."

"Will they shoot him?"

"As soon as I get there."

"Then are you in charge of the execution?"

"No; but they'll allow me to give the order to fire, I hope; that favor is never refused to a brave soldier taken with arms in his hand, *émigré* or not."

"My God!" cried Charles, beginning to perceive the truth, "are you —"

"Exactly, my young friend; that is why I laughed when you advised me to be prudent, and why I offered my place to any one who would take it; I am not afraid of losing it, for, as you said, I am *attached*."

Shaking open his cloak with a double motion of the shoulders, he showed the lad that his hands were bound together in front and his arms *attached* behind.

"Then," said Charles, with a movement of terror, "you are —"

"The Comte de Sainte-Hermine, my friend. You see I had good reason to say that my poor mother was better dead."

"Oh!" exclaimed Charles.

"Happily," he added through his clenched teeth, "my brothers are living."

XVI.

THE FATIGUE CAP.

CHARLES looked at the *émigré* with an amazement that amounted to stupefaction. Could it be? that handsome, calm young officer, was he really about to die? Then there was such a thing as men going smiling to death? He had never seen but one man who thought he was going to die, and that was Schneider, who was only fastened to the guillotine. That man was abject with terror; his legs gave way under him, and they had to lift him up the steps of the scaffold. The Comte de Sainte-Hermine, on the contrary, seemed to have gathered all the powers of life for the moment of death; he walked with a light step and a smile on his lips. Charles drew nearer to him.

"Is there no way to save you?" he said in a low voice.

"I declare to you frankly I don't know of any; if I did I would employ it."

"Oh! my God!— Excuse me; I was so far from expecting —"

"— to travel in such bad company?"

"I would like to ask you —"

The boy hesitated.

"To ask me what?"

Charles dropped his voice to a lower tone.

"—if I could do anything for you."

"Certainly you can do something for me; I have been turning an idea over in my mind ever since I saw you."

"Tell me."

"There may be a little danger, and I fear it may frighten you."

"I am ready to do you any service; the few days I was at Strasbourg I saw so many dreadful things that nothing can frighten me now."

"I want to send some news to my brother."

"I will see that it reaches him."

"But it is a letter."

"He shall have it."

"You are not afraid of the danger?"

"I have told you I am not afraid of anything."

"I could give it, I know, to the captain, and it is probable he would have it delivered."

"With the captain it is probable, with me it is certain."

"Then listen to me attentively."

"I am listening."

"The letter is sewn into my fatigue cap."

"Good."

"Ask the captain to let you be present at my execution."

"I!—"

"Now don't cry out; it is a curious thing to see; many persons go to see executions for pleasure."

"I should never have the courage."

"Pooh! it is soon over."

"Oh! no, no, no!"

"Then I'll say no more," said the prisoner; and he began to whistle "*Vive Henri IV.*"

The boy's heart seemed to turn in his bosom, but he came to a resolution. He again went nearer to the *émigré*.

"Forgive me," he said, "I will do all you wish."

"Come, you are a nice boy; thank you!"

"Only—"

"What?"

"You must ask the colonel to let me be present. I should never get over the feeling that they might think it was for pleasure that—"

"Very good; I'll ask him; as compatriots he will think it all natural. Besides, these are soldiers; they don't make such a fuss about things as the bourgeois; they are worthy fellows who do a stern duty and soften it as much as they can. What was I saying?"

"That I was to be present at your execution."

"Yes — I'll ask permission to send my brother something that belonged to me, my cap for instance; that's often asked; and the cap, you see, will never be suspected."

"No."

"When I give the word to fire, I'll throw it aside. Don't seem in too great a hurry to pick it up, they might suspect something; but when I am dead —"

"Oh!" cried Charles, shuddering all over.

"Here, some of you, haven't you a drop of brandy to give this boy?" said the prisoner. "He is cold."

"Come here, my little man," said the captain.

He offered his flask to the boy; Charles swallowed a mouthful of brandy, — not that he was cold, but he wanted to hide what he felt.

"Thank you, captain," he said.

"Very welcome, my boy, very welcome. Will you take some, citizen Sainte-Hermine?"

"Thank you, no, captain," replied the prisoner, "I never drink brandy."

Charles returned to his side.

"I was going to say," he resumed, "when I am dead pick it up, without appearing to think it of more importance than it seems to be; but you understand, don't you? that my last prayer is, — and the last prayer of a dying man should be sacred, — my last prayer is that the letter may reach my brother. If the cap is in your way, take out the letter, and throw the cap into the nearest ditch; but the letter — the letter, you won't lose it, will you?"

"No."

"You won't mislay it?"

"No, no; don't feel anxious."

"You will give it yourself to my brother?"

"Yes, myself."

"Try to do so; you must tell him how I died, and he will say: 'I had a brave brother, and when my turn comes, I'll die as he did;' and if his turn does come, I know he'll die as I do,"

By this time they had reached a point where the roads forked. The high-road continued on to Auenheim, the side road went up to the citadel.

"Citizen," said the captain to Charles, "if you are going, as you said, to the headquarters of citizen Pichegru, that is your way. Good-bye; and try to become a true soldier; you are going, at any rate, to a good school."

Charles endeavored to speak, but the words would not come. He looked at the prisoner with a supplicating eye.

"Captain," said the prisoner, "will you grant me a favor?"

"If it is in my power."

"It depends wholly on you."

"What is it?"

"Well, — perhaps you'll think it a bit of weakness, but if so don't speak of it, will you? — I should like to have my compatriot with me when I die; we are both children of the Jura, this boy and I, and our families both live in Besançon and know each other. He will be going home before long, and he can tell my people how he met me by accident and was with me to the last moment, — in short, how I died."

The captain looked at the boy with a thoughtful eye. Charles was crying.

"Faith," said he, "if it gives you both pleasure —"

"I don't think it will give him much pleasure," said the prisoner, laughing, "but it will give me a great deal of pleasure."

"I see no objection, if you yourself ask it."

"Then it is granted?"

"Granted," replied the captain.

The procession, which had paused during this colloquy at the forking of the road, now continued its way along the by-road. At the foot of the hill the citadel of Auenheim came in sight. That was to be the end of this funereal march. Charles went close to the prisoner.

"You see," said the latter, "all went well."

They marched up the slope, which was rather steep, though it wound around the hill; the captain gave the countersign, and the small procession was admitted through the gate beyond the drawbridge. The escort, the prisoner, and Charles, were left in the courtyard of the fortress, while the commander of the little troop went to make his report to the colonel in command. During this time the Comte de Sainte-Hermine and Charles improved their acquaintance, and the lad gave the count some information about himself and his family.

At the end of ten minutes the captain reappeared.

"Are you ready, citizen?" he said to the prisoner.

"When you please, captain," was the answer.

"Have you any observations to make?"

"No, but I have some favors to ask."

"I have already said that anything which depended on me should be granted."

"Thank you, captain."

The captain approached the count.

"We may serve under different flags," he said, "but we are both Frenchmen, and brave hearts know each other at once. Tell me, therefore, what you wish."

"In the first place, to be relieved of these ropes, which make me look like a galley-slave."

"That is very just," said the captain; "unbind the prisoner."

Two men advanced, but Charles had already sprung at the count's hands, and unbound them.

"Ah!" said the count, flinging out his arms and shaking himself free of his cloak, "it does one good to be at liberty!"

"And next?" inquired the captain.

"I would like to give the word to fire."

"You shall do so. Anything more?"

"I wish to send a remembrance to my family."

"You know that we are forbidden to receive letters from political prisoners; anything else, certainly."

"I would not give you so much trouble; here is my young townsman, who will accompany me, as you have agreed, to execution; he will take charge of something for my family, — anything, no matter what, which belonged to me, — my cap, for instance."

The count named the cap carelessly, as he might have mentioned any other piece of clothing, so that the captain made no more difficulty in granting this request than the others.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"Faith, yes," replied the count, "and high time, too, for my feet are getting cold, and if there is anything I detest, it is cold feet. Let us start, captain; you are coming with us, I presume."

"It is my duty to do so."

The count bowed, pressed Charles's hand, smiling, and looked at the captain as if to ask which way to go.

"This way," said the captain, placing himself at the head of the column.

They followed him, passed under a postern, and entered a second courtyard, on the ramparts of which were sentinels. At the farther end was a wall, about the height of a man, which seemed to have been riddled with balls.

"Ah! there's the place," said the prisoner.

He walked toward the wall; at four paces from it he stopped.

"It is here," said the captain. "Clerk, read the sentence to the prisoner."

After it was read the count made a sign with his head as if to recognize its justice; then he said: —

"Excuse me, captain, but I have a few words to say by myself."

The soldiers and the captain drew back from him. He put the elbow of his right arm into his left hand, rested his forehead in his right hand, closed his eyes, and stood motionless, moving his lips, though no sound issued from them. He was praying.

A sort of sacred emanation is around a man about to die, when he prays, which the greatest unbelievers respect. Not a word, not a jest, not a laugh, troubled this last earthly interview of the count with God.

When he lifted his head, his face was smiling; he kissed his young companion, and said, like Charles the First: —

“Remember!”

Charles bowed his head, weeping.

Then, in a firm voice, the count said, —

“Attention!”

The soldiers took their places in two lines at ten paces from him. Charles and the captain stood each on one side.

The prisoner, as though he did not choose to give the word to fire with his head covered, took off his cap and flung it from him as if by chance. It fell at the boy's feet.

“Are you ready?” said the count.

“Yes,” replied the soldiers.

“Prepare arms! — Aim! — Fire! — Vive le R —”

He did not have time to finish the word; the volley was fired; seven balls went through his breast. He fell face foremost to the ground.

Charles picked up the cap, put it in his bosom, and buttoned his jacket over it; but as he did so, he felt it over and knew that the letter was still there.

Half an hour later an orderly was ushering him into the office of citizen General Pichegru.

XVII.

PICHEGRU.

PICHEGRU will occupy so important a place in the history we are now relating that we must fix the eyes of the reader on him with more care than we have given to the secondary personages whom the needs of our exposition have brought upon the scene.

Charles Pichegru was born on the 16th of February, 1761, in the village of Planches near Arbois. His family were poor rustics, known for three or four hundred years as honest laboring men; his forefathers got their name from the work they did: *gru* or grain, *pic* or hoe, from which came the one word "Pichegru."

Pichegru, in whom were all the precocious impulses which go to make a distinguished man, began his education with the monks at Arbois. Finding his progress very rapid, especially in mathematics, they sent him to Père Patrault, one of their professors, at the military school at Brienne. There Pichegru made such progress that by the end of two years he was appointed one of the assistant-professors. At this time his whole ambition was to become a monk; but Père Patrault, who discerned Napoleon, also discerned Pichegru; he forced him, as it were, into a military career. Yielding to his advice Pichegru entered, in 1783, the first regiment of unmounted artillery, where, thanks to his undoubted talent, he soon became adjutant, with which rank he went through the first American war. On his return to France he ardently adopted the principles of 1789 and was presiding over the Popular society of Besançon when a battalion of volunteers from the Gard passed through the town and elected him their commander. Two months later, Pichegru was general-in-chief of the Army of the Rhine.

Monsieur de Narbonne, minister of war in 1789, missing him suddenly one day, asked those about him: "What has become of that young officer the colonels used to be so deferential to?" That young officer had become the commander-in-chief of a French army, which promotion did not make him one whit more proud. For Pichegru's rapid advancement, his splendid education, the high rank he attained in the army made absolutely no change in the simplicity of his heart. From the time he was a non-commissioned officer he had had a mistress, and he always remained true to her. She was named Rose, was now thirty years old, a working-girl, not pretty, and slightly lame. She lived in Besançon. Once a week she wrote to the general, never forgetting her inferior position, and in spite of the law which obliged all good citizens to say "thee" and "thou" to each other, she never allowed herself to address him otherwise than as "you."¹ These letters were full of good counsel and tender advice. She urged the commander-in-chief not to be dazzled by his great good fortune, but to stay *Charlot*, such as he was in his own village; she advised economy—not for herself, thank God, for her work maintained her; she had made six gowns for the wife of a representative, and had cut out six more for the wife of a general; she had at that moment before her three gold pieces which were worth fifteen or sixteen hundred francs in assignats—but for his parents who were poor. Pichegru, no matter how busy he was, always read her letters as soon as he received them; then he would put them carefully away in his portfolio and remark, with a softened look:—

"Poor, excellent girl—and yet I taught her to spell!"

The reader must permit us to enlarge on these details. We have to bring upon the scene and show in action men

¹ In translating from the French, especially books relating to the French Revolution, it is impossible to give the *tutoiement*—the use of "thee" and "thou"—without making the English unnatural to the eye and fatiguing to read.—T.L.

on whom the eyes of Europe were fixed; men who were praised or calumniated according to the necessities of the political parties who raised or degraded them. These men have been judged by historians superficially, thanks to the habit historians have of accepting opinions ready-made. Not so with the novelist, who is constrained to enter into the smallest details because he there finds, often enough, the thread which guides him through that most inextricable of labyrinths, the human heart. We venture therefore to assert that in making these men live both their private lives, which historians utterly neglect, and their public lives, on which historians dwell too much, though it is often only the mask of the real man, we shall show for the first time to the eyes of our readers the true character of those illustrious dead whom political passions cast into the hands of Calumny with an order to bury them.

We have all read in the history of historians that Pichegru betrayed France for the government of Alsace, the ribbon of St. Louis, the château of Chambord, its park and its dependencies, twelve pieces of cannon, a million of money in coin, two hundred thousand francs a year (half to revert to his widow), five thousand for each of his children, and finally, the estate of Arbois, to bear the name of Pichegru and be exempt from taxes for ten years.

The first material answer to this accusation is that Pichegru was never married: he had therefore neither wife nor children with whose future to concern himself. The moral answer is to show Pichegru in his private life, so as to make known what were his personal needs and ambitions.

Rose, as we have seen, gave him two pieces of advice: to economize for his family, who were poor, and to remain the good and simple Charlot he had ever been. Pichegru received during his campaigns a daily pay of one hundred and fifty francs in assignats; the monthly salary always

came in great sheets of paper money marked off in compartments. These sheets lay on his table with a pair of scissors beside them, and every day enough was cut off for the needs of the day, and any one cut who chose. The bunch of sheets rarely lasted to the end of the month; when it came to an end about the 25th or 26th, as often happened, every one got along as best he could for the remaining days. One of his secretaries remarked of him: "The great mathematician of Brienne was literally unable to keep his washing-bill regularly paid up." And he added, "An empire would have been too small for the exercise of his genius, a farm too large for his indolence."

As for remaining, as Rose entreated, a "good Charlot," the reader shall judge if the advice were needed. Two or three years after the period of which we are now writing, Pichegru, at the height of his popularity, went to his beloved Franche-Comté to re-visit his native village of Planches. He was stopped at the entrance of Arbois, under a triumphal arch erected in his honor, by a deputation who came to compliment him and to invite him to a grand municipal dinner and ball. Pichegru listened to the orator with a smile and then replied:—

"My dear compatriot, I have but a very few hours to spend in my native place, and I must give them all to my parents and the neighboring villages. If the friendship which binds us together induced me to betray the duty I owe to my family you would be the first to blame me, and you would do right. You propose to me a dinner and a ball, and though I have long lost the habit of such pleasures, I would gladly accept if the case were otherwise. I should be delighted to drain many glasses of our good wine in such good company, and to see the pretty girls of Arbois dance,—for they must be pretty if they are like their mothers. But a soldier should keep his word, and I assure you on my honor that I have long promised Barbier, the vine-dresser, to take my first meal with him when I

returned and, in all conscience, I can't eat two between now and sunset."

"But, general," said the head of the deputation, "I see a way to conciliate matters."

"And what's that?"

"To invite Barbier here to dine with you."

"Ah! if he consents, I will," said Pichegru; "but I doubt if he does. Has he the same melancholy, unsociable ways that got him the name of Despondent Barbier?"

"More than ever, general."

"Well, I'll go and fetch him myself," said Pichegru, "for I think nothing less than my influence will bring him."

"Very good, general, but we will follow you," said the deputation.

"Come on, then," said Pichegru.

They went in search of the Despondent Barbier, a poor vine-dresser, whose only fortune was a hundred or so of vines, with the product of which he moistened the crust of his hard black bread. They went along the promenade of the town; at the end of it, the general stopped short before a linden tree.

"Citizens," he said, "preserve that tree; don't let it ever be cut down. There, a hero who defended your town with a hundred and fifty men against Biron and the whole royal army, suffered martyrdom. That hero was named Claude Morel. There, on that tree, the brute beast Biron, who ended by biting the hand that fed him, hanged Claude Morel. A few years later Biron, the assassin, after betraying France, fought for his life with the executioner, and the executioner was forced to snatch the valet's sword without the prisoner's seeing it, and by a miracle of agility he cut off his head."

Then, taking off his hat to the glorious tree, he continued his way amid the applause of those who accompanied him.

Some one who knew the place of the Despondent's

vineyard discovered him among his vine-props and called to him.

"Who wants me?" he cried.

"Charlot!" said a voice.

"What Charlot?"

"Charlot Pichegru."

"You are making fun of me," said the man. And he began again to weed his vines.

"It is n't fun, here he is himself!"

"Yes, here I am, Barbier," cried Pichegru.

The Despondent again straightened himself up, and seeing the uniform of a general officer on the man who spoke to him, —

"Heavens!" he cried, "it can't be he!"

Then, running through the props, he came to the edge of the vineyard and stopped short, fearing to be the victim of an hallucination. At last, positively recognizing the general, he rushed forward and flung his arms about him crying out: —

"Charlot! it is really you? ah, my dear Charlot!"

"And is it really you, my dear comrade?" replied Pichegru, pressing him to his heart.

General and peasant were both in tears, and the friends around them withdrew to leave the old friends to weep for the happiness of this meeting. But when the first effusion was over the leader of the deputation returned and explained to the Despondent Barbier the motive of the visit thus ceremoniously paid at his vineyard. Barbier looked at Pichegru to find out whether he wished him to accept. Pichegru nodded yes. The vine-dresser thereupon asked for time to go into his house and put on his Sunday clothes; but the president, who had read in Berchou's poem the opinion of the famous gastronome on lukewarm dinners, would not give him time, and Pichegru and the Despondent were carried off to the city hall, where dinner was ready. Pichègru placed the head of the deputation on his right, but he insisted on having the Despondent Barbier on his left,

talked specially to him during the dinner, and stayed with him till he left.

We hope we shall be excused for this long parenthesis, intended to explain one of the most remarkable men of the Revolution. This glance cast on his private life will help us to understand and judge, more impartially than history has yet done, this public character who is one of the most important personages of the first part of this book.

XVIII.

CHARLES'S RECEPTION.

It was to this man, destined, if some fatal divinity should not interfere, to a mighty future, that our friend Charles was recommended; and it was with an emotion even greater than that he had felt on entering the presence of Schneider and Saint-Just that the lad now made his way into the vast, but plain-looking house where Pichegru had established headquarters.

"The general is in his office, third door to the right," said the orderly on service at the end of a species of corridor.

Charles entered the corridor with a firm step, which grew slower and less noisy as he approached nearer and nearer to the designated door. When he reached it he found it was half-open, and through the aperture he could see the general, both hands resting on a large table, studying a map of Germany, — so sure was he that it would not be long before he could carry hostilities beyond the Rhine.

"Pichegru¹ seemed older than he really was; his natural conformation being partly the reason. His figure, above middle height, was solidly set up on vigorous thighs. He had no elegance but that which goes with strength. His chest was broad and full, although his back was somewhat round. His vast shoulders supported a thick, short, sinewy neck which gave him the look of an athlete like Milo, or a gladiator like Spartacus. His face had the quadrangular shape, which is very characteristic of the Franche Comtians of good blood. His jaw-bones were enormous, his forehead

¹ I take this portrait verbatim from Charles Nodier's own study of Pichegru.

vast, and very wide at the temples, which had lost their hair. His nose was well proportioned, with a clear-cut straight line from base to tip, forming a ridge. Nothing could equal the gentleness of his eyes when he had no reason to render their glance imperious or formidable. If a great artist wished to express upon a human face the impassibility of a demigod, he could have no better model than the head of Pichegru.

"His profound contempt for men and for events—he never expressed an opinion about them that was not satirically contemptuous—added to this characteristic. Pichegru served the social order that he found established, loyally, because it was his mission to do so; but he did not like it, and he never could have liked it. One emotion alone stirred his heart,—the thought of a village where he hoped to spend his old age. 'Fulfil our task and rest,' he often said; 'that is the whole destiny of man.'"

A movement made by Charles announced his presence at the door. Pichegru had the rapid glance and the quick ear of a man whose life may frequently depend on keenness of sight and hearing. He raised his head, and fixed his large eyes on the boy, but the benevolence those eyes expressed emboldened the latter. He entered the room, and making a bow, held out his letter.

"For citizen General Pichegru," he said.

"Do you recognize me?" asked the general.

"Immediately, general."

"Did you ever see me before?"

"No, but my father has described you."

During this time Pichegru had opened the letter.

"What!" he exclaimed, "are you the son of my worthy and dear friend—"

The boy did not let him complete his sentence

"Yes, citizen general," he said.

"He tells me he gives you to me."

"It remains to be seen if you will accept the gift."

"What do you want me to do with you?"

"What you please."

"I can't, in conscience, make you a soldier; you are too young and too feeble."

"General, I did not expect the happiness of coming to you so soon. My father gave me a letter to another of his friends, who was to keep me a year in Strasbourg, and teach me Greek."

"You don't mean Euloge Schneider?" said Pichegru, laughing.

"Yes, I do."

"Well?"

"Well, he was arrested yesterday."

"By whose order?"

"That of Saint-Just, and he has been sent to the Revolutionary tribunal in Paris."

"Then you may say good-bye to him forever. How did that happen?"

Charles related the history of Mademoiselle de Brumpt. Pichegru listened with the utmost interest.

"It is a fact," he said, "that there are beings who dishonor humanity. Saint-Just did well. And you, didn't you get into any scrape about it?"

"Oh! I," said Charles, quite proud of being the hero of an adventure, — "I was in prison when it happened."

"In prison! how did you get there?"

"I was arrested the night before."

"They've taken to arresting children now!"

"That's just what made Saint-Just so angry."

"But why were you arrested?"

"For having warned two deputies from Besançon that they ran great risks by stopping in Strasbourg."

"Dumont and Ballu?"

"Exactly."

"They are at my headquarters; you shall see them."

"I thought they had gone back to Besançon."

"Half way there they thought better of it. Ha! so it is you to whom they probably owe their heads."

"It seems I did wrong," said the boy.

"Wrong! who told you it was wrong to do a good action and save your neighbor's life?"

"Saint-Just; but he added that he forgave me because pity was a child's virtue; and then he told me a story about himself,—how he had had his best friend shot that morning."

Pichegru's face grew dark.

"That's true," he said, "the deed was put in the order of the day to the army; and I must admit that, whatever one may think of the deed itself, it has had a good influence on the morale of the troops. God forbid that I should be called upon to give a like example, for, and I say it openly, I would n't give it! What the devil! we are Frenchmen, not Spartans. They may stick a mask on our faces for a while, but the mask is liable to be pulled off any time, and the face is the same; a few wrinkles more, perhaps,—that's all."

"Well, general, to come back to my father's letter —"

"You are to stay here with me. I'll appoint you secretary to headquarters. Can you ride?"

"General, not very well."

"You'll learn. Did you walk here?"

"Yes, from Rohwillers."

"And from Strasbourg to Rohwillers?"

"I came in a carriage with Madame Teutch —"

"The landlady of the Lanterne inn?"

"And sergeant-major Pierre Augereau."

"How the devil did you make acquaintance with Pierre Augereau, the big brute?"

"He was fencing-master to Eugène Beauharnais."

"Son of General Beauharnais?"

"Yes."

"There's another who is going to expiate his victories on the scaffold," said Pichegru, with a sigh. "They seem to think that grape-shot does n't work fast enough. But, my poor boy, you must be dying of hunger."

"Oh! as for that, no," said Charles; "I have just seen a sight which has taken my appetite away."

"What did you see?"

"I saw a poor *émigré* shot; he belonged to our town, and you probably know him."

"The Comte de Sainte-Hermine?"

"Yes."

"They guillotined his father eight months ago, and now they've shot the son; there are two brothers left." Pichegru shrugged his shoulders. "They had better have shot them all together, for the rest will go the same way. Did you ever see any one guillotined?"

"No."

"Well, to-morrow, if it will amuse you, you can give yourself that pleasure; there's a batch of twenty-eight of all kinds, from the big epaulets down to grooms. Now, let's attend to your quarters,—that's soon done." He showed the boy a mattress on the floor. "There's my bed," he said, "and that," he continued, showing another, "belongs to citizen Reignac, chief secretary to headquarters."

He rang a bell; an orderly appeared.

"A mattress," said the general.

Five minutes later the orderly returned, bringing a mattress. Pichegru pointed to the place where he was to spread it.

"There's yours," he said to Charles. Then, opening a closet, he went on: "This closet shall be yours; nobody else will put anything into it, and don't you put anything into the closets of other people; as your bundle doesn't seem very large, I hope it will be big enough. If you have anything valuable keep it on your person, that's safest,—not that you risk having it stolen, but you risk forgetting it when the bugle sounds to move at once either forward or back."

"General," said the lad, ingenuously, "I had nothing precious but my father's letter to you, and that I have given you."

"Then kiss me; unpack your little matters; I must go back to my map."

He turned to the table, and as he did so he saw two persons in the corridor.

"Ah!" he cried, "come here, citizen Ballu! come here, citizen Dumont! I want you to make acquaintance with my new guest."

He showed Charles to them; but as neither recognized the boy, he said:—

"My dear compatriots, thank that child; it was he who sent you the warning in virtue of which you still have your heads upon your shoulders."

"Charles!" they cried, embracing him and holding him to their hearts, "our wives and children shall know your name, to love and bless it."

While Charles was responding as best he could to these embraces, a young man of twenty to twenty-two years of age entered the room and asked Pichegru in excellent Latin if he would give him an interview.

Pichegru, surprised at this style of address, replied in the same language that he would grant the request. Opening the door of a little room beyond the larger one, he made the young man a sign to enter; then he followed him, and feeling sure that his visitor had some important communication to make, he closed the door behind him.

XIX.

THE SPY.

PICHEGRU cast a rapid and investigating glance on the new-comer; but, keen and perspicacious as the glance was, it did not even tell him with certainty to what nation his visitor belonged. The young man's dress was that of a poor traveller who had come a long way on foot. He wore a foxskin cap and a nondescript garment of goatskin passed over his head like a blouse and fastened round the waist by a leather belt; sleeves of a striped woollen stuff came through openings slit in this cuirass, the hairy side of which was turned next the person. He wore, besides, high boots coming above the knees, with soles much worn by travel. In all this there was no indication of nationality.

And yet from his fair hair, his light blue eye, firm to ferocity, his tow-colored mustache, his strongly marked chin, and the size of his jaw, Pichegru felt certain that his visitor belonged to one of the Northern races.

The young man let himself be looked at in silence, and even seemed to defy the general's scrutiny.

"Hungarian or Russian?" asked Pichegru, in French.

"Pole," replied the young man, laconically, in the same language.

"Exiled?" said Pichegru.

"Worse."

"Poor people!—so brave and so unfortunate!" The general stretched out his hand to his visitor.

"Wait," said the young man, "before doing me that honor you ought to know—"

"All Poles are brave!" said Pichegru; "every exile has a right to grasp the hand of a patriot."

But the Pole seemed to feel a certain pride in not accepting the courtesy until he had shown that he was worthy of it.

He drew a small leather wallet from his bosom, such as the Neopolitans use to carry their amulets, opened it, and took from it a paper folded in four.

"Do you know Kosciusko?" he asked. And his eyes sent forth a double gleam.

"Who does not know the hero of Dubienka?" exclaimed Pichegru.

"Then read that," said the Pole, giving him the letter.

Pichegru took it and read: —

I commend to all men struggling for the freedom and independence of their country this brave man, son of a brave man, brother of a brave man.

He was with me at Dubienka.

T. KOSCIUSKO.

"You have there a fine diploma of courage, monsieur," said Pichegru; "will you do me the honor of becoming my aide-de-camp?"

"I could not do you good service, and I should avenge myself ill; vengeance is what I seek."

"On whom do you seek it, — Russians, Austrians, or Prussians?"

"All three, since they all oppress and ravage unhappy Poland; but I more especially hate Prussia."

"Where do you come from?"

"Dantzig; I am of that old Polish race which, after losing the city in 1308, reconquered it in 1454, and defended it against Étienne Battori in 1575. From that day Dantzig has held a Polish party always ready to rise, and which did rise at the call of Kosciusko. My father, my brother, and I, seized our guns at the first appeal and placed ourselves at his orders; that is how we three were part of the four thousand men who defended the fort of Dubienka for five days against sixteen thousand Russians, though we had but twenty-four hours in which to fortify it. Some time after that Stanislas yielded to Catherine's will Kosciusko, unwilling to be the accomplice of the Czarina's paramour, resigned, and my father and brother and I returned to

Dantzic, where I finished my studies. One morning we heard that Dantzic was ceded to the Prussians. Two or three thousand patriots — we were among them — protested with one hand and grasped their guns with the other. This partitioning of our country, our dear dismembered Poland, seemed to us to call for protestation, — first, moral protestation, and when that failed, material protestation, the protest of blood, with which from time to time the nationalities must be sprinkled lest they die. We went to meet the Prussian battalions who were sent to take the town. They were ten thousand strong; we were eighteen hundred. A thousand of us remained on the battle-field. During the three next days three hundred more died of their wounds. Five hundred were left prisoners. All were equally guilty, but our enemies were generous! They divided us into three lots. The first had the privilege of being shot. The second were hanged. The third received fifty blows of the knout, and their lives were given to them. We were divided according to our strength. Those worst wounded were shot. Those slightly wounded were hanged. The well men had the knout, so that they might bear in mind all their lives the punishment merited by ungrateful men who refused to throw themselves into Prussia's open arms. My dying father was shot. My brother, who had only a broken thigh, was hung. I, who had a mere scratch on the shoulder, was flogged. At the fortieth blow I fainted. But my torturers were conscientious; though I could not feel the blows they completed the number, and left me lying on the place of execution without taking farther notice of me. My sentence was that after receiving the fifty blows I was free."

He paused, collecting himself.

"Free!" he went on. "The executions took place in one of the courtyards of the citadel. When I came to myself it was night. I saw a number of inanimate bodies which looked like corpses, but which, like me a moment earlier, were probably in a swoon. I found my clothes, but, with

the exception of my shirt I could not put them on my bloody, stiffened shoulders. I threw them over my arm and looked about me. A light was burning not far off; I thought it was that of the gate-keeper, and I went toward it. He was standing by the wicket-door. 'Your name?' he asked. I told him. He consulted a list. 'Here is your pass,' he said, giving me a paper. I looked at it; it bore the words 'Good to the frontier.' 'Can I return to Dantzic?' I asked. 'On pain of death,' he replied. I thought of my mother, twice a widow, widowed of her husband, widowed of her son; I gave a sigh and commended her to God."

His voice shook for a moment, then he went on, coldly:

"I went my way. I had no money. Fortunately, in a secret part of my wallet I had kept the line which Kosciusko gave to me at parting—you have it in your hand. I took the road to Custrin, Francfort, and Leipzig. Like sailors who watch the polar star to guide themselves, I looked on the far horizon for France, the beacon-light of liberty, and I made my way to her. Six weeks of hunger, weariness, misery, humiliation, were all forgotten when, two days ago, I stood upon the holy ground of independence; yes, all was forgotten, all—except vengeance. I flung myself upon my knees and I blessed God that I felt as powerful as the crime by which I had suffered. When I saw your soldiers, I saw brothers, marching, not to the conquest of the world, but to the deliverance of the oppressed peoples. They bore a flag; I sprang to it, and begged the officer to let me kiss that sacred rag, the symbol of universal brotherhood. He hesitated. 'Ah!' I cried, 'I am a Pole, an exile, I have walked nine hundred miles to join you. That flag is my flag. I have a right to press it to my lips and to my heart.' Then, almost by force, I seized it and kissed it, crying out, 'Be ever pure, resplendent, glorious, flag of the destroyers of the Bastille, flag of Valmy, of Jemmapes, of Berchem!' Oh! general, in that moment I felt no weariness; I forgot my tortured

shoulders and the shameful stick, I forgot my brother on his infamous gibbet, my dying father shot! all, I forgot all, even vengeance! To-day I come to you. I am well taught in scientific matters; I speak five languages as well as French. I can make myself a German, Russian, Englishman, or Frenchman, at will. I can enter any town in disguise, any fortress, all headquarters. I can bring you information of everything; I can draw plans; no material obstacle can hinder me. A dozen times, when a child, I swam the Vistula. In short, I tell you I am no longer a man, I am a thing; my name is no longer Stephan Moinjski, it is Vengeance!"

"You wish to be a spy?" asked Pichegru.

"Do you call it spying to be a man without fear, wishing by his intelligence to do the utmost evil to the enemy?"

"Yes."

"Then I wish to be a spy."

"You risk being shot if you are taken."

"Like my father."

"Or hung."

"Like my brother."

"The least that could happen to you is to be flogged, and you know what that is."

With a rapid movement Stephan flung off his goatskin garment, pulled down his shirt, and showed his back, covered with livid furrows.

"Yes, I know what that is," he said, with a laugh.

"Remember that I offer you a rank in the army as lieutenant, or I will keep you by me as my interpreting officer."

"And you, citizen general, remember that feeling myself too degraded to accept, I refuse your offer. When they condemned me to that punishment, they made me lower than a man. I will strike at them from below."

"Well, so be it. What do you wish of me?"

"Enough money to get some clothes, and your commands."

Pichegru stretched out his hand and took from a chair a bunch of assignats and a pair of scissors. It was his monthly sum for all his war expenses. The month was not half gone, but the bunch was enormously reduced. He cut off three days' pay, — that is to say, four hundred and fifty francs, — and gave them to the Pole.

"Buy yourself clothes with that," he said.

"It is a great deal too much," said the young man; "I only want peasant's clothes"

"Perhaps from day to day you'll have to change your disguise."

"Very good. Your orders, general?"

"Listen to me attentively," said Pichegru, laying his hand on the man's shoulder.

The young man listened with his eyes fixed on Pichegru. It almost seemed as though hearing were not enough, that he wanted to see the words.

"I am notified," continued Pichegru, "that the Army of the Moselle, commanded by Hoche, is to make a junction with mine. That junction made, we shall attack Wörth, Fröeschwiller, and Reichsoffen. Well, I want to know the number of men and cannon defending those three places, also the best positions from which to attack them. You will find the hatred of our Alsatian peasantry and bourgeoisie to the Prussians a help to you."

"Am I to report here? Shall you wait for information, or do you start to meet the Army of the Moselle?"

"In the course of three or four days you will probably hear cannon in the direction of Marschwiller, Dawendorff, or Uberack. Join me wherever I happen to be"

At that moment the door of the large room opened, and a young man in a colonel's uniform came in. By his fair hair and mustache and his rosy cheeks it was easy to recognize one of the many Irishmen who took service in France, and were all the more numerous because we were fighting England.

"Ah, it is you, my dear Macdonald!" said Pichegru,

making the young Pole a sign. "I was just going to send for you. Here's one of your Scotch or English compatriots."

"Neither the Scotch nor the English are my compatriots, general," said Macdonald. "I am Irish."

"I beg pardon, colonel," said Pichegru, laughing; "I didn't mean to affront you; I merely wished to say that, as he can't speak anything but English, and I can hardly speak it all, I would like to know what he wants."

"Nothing easier," said Macdonald.

Then, addressing the young man, he asked him several questions, to which the latter replied instantly and without the slightest hesitation.

"Does he tell you what he wants?" asked Pichegru.

"Yes," said Macdonald, "he wants a place with either the teamsters or the commissariat."

"Very well," said Pichegru to the Pole, "as that is all I want to know, you can go about your business now, and don't forget what I told you. Translate that to him, will you, my dear Macdonald, and oblige me very much."

Macdonald repeated, word for word, in English what the general said. The young man bowed and left the room.

"What sort of English does he speak?" said Pichegru.

"Very good," replied Macdonald; "he has a little accent which makes me think he was n't born either in London or Dublin, but in the counties. But you would have to be an Englishman or an Irishman to notice it."

"That's all I want to know," said Pichegru, laughing.

And he returned to the large room, followed by Macdonald.

XX.

A DYING PROPHECY.

NEARLY all the officers on Pichegru's staff were absent either on missions or reconnoitring when Charles arrived at headquarters. The following day, however, orders having been given for an approaching departure, all were flocking in from their errands, and the breakfast table was full.

At that table, besides Colonel Macdonald, whom we have already seen, there were four brigade generals, — citizens Lieber, Boursier, Michaux, and Hermann; two of the staff officers, — citizens Gaume and Chaumette; and two aides-de-camp, — citizens Doumerc and Abattucci. Doumerc was a cavalry captain. He was perhaps twenty-two or twenty-three years of age; born in the neighborhood of Toulouse; and physically one of the handsomest men in the army. As for courage, he lived at an epoch when it was not even a merit to be brave. He was, besides, a charmingly witty talker, and he brightened the calm, but rather cold, serenity of Pichegru, who seldom took part in the conversations, and smiled as it were with his soul only.

As for Abattucci, he was a Corsican. Sent at sixteen years of age to the military school at Metz, he became a lieutenant of artillery in 1789, and captain in 1792. With that rank he was now serving as aide-de-camp to Pichegru. He, too, was a handsome young man of twenty-three, bold and intrepid under any test. He was lithe, agile, and vigorous, with a bronzed skin which gave his Grecian form of beauty a numismatic character contrasting strangely with his ingenuous, open-hearted, almost juvenile, gayety, which was, however, rather devoid of imagination or brilliancy.

Nothing could well be gayer than the meals of these young fellows, though the food on the table was somewhat Spartan. Sorrow to those who (delayed by skirmishings of

love or war) arrived too late. Empty bottles and cleared dishes were then their portion; and they ate their dry bread amid the laughs and jokes of their comrades. Only, there was never a week that one place at least was not vacant. The general would notice it, frowning, and then with a gesture order the knife and fork of the absent one removed. The absent one had died for his country; they drank to his health, and all was said. There was something of sovereign grandeur in this carelessness of life, even to the rapid forgetfulness of death.

The matter that filled the minds of all these young men just now, almost as much as the scenes in which they themselves were actors, was the infinitely important subject of the siege of Toulon. Toulon, it will be remembered, had been surrendered to the English by Admiral Trogoff, whose name we regret not to find in any dictionary: the names of traitors ought to be preserved. Monsieur Thiers, out of patriotism, no doubt, calls him a Russian. Alas! he was a Breton.

The last news had not been reassuring, and the younger officers, particularly those of the artillery, had laughed heartily at General Carteaux's plan, which was given in the three following lines:—

“The commander-in-chief of the artillery will bombard Toulon for three days, at the end of which time I shall attack with four columns, and carry the place.”

Next the news arrived that General Dugommier had superseded Carteaux; he certainly inspired rather more confidence, but having arrived only two years earlier from Martinique, and being lately made a general, he was comparatively unknown. The last news received was that the siege was begun according to the scientific rules of war, that the artillery especially, commanded by a competent officer, was doing good service. The consequence was that the arrival of the “*Moniteur*” was looked for with the greatest impatience.

It arrived toward the end of breakfast. The general took it from the hands of the orderly, and speaking across the table to Charles, he said : —

“Here, citizen secretary, this is part of your business; find what there is about Toulon.”

Charles colored to the eyes, turned over the pages, and came upon these words : —

Letter from General Dugommier, dated from headquarters at Ollioules, 10th Frimaire, year II.

CITIZEN MINISTER, — The day has been a hot one, but successful. For forty-eight hours an important battery had kept its fire on Malbousquet, and greatly annoyed that post and its neighborhood. This morning at five o'clock the enemy made a vigorous sortie, which enabled him to master, for a short time, our pickets and the left of the battery; at the first shots, we moved rapidly on our left wing.

I found our troops retreating; General Garnier was complaining that his men abandoned him. I ordered him to rally them, and go to the support of the battery. I then put myself at the head of the third battalion of the Isère, and took another road to the same battery. We were fortunate enough to succeed; the post was retaken; the enemy, vigorously repulsed, retreated on all sides, leaving a great number of dead and wounded on the field. This sortie cost them more than twelve hundred men, killed, wounded, and taken prisoners, — among the latter several officers of rank, — and their commander-in-chief O'Hara, wounded in the left arm.

The generals in command on both sides were fated to be hit in this action; for I received two contusions, one on the right arm, the other on the shoulder; but they are slight. After vigorously driving back the enemy whence he came, our republicans, with a gallant though rather disorderly dash, marched toward Malbousquet under a murderous fire from the fort. They carried off the tents of a camp they forced the enemy by their valor to evacuate. This action, which is truly a triumph for the Republican arms, is an excellent augury for our future operations; for if we have been able to do so well unexpectedly, what may we not do with a well-concerted plan?

I cannot too highly praise the good conduct of all our brothers-in-arms who took part in this affair. Among the most distinguished

who helped to rally our men and push onward were the citizens Buona Parte, commanding the artillery, and Aréna and Cervoni, adjutant-generals.

DUGOMMIER, *Commander-in-chief.*

"Buona Parte," said Pichegru, "that must be a young Corsican to whom I was tutor; he had a great turn then for mathematics."

"Yes," said Abattucci, "there is now in Ajaccio a family named Buonaparte, the head of which, Charles de Buonaparte, was aide-de-camp to Paoli; they are rather near cousins of mine, those Buonapartes."

"Confound it! you are all cousins in Corsica," said Doumerc.

"If it is my Buonaparte," said Pichegru, "he must be a young man about five feet one, or two, not more, with straight hair plastered down his temples, who did n't know a word of French when he came to Brienne; rather misanthropic, very solitary, deeply opposed to the union of Corsica and France, great admirer of Paoli; a fellow who in two or three years learned of Père Patrault — By the bye, Charles, the same who protected and helped your friend Euloge Schneider — Well, he learned of Père Patrault all he knew, and consequently all he could teach."

"Only," continued Abattucci, "the name is not written as it is in the 'Moniteur,' which cuts it in two. It is in one word, — Buonaparte."

The conversation was at this point when a loud uproar was heard, and a crowd of persons were seen to be hurrying along the rue de Strasbourg. They were so near the enemy that a surprise might be expected at any moment. Each man jumped for his sabre. Doumerc, who was nearest the window, jumped not only for his sabre, but into the street, and ran to the turn, whence he could see what was happening up and down the rue de Strasbourg. He made a sign with his head and shoulders indicative of disappointment, and walked slowly back to headquarters.

"What was it?" asked Pichegru.

"Nothing, general; only that unfortunate Eisemberg and his staff, whom they are going to guillotine."

"Why don't they go straight to the citadel?" said Pichegru; "hitherto they have spared us these sights."

"True, general; but now, they say, they are determined to strike a blow which shall echo to the heart of the army. The massacre of a general and his staff is so good an example to another general and his staff that they think proper to give *you*, and *us*, the honor of seeing this instructive spectacle."

"But," ventured Charles, timidly, "those are not cries I hear; it is laughter."

A soldier passed the windows coming from the direction of the procession; the general knew him as belonging to his own village of Arbois. He was a *chasseur* of the eighth regiment, named Falou.

Pichegru called him by name. The man stopped short, looked to see where the voice came from, wheeled round to face the general, and carried his hand to his kepi.

"Come here!" said the general.

The *chasseur* approached.

"What are they laughing about?" demanded Pichegru; "are the populace insulting the condemned men?"

"On the contrary, general, they pity them."

"Then what's the meaning of all that laughter?"

"It is n't their fault, general; he'd make a tombstone laugh, he would."

"Who would?"

"Surgeon Figeac, whom they are going to guillotine; he has said such droll things from that cart that even the condemned men are shaking with laughter."

The general and his staff looked at each other.

"I think the moment is very ill-chosen for gayety," said Pichegru.

"It seems he finds a laughable side to death."

At this moment, the head of the funeral procession came

in sight, and it seemed to be convulsed with laughter, — not insulting and savage, but natural and even sympathetic laughter. Almost at the same instant an enormous cart appeared, which contained twenty-two men condemned to death and bound together in pairs. Pichegru stepped back; but Eisemberg called to him in a loud voice, by name.

Pichegru stood motionless. Figeac, seeing that Eisemberg wished to speak, was silent. The laughter ceased. Eisemberg pushed his way to the side of the cart, dragging with him the man to whom he was fastened.

“Pichegru!” he said, “stand there and listen to me.”

Those of the young men who were wearing their hats or fatigue caps took them off. Falou stood close beside the window with his hand to his kepi.

“Pichegru,” said the unfortunate general, “I go to my death, and leave you with pleasure at the summit of the honors to which your courage has borne you. I know that your heart does justice to my loyalty, betrayed by the fate of war, and that you have secretly pitied my misfortunes. I wish I could predict to you at parting a better fate than mine; but keep yourself from that hope. Houchard and Custine are dead, I am about to die, Beauharnais is to die; you will die like the rest of us. The Nation, to whom you devote your strength, is not sparing of the blood of her defenders, and if the weapons of the enemy miss you, you will not escape the knife of the executioner. Farewell, Pichegru; Heaven keep you from the jealousy of tyrants and the justice of assassins! adieu, friend. Forward, march!”

Pichegru waved his hand to him, closed the window, and returned into the room, his arms crossed, his head bowed, as though the words of Eisemberg were a weight laid upon it. Then suddenly he threw it up and addressed the young men, who were silently and thoughtfully looking at him.

“Which of you knows Greek?” he said. “I’ll give my handsomest Cummer pipe to whoever will tell me the name of the Greek author who speaks of the prophecies of dying men.”

"I know a little Greek, general," said Charles, "but I don't smoke."

"Never mind that, I'll give you something you'll like better than a pipe."

"Very well, then; it is Aristophanes," replied Charles, "in a passage something like this: 'Dying baldheads have the souls of sibyls.'"

"Bravo!" said Pichegru, stroking the lad's cheek; "to-morrow, or later, you shall have what I promised you." Then turning to his aides-de-camp and the officers of ordinance he said, "Come, my sons, I am sick of staying in Auenheim and witnessing these butcheries. We'll be off in two hours and try to carry our advanced posts as far as Drusenheim. Death is a small matter anywhere, but it is a pleasure on the battle-field. Let us fight!"

At that instant a dispatch from the government was placed in Pichegru's hands. It was the order to make his junction with the army of the Moselle and to regard Hoche, who commanded that army, as his superior. The two armies, the junction being made, were not to give the enemy any rest until they had recovered the lines of Weissembourg.

There was nothing to change in the orders already given, and Pichegru put the dispatch in his pocket. Knowing that the spy Stephan was waiting in the inner room for his last instructions, he went there, saying:—

"Citizens, hold yourselves ready to start at the first flourish of trumpets and the first roll of the drum."

XXI.

THE DAY BEFORE THE FIGHT.

WHAT Pichegru proposed to do was to regain the ground lost by his predecessor in the battle of Hagenau, which followed the evacuation of the lines of Weissembourg. It was then that General Carles had been forced to bring his headquarters across the river, from Souffel to Schiltigheim, that is to say, to the gates of Strasbourg. It was then that Pichegru, chosen on account of his plebeian birth, had succeeded to the command, and after a few fortunate movements had been able to take his headquarters as far as Auenheim. For the same reason of plebeian birth, Hoche was appointed to the Army of the Moselle, and he had been directed to combine his movements with those of Pichegru.

The first battle of any importance which Pichegru fought was that of Bercheim; it was there that the Comte de Sainte-Hermine was taken prisoner, in consequence of his horse being killed under him. The Prince de Condé's headquarters were at Bercheim, and Pichegru, being desirous of feeling the strength of the enemy, had attacked the position, all the while avoiding a general engagement. Repulsed at first, he returned to the attack the next day, sending against the Prince de Condé a regiment of sharpshooters divided into small squads. These troops, after harassing the enemy for a long time, suddenly, at a given signal, came together, and, forming into a column, fell upon the village of Bercheim and took it. But fights between Frenchmen do not end so easily. The Prince de Condé held his ground behind the villages with his noble battalions of infantry. He himself sprang forward at their head, attacked the republicans, and retook the village. Pichegru

then sent his cavalry to the support of the sharp-shooters; the prince ordered his to charge, and the two corps came together with all the violence of hatred. The advantage remained with the royalist cavalry, which was better mounted than ours; the republicans fell back, leaving seven cannon and nine hundred dead behind them.

On the other hand, the royalists lost three hundred cavalry and nine hundred infantry. The Duc de Bourbon, son of the Prince de Condé, was struck by a ball at the moment he was attacking Bercheim at the head of his cavalry, and his aides-de-camp were all either killed or dangerously wounded. But Pichegru did not consider himself beaten. The next day he attacked the troops of General Klenau, who occupied the posts beyond Bercheim. The enemy fell back at the first onset; but the Prince de Condé sent them reinforcements of cavalry and infantry. The battle was then renewed with great violence and continued for some time without advantage on either side; until at last the royalists retreated a second time, and the republicans occupied the ground; the Austrians withdrew behind Hagenau, the corps of the French *émigrés* remaining uncovered. The Prince de Condé, feeling it imprudent to maintain the position, retired in good order, and the republicans entered Bercheim behind him.

The news of this success arrived in Paris at the same time as that of the first check; the impression of the one effaced that of the other. Pichegru breathed freer; the iron belt that was stifling Strasbourg was loosened slightly. On the present occasion, as Pichegru said himself, it was more to get away from Auenheim than to accomplish any strategic movement that he now took the field. Still, as Hagenau was in possession of the Austrians, it had to be recovered some day or other, and Pichegru decided to attack the village of Dawendorff, which was on his way.

A forest in the shape of a horseshoe extends from Auenheim to Dawendorff. At eight o'clock in the evening of a fine winter night, Pichegru gave the order to start.

Charles, without being a good horseman, could ride a horse. The general put him with fatherly care among his staff, and requested the officers to look after him. The march was made in silence, the object being to surprise the enemy. The battalion of the Indre formed the advanced guard. Pichegru had ordered the wood reconnoitred the previous evening, and it was reported to be unguarded. At two in the morning they reached the lower end of the horse-shoe, where a tract of forest about three miles broad separated them from the village of Dawendorff. Here Pichegru called a halt, and ordered the troops to bivouac. It was impossible to leave the men without fires on such a night. At the risk, therefore, of being discovered he allowed the men to light fires of logs, around which they grouped themselves. In any case, however, they had but four hours to remain there.

During the whole march, Pichegru had had his eye on Charles, to whom he had given a trumpeter's horse, with a saddle raised before and behind and covered with a sheep-skin shabrack, which secured the seat of even the worst horseman; but he saw with satisfaction that his young secretary had sprung into his seat without difficulty, and was managing his horse with a certain ease. When they arrived at the camping ground Charles taught himself how to unsaddle his horse, how to picket the animal, and then make a pillow of the saddle.

A large cavalry cloak, which the general had taken care to have strapped to the crupper, served the boy for mattress and coverlet both. Charles, who continued religious through the whole of this irreligious epoch, said his prayers silently, and went to sleep with the same juvenile peace of mind that he felt in his bedroom at Besançon.

The advanced posts, placed in the wood, and the sentries on their flanks (relieved every half-hour) watched over the safety of the little army. Toward four o'clock a shot fired by one of the sentinels was heard; every one was afoot instantly. Pichegru glanced at Charles; the boy had

pulled the pistols from his holsters and was standing bravely to the right of the general, a pistol in each hand.

The general sent a score of men to the spot whence the sound came; the sentry not having fallen back, it was probable he was killed. But on running to the post where the man was stationed, the twenty men heard his cries calling them to help him. They doubled their speed and saw, as they approached, not men but animals escaping. The sentinel had been attacked by a troop of five or six hungry wolves, which began by watching him and circling round him, then, observing his immovability, they grew bolder. The man put his back to a tree so as not to be attacked from behind, and there he had defended himself for some time in silence with his bayonet; but one wolf having seized the blade in its teeth, the soldier fired and blew off its head. The wolves, frightened by the explosion, drew off, but, driven by hunger, returned, as much perhaps to eat their comrade as to attack the sentinel. Their return was so rapid that the soldier did not have time to reload his musket. He was therefore defending himself as best he could, having already received several bites, when his companions arrived and put to flight the unexpected enemy.

The sub-lieutenant who commanded the twenty men left four as sentries on the post, and returned to camp bearing two wolves as trophies, — one killed by the shot, another by a bayonet. Their skins, well furred at that cold season, were destined to be a foot-rug for the general. The lieutenant took the sentry to Pichegru, who received him with a stern face, thinking the gun had gone off through carelessness; but his brow grew darker still when he learned that the soldier had fired intentionally, to defend himself against the wolves.

“Do you know,” he said, “that I ought to have you shot for firing at anything except the enemy?”

“But what was I to do, general?” said the poor devil, so naïvely that Pichegru could not help smiling.

“Let yourself be devoured to the last morsel by the

wolves sooner than fire a shot which would warn the enemy of our approach, and which in any case would wake up our whole army."

"I did think of it, general; but, you see, they began it, the villains!" He showed his torn and bloody cheek and arms. "But I said to myself: 'Faraud (that's my name, general), if they've stationed you here it is because they fear the enemy might get by; they rely on you not to let him.'"

"Well?" said Pichegru.

"Well, if I were eaten, general, nothing would have kept the enemy from getting by. That's what made me resolve to fire. The idea of personal safety came later, upon my honor."

"But that shot, you rascal! it may have been heard at the enemy's outposts."

"Oh, don't be uneasy about that, general! they'll be sure to think it a poacher."

"Are you a Parisian?"

"Yes; but I belong to the first battalion of the Indre. I volunteered to join it as it passed through Paris."

"Well, Faraud, I've a bit of advice to give you, and that is, not to let me see you again till you wear the chevrons of a corporal, and then I may forget the fault of discipline you have just committed."

"How am I to get them, general?"

"Bring in to your captain to-morrow, or rather to-day, two Prussian prisoners."

"Soldiers or officers, general?"

"Officers preferred; but I will be content with two soldiers."

"I'll do my best, general."

"Has anybody any brandy?" asked Pichegru.

"I have," said Doumerc.

"Well, give a drop to this coward, who says he is going to capture two Prussians to-morrow."

"Suppose I get only one, general?"

"Then you will be only half a corporal, and will wear but one chevron."

"No, that would make me lop-sided! To-morrow night, general, I'll have the two, or you can say to yourself, 'Faraud is dead.' Your health, general."

"General," said Charles, "it was with talk like that that Cæsar made his Gauls go round the world."

XXII.

THE BATTLE.

THE army was fully roused and was anxious to march. It was then five o'clock. The general gave the order to advance, telling the soldiers they should breakfast at Dawendorff and have a double ration of brandy. Scouts were sent in advance, who picked up the sentries in passing; then the army issued from the wood in three columns, —one taking Kaltenhausen on its way, while the two others passed to right and left of that village, drawing a light battery after them, and spreading over the plain before Dawendorff.

The enemy was surprised in Kaltenhausen; its farthest outpost had made little or no resistance; but the few shots fired had given the alarm in Dawendorff, and the royalist troops were now seen issuing from the village and forming in line of battle. A hill rose about half a cannon-shot from the village; Pichegru put his horse to a gallop, followed by his staff, and made for the summit, from which he could take in the whole battlefield, with all its details.

Before starting, he ordered Colonel Macdonald to take command of the first battalion of the Indre, which formed the head of the main column, and dislodge the enemy from Dawendorff. He kept the 8th Chasseurs with him to send at need where wanted, and he posted a battery of six pieces of eight at the foot of the hill.

The battalion of the Indre, followed by the rest of the army, strategically spaced off, marched straight upon the enemy. When the republicans were about two hundred paces from the latter, Pichegru made a signal, and the artillery covered the advanced works of the enemy with a rain of cannister. The Prussians, on their side, replied by a

solid fire, which brought down fifty men. But the brave attacking battalion broke into a run, and, preceded by its drum-corps beating the charge, fell upon the enemy with the bayonet. Already harassed by the cannister which the general was raining upon them, the Prussians abandoned the outer works, and our soldiers were then seen entering pell-mell with the enemy into the village. But at the same time there advanced on either side of the village two considerable bodies of men, — the cavalry and infantry of the *émigrés*; the cavalry commanded by the Prince de Condé, the infantry by the Duc de Bourbon. These troops threatened to flank the little army corps which was directly behind the battalion of the Indre.

Pichegru instantly sent forward Captain Gaume, an aide-de-camp, to order General Michaud, who commanded the centre, to form in square and receive the charge of the Prince de Condé on his bayonets. Then, calling to Abattucci, he ordered him to take command of the 8th regiment of Chasseurs, and charge upon the infantry of the *émigrés* as soon as he found the shot from the battery had sufficiently disordered its lines.

From the hill where he stood beside the general, Charles saw at his feet the terrible game of chess which we call war played by Pichegru and the Prince de Condé; in other words, by the Republic and the counter-revolution. He saw Captain Gaume dashing at a gallop across the open space which lay to the left of the hill where Pichegru stood, bearing the order of the commander-in-chief to Adjutant-General Michaud, who had himself that instant perceived that his left was threatened by the Prince de Condé, and was about to give the very order now brought to him by Captain Gaume. On the other side — namely, the right — the lad saw Captain Abattucci take command of the 8th Chasseurs, and descend the slope at a trot, while the artillery poured its volleys in quick succession into the mass of approaching infantry.

There was a moment of hesitation in the infantry of the

émigrés. Abattucci profited by it. He ordered sabres out, and in an instant six hundred blades sparkled in the rays of the rising sun. The Duc de Bourbon commanded his men to form in square; but the disorder was too great, or the command too late. The charge came on like a whirlwind, and horsemen and footmen could be seen from the hill struggling together, hand to hand, while on the other side General Michaud was firing upon the enemy's cavalry, which was then scarcely twenty-five paces from him. It is impossible to give an idea of the effect produced by this discharge at so short a range. More than a hundred horsemen and horses went down; some, carried on by their impetuous rush, rolled headlong into the first line of the republican square. The Prince de Condé fell back to reform his cavalry out of range of the fire.

At the same instant the battalion of the Indre reappeared, retreating very slowly, but still retreating. Met, within the village, by volleys of musketry from the windows of all the houses and by the fire of two cannon in the market-place, the republicans were forced to retrograde. Pichegru sent his fourth aide-de-camp, Chaumette, at full gallop, to find out what the matter was and to order Macdonald to stop and hold his ground. Chaumette crossed the battlefield amid the double fire of republicans and royalists, and accomplished the mission with which his general had charged him.

Macdonald replied that not only he should not budge from where he was, but as soon as his men had got their breath, they would make another attempt on Dawendorff. Only he wished that some sort of diversion could be made on the village to facilitate his difficult task. Chaumette returned to the general; he was so near the field of battle that it had taken only a few minutes to carry his orders and return with the reply.

"Take twenty-five chasseurs and four trumpeters from Abattucci," said Pichegru; "turn the village with them, enter the street at the other end, sound the trumpets with

all your might while Macdonald charges; they'll think they are between two fires and they'll surrender."

Chaumette rode down the hill again, made his way to Abattucci, took twenty-five chasseurs and the trumpeters, sent a twenty-sixth man to Macdonald to tell him what to expect, and rounded the village. At the same moment Macdonald raised his sabre, the drums beat the charge, and in the face of a terrible discharge of musketry he lowered his head and forced his way back into the place. Almost at the same instant Chaumette's trumpets were blaring at the farther end of the street.

The mêlée was now general; the Prince de Condé, having reformed, again charged Michaud's square; the royalist infantry was retreating before the 8th Chasseurs and Abattucci; while Pichegru himself sent half of his reserves (about four or five hundred men) to follow the battalion of the Indre; keeping the same number still in hand, in case of unexpected disaster. As the royalist infantry was retreating, it paused to send a last volley, not at Abattucci and his Chasseurs, but at the group on the hill, among whom it was easy to distinguish the commander-in-chief, with his plume and his gold epaulets.

Two men fell; the general's horse was struck, and Charles, giving a sigh, fell backward on his animal.

"Ah! poor child!" cried Pichegru. "Larrey! Larrey!"

A young surgeon about twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age came up. They held the boy on his horse; and as in falling he had put his hand to his breast, they opened his jacket. The astonishment of every one was great when between the waistcoat and the shirt they found a fatigue-cap. This they shook, and the ball fell out.

"No need to look further," said the young surgeon, "the shirt is intact, there is no blood. The boy is weak, and the blow made him faint, that's all. Odd enough! here's a fatigue-cap which would have done no good in its own place, but being on a boy's breast saves his life! Give him a drop of brandy and he'll be all right."

"It is queer," said Pichegru; "that cap belongs to one of Condé's chasseurs."

Just then Charles, to whose lips they had put a flask, came to himself; and his first movement was to feel for the cap. He had opened his mouth to ask for it, when he saw it in the general's hand.

"Ah, general!" he cried, "forgive me!"

"Sapristi! you'd better say that; a pretty fright you've given us."

"Oh! that's not it," said Charles, smiling, but nodding at the cap.

"Yes, by the bye," said Pichegru, "you'll have to explain to me about that cap."

Charles went close to him and whispered.

"It belonged to the Comte de Sainte-Hermine," he said, "the young *émigré* I saw shot; and who gave it to me just as he died to carry to his family."

"But," said Pichegru, feeling the cap, "there's a letter inside."

"Yes, general, to his brother; that poor fellow was afraid if he gave it to strangers his brother would n't get it."

"Whereas if he gave it to a compatriot he did not fear; is that it?"

"Did I do wrong, general?"

"It is never wrong to fulfil the wish of a dying man, above all if the wish is honorable. I'll say more; it is a sacred duty to be fulfilled as soon as possible — but now let us see what is going on down there."

At the end of a few minutes Charles, forgetting his own accident, with his eyes fixed on the battlefield and breathless with the excitement of such a scene, touched the general on the arm and showed him, with an exclamation of amazement, a number of men running on the roofs of the houses, jumping from windows, clambering over garden walls, all making for the plain.

"Good!" said Pichegru, "we are masters of the town; the day is ours." Then he added, to Lieber, the only

officer who remained by him, "Take the reserve, and prevent those men from rallying."

Lieber put himself at the head of the four or five hundred infantry, and went down the incline at a run.

"As for us," said Pichegru, with his usual quiet manner, "let us go and see what they are doing in the town."

Accompanied by only twenty-five or thirty men, reserved from the 8th Chasseurs, and by General Boursier and Charles, he took the road to Dawendorff at a quick trot.

Charles gave a last look over the plain; the enemy were flying in every direction. It was the first time he had seen a battle; he was now to see a battlefield. He had seen the poetic side, the movement, the fire, the smoke; distance had hidden the details from him. He was now to see the other side of war, the hideous side, — stark immobility, agony, death; he was to know at last the bloody reality.

XXIII.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

FOR the short distance the little troop had to cross, the plain was covered with the wounded, the dying, or the dead. The fight had lasted barely an hour and a half, yet more than fifteen hundred men, friends or enemies, lay heaped together on the battlefield.

Charles approached the line of bodies with a certain dread; at the first corpse they came to, his horse snorted and shied so violently that the boy was almost flung from the saddle. Pichegru's horse, more firmly handled, or else more habituated to such obstacles, leaped them; and there came a moment when Charles's horse, imitating that of Pichegru, did likewise. But soon it was not the dead bodies which made the deepest impression upon the lad; it was the dying, who with awful effort tried, some to get out of the way of the horses of the general and his escort, while others, more horribly mutilated, cried out, with the rattle in their throats: "Comrades, in pity, kill me, kill me!"

Others — these were the least wounded — rose and with a touch of pride saluted Pichegru, waving their hats and crying out: "Vive la République!"

"Is this the first time you have seen a battlefield, Charles?" asked Pichegru.

"No, general," replied the boy.

"Where did you see one?"

"In Tacitus; at the battle of Teutberg with Germanicus and Cecina."

"Yes, to be sure," said Pichegru, "I remember; it is before they get to the forest that Germanicus finds the eagle of the 19th Legion lost by Varus."

"And don't you remember, general, the passage, which I can understand now, where it says: 'The whole army was seized with pity as it thought of parents, friends, the chances of war, the fate of men'?"

"Yes," replied Pichegru, "and Tacitus tells about the wide, open plain, the bleaching bones, scattered about and showing where the battle had been. Oh!" cried Pichegru, "I wish I could remember the Latin of it; no translation renders it; stop: '*Medio* —'"

"I remember," said Charles, "'*Medio campi albertia ossa ut fugerant, ut resisterant.*'"

"Bravo, Charles!" exclaimed Pichegru; "your father gave me a capital present when he sent you here."

"General," said Charles, "are you not going to give any orders to carry help to those poor wounded?"

"Don't you see the surgeons are going from one to the other, with orders to make no difference between French and Prussians? We have gained that, at least, by eighteen hundred years of civilization; we don't cut the throats of our prisoners on the altars of Teutates, as they did in the days of Armin and Marbod."

"And moreover," said Charles, "the conquered generals are not obliged, like Varus, to stab themselves *infelice dextra*."

"Do you think," said Pichegru, laughing, "that it is so very much better to be sent before the Revolutionary Committee, like poor Eisemberg, whose face is always before my eyes and his words in my ears?"

While talking thus they entered the town, where the sight was, perhaps, more dreadful still, the space being less. Before flying over roofs and walls, the Prussians and the *émigrés* had made a desperate resistance; when cartridges gave out they had used any missile that came to hand; from the windows of the first and second stories they had thrown down on the assailants, wardrobes, bureaux, sofas, chairs, and even the marble of the chimney-pieces; some of the houses were in flames, and as there was

nothing left within them, the ruined owners thought it useless to extinguish the fires, and watched them burning. Pichegru gave orders that these fires should be put out wherever possible ; then he rode to the town-hall, where he always took up his abode during a campaign.

There he received the reports. As he entered the courtyard he noticed a baggage waggon, carefully guarded, which bore the blue escutcheon with the three *fleurs de lis* of France ; it had been captured at the Prince de Condé's headquarters. Believing it to be of importance, they had taken it to the town-hall, knowing that the general would come there.

"Very good," said Pichegru ; "it will be opened before the staff."

He dismounted, went up the staircase, and settled himself in the council chamber. The officers who had taken part in the engagement came in one by one. First, Captain Gaume : desiring to do his share in the fight, he had joined the square formed by General Michaud, and had seen the Prince de Condé, after making three vigorous but useless charges, retire in a wide circle toward Haguenau, leaving about two hundred troopers on the battlefield. General Michaud was looking after the return of his men to quarters, and giving orders for rations of bread to be baked in Dawendorff and distributed in the neighboring villages.

Next came Chaumette ; he had, according to the general's order, taken twenty-five chasseurs and the four trumpeters and had entered the other end of the village sounding the charge as if he were at the head of six hundred men. The ruse succeeded. The Prussians and the little body of *émigrés* who defended the town thought themselves attacked before and behind, and the result was the flight through windows and over roofs and walls that Charles had seen and shown to the general.

Next, Abattuucci, with a sabre-cut on his cheek and a dislocated shoulder. The general had seen with what splendid courage he had charged at the head of his

chasseurs, but after he reached the centre of the enemy's infantry and the fight became hand to hand, the details were indistinguishable. Abattucci's horse had been killed by a ball through its head. Pinned down by its fall, the rider had his shoulder put out and received a cut from a sabre; he thought himself lost, when a powerful chasseur released him. Still, dismounted in the midst of the wild mêlée, he was in great danger, when the same chasseur, Falou, whom the general had questioned the night before, brought him a horse which he had taken from an officer whom he had killed. There was no time for compliments; Abattucci sprang to the saddle and caught the reins with one hand, while with the other he offered his purse to his deliverer. But the latter pushed back the officer's hand, and carried away by the rush of combatants Abattucci cried: "We shall meet again." Consequently, on reaching headquarters he had given orders that the chasseur Falou should be inquired for in all directions. The young aide-de-camp and his men had killed about two hundred of the enemy and captured a flag. Eight or ten of his men were killed or wounded.

Macdonald waited till Abattucci had made his report before giving in his own. At the head of the battalion of the Indre it was he who had borne the chief brunt of the day. Met in the first place by the fire from the intrenchments, he had passed those intrenchments and entered the town. There, we already know how he was received. Each house had belched fire like a volcano; in spite of the hail of balls which decimated his troops he had continued to advance; but on turning into the main street a battery of two cannon showered them with grape-shot at a distance of five hundred paces. It was then that the battalion slowly retreated and appeared again outside the town. According to the message he had sent, as soon as his men got their breath, Macdonald took them back at the double-quick, inspired by the trumpets of the 8th Chasseurs which were sounding the charge at the other

end of the town. He pushed to the open square, intending to surround the battery, but the chasseurs were there before him.

From that moment the place was ours. Besides the two cannon, a waggon bearing the lilies of France had, as we have seen, fallen into our hands. It will be remembered that the general, foreseeing that it might contain the Prince de Condé's treasure, had given orders that it should be opened only in presence of his staff.

Lieber was the last to report; seconded by Abattucci's chasseurs he had pursued the enemy for over three miles, and had taken three hundred prisoners.

The day had been a good one. Over a thousand of the enemy were killed, and five to six hundred prisoners taken. Larrey had put back Abattucci's shoulder. None of the staff were absent, and they all went down to the courtyard, having sent for a locksmith. One was found close by, and he came with his instruments.

In a moment the cover of the waggon was off. One of its compartments was full of rolls that looked like long cartridges. They broke one and the cartridges proved to be gold coin. Each roll contained a hundred guineas (two thousand five hundred francs) each bearing the effigy of King George. There were three hundred and ten rolls; in all, seven hundred and seventy-five thousand francs.

"Faith!" said Pichegru, "that's just in time; we shall be able to pay the men up to date. Where's Estève?"

Estève was the paymaster of the Army of the Rhine. He answered Pichegru's call.

"Take five hundred thousand francs," continued Pichegru, "and pay everything up at once. Put your office on the ground-floor here; I'll take the first floor."

Five hundred thousand francs were at once counted out to citizen Estève.

"Now," said Pichegru, "twenty-five thousand of the rest are to go to the battalion of the Indre, for that suffered the most."

"That will be about thirty-nine francs to each man," said Estève.

"And keep fifty thousand for the current wants of the army."

"What's to be done with the remaining two hundred thousand?"

"Abattucci shall take them to the Convention with the flag we captured; it is a proper thing to show the world that republicans don't fight for gold. Come, let us go upstairs, citizens, and leave Estève to attend to his business."

XXIV.

CITIZEN FENOUILLOT, COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER
IN WINES.

PICHEGRU's valet, who had the good sense not to discard his station of valet for any pretended rank, nor the name of Leblanc for that of Lerouge, had, during this time, set the table for breakfast and covered it with provisions brought by himself, — a precaution by no means useless in cases like the present, when the guests came straight from the battlefield

These thirsty, hungry, tired young men, some of them wounded, were not indifferent to the sight of that breakfast, of which they were much in need. But hurrahs of satisfaction burst forth when they saw among the bottles of evidently democratic origin six with silvered necks, indicating that they came from the best vintages of Champagne. Pichegru himself noticed them, and turning to his valet exclaimed with his soldierly familiarity: —

“Ah ça! Leblanc, is this my birthday, or yours? or is it only to celebrate our victory that I find such extravagance on my table? Don't you know if it gets to the ears of the Committee of Public Safety they'll cut my head off?”

“Citizen general, it is n't extravagance, though I must say your victory deserves being celebrated; and the day you capture seven hundred thousand francs from the enemy you might be allowed, without wrong to the government, to drink twenty francs' worth of champagne. No, set your mind at rest, citizen general, that champagne won't cost you or the Republic a penny.”

“You rascal!” cried Pichegru, “I hope you have n't been robbing a wine-shop or pillaging a cellar?”

“No, general; it is a patriotic gift.”

"Patriotic gift!"

"Yes, from citizen Fenouillot."

"Who is citizen Fenouillot? It can't be the lawyer at Besançon? There is a lawyer of that name in Besançon, is n't there, Charles?"

"Yes, general," replied the lad; "and a great friend of my father, too."

"He has nothing to do with Besançon or lawyers," said Leblanc, who was in the habit of saying his say frankly to the general; "he is citizen Fenouillot, commercial traveller for the firm of Fraissinet at Châlons, who, in return for the service you have done him in delivering him from the hands of the enemy, sends you, or rather offers you through me, these six bottles of wine, that you may drink your own health and the prosperity of the Republic."

"Was he here in this place with the enemy, your citizen Fenouillot?"

"Certainly, as he was a prisoner, — he and his samples."

"Do you hear that, general?" said Abattucci.

"He might give us some useful information," remarked Doumerc.

"Where does he lodge, your man?" asked Pichegru.

"Close by, at that hôtel next the town hall."

"Put another plate there, directly in front of me, and go and tell citizen Fenouillot that I request him to do me the honor to breakfast with us. Sit down, gentlemen, in your usual places."

The officers all took their seats as usual. Pichegru placed Charles on his left; Leblanc set the extra plate, and went off to execute the general's order. Five minutes later Leblanc returned; he had found citizen Fenouillot with his napkin at his neck just sitting down to his own breakfast; but citizen Fenouillot had instantly accepted the invitation with which the general honored him, and would follow the messenger.

In fact, an instant later a free-mason's knock was heard on the door. Leblanc opened it. A man from thirty to

thirty-five years of age appeared upon the threshold, wearing the civilian dress of the period, without either the aristocratic or the *sans-culotte* exaggerations; that is to say, he had a pointed hat with a broad brim, loose cravat, waistcoat with broad lapels, a brown coat with long tails, tight breeches of some light color, and high top-boots. He was fair; his hair curled naturally; the eyebrows and whiskers were brown, the latter being lost in the voluminous folds of his cravat; his eyes were extremely bold; his nose was large, and his lips thin.

As he entered the dining-room, he seemed for an instant to hesitate.

"Come in, citizen Fenouillot," said Pichegru, who noticed the movement, slight as it was.

"Faith, general," said the new-comer, with an easy air, "the gift was so small a matter that I doubted if it were really I to whom your gracious invitation was sent."

"Small matter!" replied Pichegru. "Let me tell you that with a pay of a hundred and fifty francs a day in assignats I should have to go three days without food if I took a fancy to make such a debauch in champagne. Sit down, citizen, — there, opposite to me, that's your place."

The two officers who were sitting on each side of the commercial traveller's place made a motion to move back their chairs and show it to him. Citizen Fenouillot sat down; the general cast a rapid glance at his spotless linen and carefully kept hands.

"You say you were a prisoner when we entered Dawendorff?"

"Prisoner, or something like it, general. I did not know that the road to Haguenau was in the hands of the enemy until I was arrested by a party of Prussians, who were proceeding to drink up my samples then and there; happily an officer came along, who took me to the commander-in-chief. I thought I had nothing to fear except the loss of my samples, and I felt perfectly easy in mind until the word 'spy' began to circulate. At that word, as you can

easily believe, general, I began to prick up my ears; and not wishing to be shot, I asked to be taken before the leader of the *émigrés*."

"The Prince de Condé?"

"I would willingly have appealed to the devil, for that matter! They took me to the prince; I showed him my papers, and answered his questions frankly. He tasted my wine, and knew it was n't the wine of a cheat. He told his Prussian allies that as I was a Frenchman he would keep me as a prisoner of his own."

"Did they make your imprisonment hard for you?" asked Abattucci, while Pichegru observed his guest with an attention which showed he was not far from sharing the opinion of the Prussian general.

"Not at all," replied citizen Fenouillot; "the prince and his son thought my wine very good, and those gentlemen treated me with a kindness almost equal to yours; though I will admit that yesterday, when the news of the taking of Toulon came, and I could n't, as a good Frenchman, avoid showing pleasure, the prince, with whom I had the honor of speaking at the moment, dismissed me in very bad humor."

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed Pichegru, "so Toulon is actually retaken from the British?"

"Yes, general."

"What day was it?"

"The 19th."

"And this is the 21st. How the devil could that be? The Prince de Condé has no telegraph."

"No," said the commercial traveller, "but he has a pigeon post, and pigeons fly sixty miles an hour. The news reached Strasbourg, the land of pigeons; and I saw myself, in the prince's own hand, a tiny note like those they attach to a bird's wing, which contained the news. The note was very small, but the writing was fine, so that a few particulars could be given."

"Do you know those particulars?"

"The town surrendered on the 19th. Part of the besieging army entered it the same day; that evening, by order of a Commissioner of the Convention, two hundred and thirteen persons were shot."

"Is that all; was nothing said about a certain Buonaparte?" asked Abattucci.

"Yes," replied the traveller, "the dispatch said the taking of the town was due to him."

"That is my cousin!" said Abattucci, laughing.

"And my pupil!" said Pichegru. "Faith, so much the better. The Republic needs men of genius to counterbalance scoundrels like that Fouché."

"Fouché?"

"Yes; did n't Fouché go to Lyon at the heels of a French army, and shoot two hundred and thirteen men the very day he entered upon his functions?"

"Yes, at Lyon; but here at Toulon it was citizen Barras."

"Citizen Barras, who is he?"

"A deputy from the Var, a man who picked up in India, where he once served, the habits of a nabob, and who sits among the Mountain at the Convention. It seems they talk of razing the town and putting all the inhabitants to death."

"Let 'em raze and let 'em kill!" cried Pichegru. "The more they raze and the more they kill, the sooner the end will come. Upon my soul, I prefer our old good God to the Supreme Being who allows such horrors."

"And my cousin Buonaparte, what do they say about him?"

"They say," replied citizen Fenouillot, "that he is an officer of artillery and a friend of the younger Robespierre."

"I say, general," cried Abattucci, "if he has got the court ear of the Jacobins in that way, he'll make his way and protect us."

"Apropos of protection," said citizen Fenouillot, "is it true, citizen general, what the Duc de Bourbon told me one day when he was praising you very highly?"

"The Duc de Bourbon is very amiable," said Pichegru, laughing, "What did he tell you?"

"He said it was his father, the Prince de Condé, who gave you your first rank."

"That is true," said Pichegru.

"How so?" asked three or four voices.

"I was serving as a private in the Royal Artillery, when one day the Prince de Condé, who was present at some exercises in the practice-field at Besançon, came up to the piece he thought best handled; but just as the gunner was swabbing it out, the piece exploded and took off his arm. The prince blamed me for the accident, accusing me of not having stopped the touch-hole with my thumb. I let him say what he liked, and then, for all answer, I showed him my bleeding hand. The thumb was turned back and almost torn off. See," continued Pichegru, holding up his hand, "there's the scar, on that the prince made me a sergeant."

Little Charles, who was beside the general, took his hand as if to look at the scar, and then, with a rapid movement, kissed it.

"Hey! what are you doing?" cried Pichegru, vehemently pulling away his hand.

"I? Nothing," said Charles, "only admiring you."

XXV.

THE CHASSEUR FALOU AND CORPORAL FARAUD.

At this instant the door opened and the chasseur Falou appeared, conducted by two of his comrades.

"Beg pardon, captain," said one of the soldiers who had brought Falou to Abattucci, "but you told me you wanted to see him, did n't you?"

"Of course I told you I wanted to see him."

"There! was n't it true?" said the soldier to Falou.

"Yes it must be, if the captain says so."

"Would you believe it, he refused to come, and we had to bring him by force!"

"Why did you refuse to come?" asked Abattucci.

"Hey! captain because I was afraid you'd talk more nonsense to me."

"Talk nonsense to you!"

"Come," said the chasseur, "I'll take you for judge, general."

"I'm listening, Falou," said Pichegru.

"Bless me! how do you know my name?" Then turning to his two comrades he said, "The general knows my name!"

"I told you I was listening; go on," said the general.

"Well, general, this is how it was; we charged, did n't we?"

"Yes."

"My horse swerved so as not to step on a wounded man; they're amazingly intelligent animals, don't you know?"

"Yes, I know."

"Mine particularly. I was right in front of an *émigré*, ha! such a handsome fellow, quite young, twenty-two at most; he aimed at my head, I parried first guard —"

"Of course."

"— and thrust straight with the sabre ; nothing else to do, was there ? "

"No, nothing."

"Need n't be provost to know that. He falls, the *ci-devant*, having swallowed about six inches of blade."

"That was more than was necessary."

"Confound it, general," said Falou, laughing at the answer he was about to make, "one can't be always sure of giving the right measure."

"I am not blaming you, Falou."

"So he fell ; I saw a magnificent horse which no longer had a master ; I caught its bridle ; same time I saw the captain without a horse, and I said to myself : 'Here's the very thing !' I galloped up to him ; he was struggling like a devil in holy water in the midst of five or six aristocrats. I killed one and wounded another. 'Come, captain,' said I, 'up you go ;' and the minute he got his foot in the stirrup up he was, sure enough, and that's the whole of it, so !"

"No, that is not the whole of it," said Abattucci ; "for you can't make me a present of a horse."

"Why can't I ? are you so proud you won't take a present from me ? "

"No, I am not, and the proof is, if you will do me the honor to give me your hand —"

"The honor is all for me, captain," said Falou, advancing.

Officer and private shook hands.

"I am paid," said Falou ; "and indeed I ought to return something — but no money, captain."

"All the same, you exposed your life for me and —"

"Exposed my life for you !" cried Falou. "Pooh ! I defended it, that's all. Do you want to see how that *ci-devant* was coming at me ? Look here."

Falou drew his sabre and showed the blade with a gash almost half an inch deep.

"He was no weakling, I'll answer for that. Besides,

we shall meet again; you can do me a return in kind, captain; but sell you a horse, I, — Falou? Never!"

And Falou was making for the door when the general stopped him, saying:—

"Come here, my man."

Falou turned round, quivering with emotion, and walked back towards the general, his hand to his kepi.

"You come from Franche-Comté?" asked Pichegru.

"Yes, general."

"What part?"

"From Boussière."

"Have you parents?"

"An old mother, if you call that parents?"

"Yes; what does your old mother do?"

"Bless her! poor dear woman, she makes my shirts and knits my socks."

"What does she live on?"

"What I send her. But as the Republic is out of pocket and I haven't had any pay these five months, I'm afraid she lives pretty badly just now. However, they say, thanks to the Prince de Condé's waggon, we are going to get our back-pay now. Ah! the good prince; my mother will bless him."

"Bless an enemy of France?"

"What does she know about it? the good God will understand she's drivelling."

"So you mean to send her your pay?"

"Oh! I'll keep a trifle for a drop to drink."

"Keep it all."

"And the old woman?"

"I'll take care of her."

"General," said Falou, shaking his head, "I don't see that clearly."

"Let me look at your sabre."

Falou unbuckled his belt and presented the weapon to Pichegru.

"Oh," he said as he did so, "it is in a dreadful state."

"In fact," said the general, drawing it from the scabbard, "it is unfit for use; take mine."

And Pichegru, unbuckling his sabre, gave it to Falou.

"But, general," said the chasseur, "what am I to do with your sabre?"

"Parry and thrust with it."

"I'd never dare use it — your sabre!"

"Then you can let it be captured."

"I! not if I live!"

Putting the hilt to his lips, he kissed it.

"Very well; when the sabre of honor which I shall ask for you comes, you can return mine."

"Heu!" cried Falou, "if it is all the same to you, general, I'd rather keep yours."

"Very good, keep it, animal! and stop making such difficulties."

"Oh, friends!" cried Falou, rushing out of the room, "the general called me *animal*! and gave me his sabre! Vive la République!"

"Well, well!" cried a voice in the corridor; "that's no reason why you should bolt head foremost into your friends, especially when they are delegated, as you may say, ambassadors to the general."

"Ho! ho!" laughed Pichegru, "what does that mean? Go and see, Charles; and receive the ambassadors."

Charles, enchanted to have an active part in the piece that was being played, ran to the door and returned almost immediately.

"General," he said, "they are delegates from the regiment of the Indre, who have come in the name of their comrades, with Corporal Faraud at their head."

"Who is Corporal Faraud?"

"The wolf man of last night."

"Last night he was a private soldier."

"Well, to-night, general, he is a corporal; it is true his chevrons are made of paper."

"Paper chevrons!" said the general, frowning.

"Hang it! I don't know," said Charles.

"Bring in the citizen delegates from the battalion of the Indre."

Two soldiers entered behind Faraud, who walked first, with the chevrons of a corporal, made of paper, on his sleeves.

"What does all this mean?" demanded Pichegru.

"General," said Faraud, carrying his hand to his shako, "these are delegates from the battalion of the Indre."

"So I see," said Pichegru, — "come to thank me, I suppose, in the name of the battalion, for the addition I put to their pay."

"On the contrary, general, they have come to decline it."

"Decline it! and why?" asked Pichegru.

"Damn it! general," said Faraud, with a peculiar movement of the neck that was his alone, "they say they fought for glory, for the grandeur of the Republic, for the rights of man, and for nothing else. As for what they did, they say they didn't do more than their comrades, and consequently, they oughtn't to have more than they. They have been told," went on Faraud, with the twist of his neck by which he expressed all his sensations, grave or gay, — "they've been told that if they go to citizen Esteve they'll get their pay, — a fact they can't believe; but if that wonderful tale be true, general, their pay is enough, they say."

"Do you mean they refuse the rest?" said Pichegru.

"Out and out," replied Faraud.

"And the dead," said Pichegru, "do they refuse it?"

"Who?" asked Faraud.

"The dead"

"They have n't been consulted, general"

"Well, you can say to those who sent you that I never take back what I have given; the gratuity I gave to the living will be given to the fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, sons and daughters of the dead. Have you any objection to make to that?"

"None in the world, general."

"That's fortunate. Now, come here."

"I, general?" said Faraud, twisting his neck.

"Yes, you."

"I'm here, general."

"What are those sardines you've got on your arm?"

"Those are my chevrons as corporal, general."

"Why in paper?"

"Because there are no worsted ones."

"Who made you a corporal?"

"My captain."

"What is your captain's name?"

"René Savary."

"I know him; a young fellow of nineteen or twenty."

"He can hit hard for all that, I tell you, general!"

"Why did he make you a corporal?"

"You know very well," said Faraud, with his accustomed twitch.

"No, I don't know."

"You told me to make two prisoners."

"Well?"

"I made them, — two Prussians."

"Is that so?"

"Read it on my chevron."

So saying he raised his arm and put the chevron within the range of Pichegru's eyes; two written lines were visible thereon. The general read them:—

The fusileer Faraud, 2d company battalion of the Indre, has made two Prussian prisoners, for which reason I have made him corporal, subject to the ratification of the commander-in-chief.

RENÉ SAVARY.

"I did in fact make three — prisoners, I mean," said Faraud.

"Where's the third?"

"The third was a fine, handsome fellow, an *émigré*, a *ci-devant*; the general would have had to shoot him, which

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I knew he wouldn't like to do, or spare him, and that might have compromised him."

"Ha! what then?"

"Then I let him — well, there! I let him go."

"Right," said Pichegru, with a tear in his eye, "I make you sergeant."

XXVI.

THE ENVOY OF THE PRINCE.

THE chasseur Falou and Corporal Faraud have not, I trust, made you forget citizen Fenouillot, commercial traveller in wines for the house of Fraissinet at Châlons, nor the six bottles of champagne which his gratitude induced him to present to Pichegru.

One of these six bottles was still unopened when the general resumed his place at table. Citizen Fenouillot uncorked it, or rather attempted to do so, in a clumsy manner which made the general smile. Pichegru took the bottle from the traveller's hand, cut the strings, and broke the wires with the thumb of his left hand, — that is, with his uninjured thumb, — and sprang the cork.

"Come, citizen," said he, "a last glass to the prosperity of the arms of the Republic."

The commercial traveller raised his glass higher than any of the others.

"And may the general," he said, "finish gloriously the campaign he has so gloriously begun!"

All the officers joined noisily in the toast.

"And now," said Pichegru, "as I echo the wish of the citizen expressed in that toast, we have not a moment to lose. Our victory of to-day is but the prelude to two struggles far more difficult; we have two fights to make before we can reconquer the lines of Weissembourg, lost by my predecessor. Day after to-morrow we shall attack Frœschwiller; in four days, the lines; on the fifth we shall be in Weissembourg; the sixth, we shall have raised the siege of Landau." Then, addressing Macdonald, "My dear colonel," he said, "you are, you know, my right eye; I charge you with visiting all the posts, and showing to each

corps the ground it is to occupy. You will command the left wing, Abattucci the right, I the centre; see that the men want for nothing, — no superfluities, of course, but they ought to have rather more than usual to-day." Then, turning to the other officers, he added, "You all know, citizens, the regiments with which you are in the habit of fighting; you know those on whom you can depend. Assemble their officers and tell them I have written to-day to the Committee of Public Safety that on the day after to-morrow we shall sleep at Froeschwiller, and in a week, at the latest, in Landau; tell them to remember one thing, — that my head will answer if I fail of my word."

The officers rose, and each prepared, by buckling on his sabre and taking his hat, to execute the orders of the commander-in-chief.

"As for you, Charles," continued Pichegru, "go to the room they've prepared for us and see that the three mattresses are arranged as usual. You'll find on a chair a little bundle addressed to you; open it, and if what it contains pleases you, use it at once, — I ordered it for you. If the bruise you got this morning hurts your chest come and complain to me, and don't go to the surgeon-major."

"Thank you, general," said Charles, "but I don't want any better compress than the one which flattened the ball. As for the ball itself," added the lad, pulling it from his pocket, "I've kept that to show my father."

"And you can roll it up in a certificate I will give you. Go along, my boy, go."

Charles went off; Pichegru cast his eyes on citizen Fenouillot, who was still sitting in his place; then he bolted both doors which gave access to the dining-room, and again sat down opposite to his guest, who seemed a good deal surprised by these actions of the general.

"There!" said the latter, "now for us two, citizen."

"For us two, general?" repeated the commercial traveller.

"Let us play above board."

"I ask nothing better."

"Your name is not Fenouillot; you are no relation to the lawyer at Besançon; you were not the prisoner of the Prince de Condé; you are his agent."

"All that is true, general."

"And you have stayed here, at the risk of being shot, to make me certain royalist propositions."

"That is also true."

"You are saying to yourself: 'General Pichegru is a brave man; he knows there's a good deal of courage in what I am doing; he will refuse my proposals, but he will not have me shot; and he will send me back to the prince with his refusal.'"

"True again, — except that I hope, after having listened to me —"

"I warn you that there is a case in which, after having listened to you, I shall have you shot."

"What is that?"

"If you dare to put a price upon my treachery."

"Or your devotion."

"We will not discuss words, but things. Are you disposed to answer me on all points?"

"On all points, general, yes, I am so disposed."

"I shall put you through a close examination, I warn you."

"Question me."

Pichegru drew his pistols from his belt and laid them, one on each side of his plate.

"General," said the pretended commercial traveller, laughing, "is that what you call playing above board?"

"Have the kindness to put my pistols on the chimney-piece, which is nearer to you than to me," said Pichegru; "they annoy me in my belt."

He pushed the pistols within reach of the other's hand; the latter rose, laid them on the chimney-piece, and sat down again. Pichegru made an inclination of his head, — a salutation which the other returned.

"Now," said Pichegru, "let us begin."

"I am ready."

"What is your name?"

"Fauche-Borel."

"Where do you come from?"

"Neufchatel. I might, however, have been named Fenouillot, and born in Besançon, inasmuch as my family is from Franche-Comté, and quitted it only after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes."

"In that case I should have recognized you for a compatriot by your accent."

"Pardon me, general, may I ask how you came to discover I was not a traveller in wines?"

"By your way of uncorking a bottle. Another time, citizen, choose a different business."

"Which?"

"That of publisher, for instance."

"So you know me?"

"I have heard speak of you."

"In what manner?"

"As a rabid enemy of the Republic, and the author of royalist pamphlets. Excuse me if I continue to examine you."

"Go on, general, I am at your orders."

"How did you become the agent of the Prince de Condé?"

"My name was first noticed by Monsieur le Régent¹ on the titlepage of a pamphlet entitled, 'Notes on the Regency of Louis-Stanislas Xavier, son of France, uncle of the King, and Regent of France.' He noticed it a second time when I made the inhabitants of Neufchatel sign the 'Act of Union.'"

"Yes," said Pichegru, "and I know that from that time your house became the rendezvous of *émigrés*, and a hot-bed of the counter-revolution."

¹ Title borne by Louis XVIII. as long as the son of Louis XVI. was living.

"The Prince de Condé knew it too, and sent a certain Montgaillard to ask if I would attach myself to him."

"I suppose you know that Montgaillard is double-faced?" said Pichegru.

"I fear so," replied Fauche-Borel.

"He acts for the prince under two names, — Roques and Pinaud."

"You are well informed, general; but Monsieur de Montgaillard has nothing to do with me; we serve the same prince, that's all."

"Let us resume, then. You were saying that the prince sent Montgaillard to ask if you would attach yourself to him."

"Yes. He told me that the prince had his headquarters at Dawendorff, and would receive me there with pleasure. I started at once; I went to Weissembourg in order to cheat your spies and make them believe I was going to Bavaria. I then went down to Hagenau, and from Hagenau I reached Dawendorff."

"How many days have you been here?"

"Two days."

"How did the prince open the subject?"

"In the simplest way. I was presented to him by the Chevalier de Contye. 'Monsieur Fauche-Borel,' said my introducer. The prince rose and came to me. I suppose you wish me, general, to tell you exactly what he said?"

"Yes, exactly."

"'My dear Monsieur Fauche,' he said, 'I know you through my companions-in-arms, who have told me twenty times how hospitable you have been to them. I have therefore desired to see you and offer you a mission which is as honorable as it will be advantageous. I have seen for a long time that there is little use in relying on foreigners. The replacing of our family on the throne of France is only a pretext with them. The enemy is always an enemy; they are doing everything in their own interests, and nothing really for France. No, it is from within that we must come

to our restoration; and,' he continued, laying his hand on my arm, 'I have thought of you, a Frenchman, to carry a message from the king to General Pichegru. The Convention has just ordered the junction of the Army of the Rhine with that of the Moselle, and it has subordinated Pichegru to Hoche. He will be furious; profit by that moment to induce him to serve the cause of monarchy; make him understand that the Republic is a mere chimera.'"

Pichegru had listened to this tirade with perfect calmness, and he smiled at the conclusion of it. Fauche-Borel expected some sort of reply, and he brought in the appointment of Hoche as commander-in-chief for a climax; but to this part of the ambassador's discourse Pichegru had replied by an amused smile.

"Go on," he said.

Fauche-Borel resumed: —

"It was in vain for me to tell the prince that I was quite unworthy of such an honor. I assured him I had no other ambition than to serve him according to my means, — that is, as an active and zealous man. The prince shook his head and said: 'Monsieur Fauche, you or no man.' Then, laying his hand on my heart, he added: 'You have mettle enough there for just such missions; you could make the first diplomatist in the world.' If I had not been a royalist I might have found good reasons to refuse; but being one, my ambition is to serve the royal cause in any way whatever, and I yielded. I told you, citizen general, how I came by way of Weissebourg and Haguenau to Dawendorff. I was just debating how to go from Dawendorff to Auenheim, when, this morning, your advanced guard came in sight. 'Pichegru spares you the trip,' said the prince; 'it is a good omen.' It was then agreed that if you were beaten I should go to you; for you know the fate the Convention awards to its defeated generals. If you were the victor I was to await you here, and, by help of the little fable of the wine, introduce myself to you personally. You are the victor; you have seen through my little fable; I am

at your mercy; and I offer but one excuse on my own behalf,—my profound belief that I am acting for the happiness of France, and my intense desire to save the shedding of blood. I await with confidence the decision of your justice.”

Fauche-Borel rose, bowed, and sat down again as calm apparently as though he had just proposed a toast to the Nation at a patriotic banquet.

XXVII.

PICHEGRU'S ANSWER.

"MONSIEUR," replied Pichegru, using the old form of address, abolished by law in France for over a year, "if you were a spy I should have you shot; if you were an ordinary inciter to desertion I should send you before the Revolutionary tribunal, which would guillotine you. But you are a confidential agent who bases his opinion more, I think, on sympathies than on principles. I shall reply to you coldly and seriously, and I shall send you back to the Prince de Condé with my answer. I am of the people, but my birth does not influence my opinions; they are the result, not of the caste in which I was born, but of the long historical studies which I have made. Nations are great organized bodies subject to human maladies: sometimes there is debility, and you must treat them by tonics; sometimes plethora, and they need bleeding. You tell me that the Republic is a chimera, and I am of your opinion, for the present at least. We have not yet reached a republic; we are still in a period of revolution. For one hundred and fifty years kings have ruined us; for three hundred years the great lords have oppressed us; for nine centuries priests have held us in bondage. The moment came when these burdens were too heavy for the loins that bore them; and the year '89 proclaimed the rights of man, relegated the clergy to the status of other subjects of the kingdom, and abolished privileges, whatsoever they were. The king remained; his rights were not yet touched. They said to him: 'Will you accept France such as we have now made her, with her three orders, — commons, clergy, and nobles, each weighing against the others? Will you accept the Constitution, with the privileges it leaves to you, the civil list it grants, the duties it imposes upon you? Reflect soberly.

If you refuse, say No, and abdicate; if you say Yes, swear it.' The king said Yes, and swore it. The following day he left Paris, and, certain as he felt (all precautions having been taken) of reaching the frontier, he sent to the representatives of the nation who, the night before, had received his oath, this message: 'I swore by constraint and force; my oath was of the lips, not the will; I abdicate my duties; I take back my rights and privileges; I shall return with a foreign enemy to punish your revolt.' "

"You forget, general," said Fauche-Borel, "that what you call the foreign enemy are his family."

"Ah," said Pichegru, "that's just the evil of it! It is an evil that the family of the King of France should be the enemy of France; but so it is. Louis XVI., the son of a princess of Saxony and of a son of Louis XV., has not even one half of French blood in his veins. He marries an Austrian archduchess, and these are the quarterings of his royal arms: 1st and 3d, Lorraine; 2d, Austria; and 4th alone, France. It results, as you say, that when the king, Louis XVI., quarrelled with his people he appealed to his family; and as that family was the enemy, he appealed to the enemy; and as, at his call, the enemy entered France, the king committed the crime of treason to the nation, which is equal to that of treason to royalty, if not greater. From all this came a dreadful thing. While the king was imploring the success of his family's arms he was praying for the shame of the armies of France; the queen, knowing that the Prussians were at Verdun, counted the days till they could be in Paris; then came that dreadful thing I spoke of: France, maddened with hatred and patriotism, rose as one man. Resolved to endure no longer the enemy before her, the Austrians and Prussians; the enemy within her, the king and queen; the enemy behind her, the nobles and the aristocracy,—it came to pass that the nation confounded all her enemies in one; cannonaded the Prussians at Valmy, decimated the Austrians at Jemmapes, stabbed the aristocrats in Paris, and beheaded the king and queen

on the place de la Révolution. By means of that terrible convulsion she thought she was cured! She was mistaken. The family which made war upon France, under pretext of securing Louis XVI. on his throne, continued the war under pretext of putting Louis XVIII. on it, but in reality to enter France and parcel her among themselves. Spain wants Roussillon; Austria, Alsace and Franche-Comté; Prussia, the margraviates of Anspach and Bayreuth. The nobles divided themselves into three classes: some fought France on the Rhine and on the Loire; others conspired in her midst; war without and within; foreign war, civil war. That was the cause of the massacre of thousands of human beings in the prisons; of thousands of men and women being dragged to the guillotine. And why was all this? Because the king, having taken an oath, would not keep it; and instead of casting himself into the arms of his people,—that is, France,—threw himself into the arms of his family,—that is, the enemy.”

“Then you approve of the massacres of September?”

“I deplore them. But what can you do with an outraged people?”

“You approve the death of the king?”

“I think it terrible. But the king should have kept his oath.”

“You approve the political executions?”

“I think them abominable. But the king had no right to appeal to the enemy.”

“Ah! you may say what you like, general, the year '93 is a fatal year.”

“For royalty, yes; for France, no.”

“Well, let us put aside the civil war, foreign war, massacres, executions; these millions of assignats mean bankruptcy.”

“So be it.”

“I say so too, in the sense that royalty will have the glory of restoring credit.”

“Credit will be restored by the division of estates.”

"How so?"

"Have you not seen that the Convention decrees that the estates of the *émigrés* and the property of all convents shall become a part of the national domain?"

"Yes; what else?"

"Have you not seen that another decree of the Convention authorizes the purchase of this national domain with assignats, which, for such purchases, shall be held at par, and cannot be depreciated?"

"Yes, I know that."

"Well, my dear monsieur, *all is there!* With an assignat of a thousand francs, insufficient to buy a ten-pound loaf at a baker's, a poor man may buy an acre of land and till it himself, and furnish bread for himself and his family."

"Who will dare to buy stolen property?"

"Confiscated property, which is not at all the same thing."

"Either way, buyers will not want to be the accomplices of the Revolution."

"Do you know how much has been sold this year?"

"No."

"One thousand millions. Next year they'll sell double."

"Next year! Do you think the Republic can last a year longer?"

"The Revolution, yes?"

"The Revolution? But, as Vergniaud says, the Revolution is like Saturn; it will eat its own children."

"It has many children, and some are difficult of digestion."

"Well, it has devoured the Girondins."

"The Cordeliers are left."

"Some day the Jacobins will make but one mouthful of them."

"Then the Jacobins will be left."

"The Jacobins! have they any men like Danton, like Camille Desmoulins?"

"They have men like Robespierre and Saint-Just; and they are the only party who follow essential truth."

"After them?"

"After them, I don't see clearly; I am very much afraid the Revolution will end with them."

"But between then and now, oceans of blood will flow."

"Revolutions are thirsty."

"But those men are tigers."

"What I fear in revolutions is not tigers, but foxes."

"And yet you consent to serve them?"

"Yes, because they, even they, are the men of France; they are the Syllas and Mariuses who brace the nation, not the Caligulas and Neros who enervate it."

"Then you think that each of the parties you have named will rise and fall in turn?"

"If the genius of France is logical, it will be so."

"Explain yourself."

"Each party as it succeeds to power will do great things, for which the gratitude of our children will reward it, and commit great crimes, which its contemporaries will punish; and to each party will happen that which happened to the Girondins. The Girondins killed the king, — remark, I do not say royalty, — and now they are succeeded by the Cordeliers; the Cordeliers killed the Girondins, and according to all probability, they themselves will be killed by the Jacobins; and finally, the Jacobins, that last expression of the Revolution, will be killed — by whom? I tell you I don't know. When they are all killed you can come and see me again, Monsieur Fauche-Borel, for there won't be any question of blood then."

"What will there be a question of?"

"Our shame, probably. I may serve a government that I hate, but I will never serve a government that I despise. My motto is that of Thræseas: *Non sibi deesse*."

"And now — your answer?"

"Here it is. The moment is ill-chosen to attempt anything against the Revolution, which proves its strength by cutting the throats of its enemies from Nantes to Toulon,

from Lyon to Paris, — five hundred persons a day. Wait till she has had enough of it.”

“And then?”

“Then,” continued Pichegru, gravely, with frowning brows, “as it must not be that France, fatigued by action, should exhaust herself in reaction, and as I have no more confidence in the clemency of the Bourbons than I have in the moderation of the people, the day on which I lend my hand to the return of any member of that family, on that day I shall have in my pocket a charter like that of England, or a constitution like that of America, — a charter or constitution in which the rights of the people shall be guaranteed and the duties of the sovereign defined; that will be the condition of my service, *sine qua non*! I am willing to be Monk, but a Monk of the eighteenth century, a Monk of ’93, preparing the presidency of Washington, and not the royalty of Charles II.”

“Monk made his own conditions, general.”

“I shall make none but those of France.”

“Well, general, his Highness has taken the initiative, and, in case you should decide, here is a paper written by his own hand containing offers which go, I am sure, far beyond the conditions you would have made for yourself.”

Pichegru, who, as a true Franche-Comtéan was a great smoker, had been filling his pipe during the latter part of his conversation with Fauche-Borel, and this important operation was just concluded as the envoy handed him the paper which contained the offers of the Prince de Condé.

“But,” said Pichegru, laughing, “I thought I had made you understand that if I decided at all, it would not be for two or three years.”

“So be it; but nothing prevents you, meantime, from knowing the contents of this paper,” replied Fauche-Borel.

“Bah!” said Pichegru, “when we get there it will be time enough.”

Then, without casting a look at the paper, without even unfolding it, he touched it to the flame of the fire, lighted

his pipe with it, and did not let it go till it was entirely consumed. Fauche-Borel, thinking this was done in mere absent-mindedness, made a motion to catch Pichegru's arm. But perceiving, almost instantly, that it was the act of a reflecting man, he let him complete it, and involuntarily he raised his hat.

At that moment the noise of a horse entering the courtyard at a gallop made both men turn their heads. It was Macdonald returning, his horse in a lather, and it was easy to see that he brought important news. Pichegru, who had bolted the door, went quickly to unbolt it; he did not want to be found locked in with the pretended commercial traveller, whose real name and errand might later become known.

Almost immediately the door opened and Macdonald appeared. His cheeks, naturally ruddy, were redder than usual, lashed as they had been by the north wind and a fine rain.

"General," he said, "the advanced-guard of the Army of the Moselle is at Pfaffenhoffen; the whole army is following, and General Hoche with his staff are immediately behind me."

"Ah!" said Pichegru, with an expression of hearty satisfaction, "that's good news, Macdonald. I said that in eight days we should recover the lines of Weissembourg, but now, with a general like Hoche and men like those of the Army of the Moselle, we shall have them in four."

He had scarcely said the words before the staff of young officers who accompanied Hoche flooded, so to speak, the courtyard, the pavement of which disappeared beneath horses, plumes, and floating scarfs. The old town-hall shook to its foundations; it was as though a tidal wave of youth, courage, patriotism, and honor had dashed against its walls. In an instant every horseman was afoot with his cloak off.

"General," said Fauche-Borel, "I think I had better retire."

"No, on the contrary, stay," said Pichegru; "you can tell the Prince de Condé that the motto of the generals of the Republic is really and truly *Fraternity!*"

Pichegru stood facing the door to receive the man whom the government sent him as commander-in-chief. A little behind him on his left was Fauche-Borel, on his right Macdonald. The flood of young officers was heard ascending the stairs with the joyous laughter of careless good-humor; but the moment Hoche, who was at their head, opened the door and they saw Pichegru, silence fell. Hoche took his hat in his hand, and the whole staff, bareheaded, entered after him and ranged themselves in a circle round the room. Then Hoche, approaching Pichegru and bowing low, said:—

"General, the Convention has committed an error. It has appointed me, a soldier twenty-five years old, commander-in-chief of the united armies of the Rhine and the Moselle, forgetting that one of the great warriors of our epoch was already in command of the Army of the Rhine. This error I have come to repair, general, by putting myself under your guidance and begging you to teach me the rough and difficult business of real war. I have instinct, you have knowledge; I am twenty-five, you are thirty-three; you are Miltiades, I am scarcely Themistocles; the laurels on which you lie hinder me from sleeping; I ask to share your bed." Then turning to his officers, who were standing with their heads inclined, hat in hand, —

"Citizens," he said, "this is our general-in-chief. In the name of the safety of the Republic and the glory of France I request you, and if need be I order you, to obey him as I shall obey him myself."

Pichegru listened smiling. Hoche continued:—

"I have not come to take away from you the glory of recovering the lines of Weissembourg, a work which you began so admirably yesterday. Your plan is of course already made; I will adopt it,—too happy to serve you

as aid in that glorious work." Then, stretching out his hand towards Pichegru, he continued: "I swear obedience in all matters of war to my elder, my master, my model, to the illustrious general, Pichegru. Your turn, citizens."

The whole staff, with a single gesture, stretched out their hands, and with a single voice, swore.

"Your hand, general," said Hoche.

"In my arms," replied Pichegru.

Hoche flung himself into Pichegru's arms, who pressed him to his heart. Turning to Fauche-Borel, all the time with his arm round his young colleague's neck, Pichegru said:—

"Tell the Prince de Condé what you have seen, citizen; and add that we shall attack him to-morrow at seven in the morning; we owe to a compatriot the civility of giving notice."

Fauche-Borel bowed.

"The last of your compatriots," he said, "died with that Thraseas whom you were citing to me just now; you are Romans of old Rome."

And he departed.

XXVIII.

A DRUM-MARRIAGE.

THE same day, about four in the afternoon the two generals were bending over a large military map of the department of the Lower Rhine. A few feet away from them Charles was writing, dressed in a becoming coat of the national blue, with collar and trimmings of sky blue, and wearing the red fez of all headquarter secretaries; this outfit was the present which Pichegru had ordered for him.

The two generals had just decided that the next day, December 21, should be employed in marching round the curve which separates Dawendorff from the heights of Reischoffen, Froeschwiller, and Wœrth, where the Prussians were intrenched. These heights taken, communication with Wissembourg would be cut off, and Haguenau, being isolated, must surrender. The army was to march in three columns; two to attack in front; the third was to file through the woods and rallying to the cannon, take the Prussians in flank. As each of these decisions was made Charles wrote it down and Pichegru signed it; then the commanders of the various corps, who were in the next room, were called in, and each received his instructions and departed to rejoin his command and hold himself ready to execute the order.

At this moment word was brought to Hoche that his rear-guard, finding no room in the village, refused to bivouac in the fields, and showed signs of insubordination. Hoche asked the number of the battalion; they told him it was the third.

"Very good," said Hoche; "go and tell the third battalion, from me, that it will not have the honor of fighting in the next battle."

And he went back tranquilly to his work.

A quarter of an hour later four soldiers of the third battalion appeared, in the name of their comrades, to beg the general's pardon and ask that the battalion, which was going to encamp at once in the open, might have the advance in the coming battle.

"The advance?" said Pichegru, "that's impossible; I have promised it as a reward to the battalion of the Indre; they'll march at the head; the 3d battalion may come second."

The last orders were just being sent off when the sound of a barrel organ was heard under the windows, playing the air of the patriot's hymn: "*Allons, enfants de la patrie!*" Hoche paid no attention to the serenade; Pichegru on the contrary, listened attentively as the first notes were heard; then he went to the window and opened it. An organ-grinder was turning the handle of his instrument persistently; but the darkness was too great to distinguish his face; moreover, the courtyard was full of persons coming and going, and Pichegru may have felt afraid of exchanging words with the man. He therefore closed the window in spite of the continued grinding of the musician. But he turned to his young secretary.

"Charles," he said, "go down to that organ-grinder, and when you get near him say, 'Spartacus;' if he replies, 'Kosciusko,' bring him up to me. If he doesn't reply, I'm mistaken; leave him where he is."

Charles, without inquiring further, ran off. The organ continued to grind out the Marseillaise, running from one strophe to another without pausing to take breath. Pichegru listened attentively. Hoche looked at him, aware of some mystery which would no doubt soon be explained.

Suddenly, in the midst of a bar, the organ stopped. Pichegru smiled and nodded to Hoche. An instant later the door opened and Charles appeared, followed by the organ-grinder. Pichegru looked at the latter for a moment, saying nothing; he did not recognize him. The man was below middle height, and wore the costume of an Alsatian

peasant. His long black hair fell over his eyes, which were further shaded by a broad-brimmed hat; he seemed about forty to forty-five years of age.

"My friend," said Pichegru, addressing him, "I think that lad may have been mistaken; it is not you I want to see."

"General," replied the organ-grinder, "there can't be any mistake about a password. If you want to see Stephan Moinjski you have found him."

So saying, he raised himself to his full height, took off his hat and flung back his hair, and, save for the color of the hair and beard, Pichegru recognized the Pole who had come to him at Auenheim.

"Well, Stephan," said Pichegru.

"Well, general," replied the spy, "I have found out all, or nearly all you want to know."

"Very good; put down your organ and come here. Listen, Hoche; this is information about the enemy. I am afraid," he added, turning to Stephan, "that you have n't had time to make it thorough."

"Not about Wörth, because an inhabitant of that town has promised to give the information when we reach Fröeschwiller; but about Fröeschwiller and Reischoffen I can tell you everything you want to know."

"Begin."

"The enemy has abandoned Reischoffen to concentrate on Fröeschwiller and Wörth; he knows about the junction of your two armies and is concentrating his forces at those points, which he intends to defend to all extremes. Those two points, strong by nature, have just been fortified with intrenchments, redoubts. and bastions. The enemy at the bridge of Reischoffen, which he intends to defend, and on the heights of Fröeschwiller and Wörth, has 22,000 men and about thirty cannon, five of which are detached to defend the bridge. Now," continued Stephan, "as I thought it likely you would begin by Fröeschwiller, here is a plan of the ground the enemy are occupying. Condé's

troops are holding the town; those, I have no feeling against, they are Frenchmen. As for the rest, general, once master of the heights you command the town, and consequently it must be yours. As for Woerth, I can't say anything about that yet, — except this, that I hope to help you take it without a fight."

The two generals passed the plan from one to another; it was made with the precision of an excellent engineer.

"Faith, my dear general," said Hoche, "you are lucky in having spies whom, at a pinch, you might make officers of engineers."

"My dear Hoche," replied Pichegru, "the citizen is a Pole; he is not a spy, — he is simply avenging himself." Then, turning to Stephan, he said, "Thank you; you have kept your word and more than kept it; but your work is not done yet. Will you undertake to find two guides who know the neighborhood and will not go astray on the darkest night? You will march with one, and break his head at the first hesitation on his part. I'll march near the other. As you probably have n't any pistols, here are mine."

And the general gave Stephan a pair, which the latter took with a glow of pride.

"I can find safe guides," said Stephan with his native laconism; "how much time do you give me?"

"Half an hour; three quarters at the most."

The pretended organ-grinder shouldered his instrument and was going towards the door, when, before he could touch it, the Parisian Faraud inserted his wriggling head through the aperture.

"Oh! beg pardon, general," he said, "on the honor of a sergeant, I thought you were alone; but I can go out if you require it and tap softly, — as they did in the old times on the doors of tyrants."

"No," replied Pichegru, "not necessary; as you are here, you can stay. Then turning to Hoche, "My dear general," he said, "this is one of my braves; he is afraid of

wolves, it is true, but he is not afraid of Prussians. He made two prisoners this morning, and in return I made him a sergeant."

"Bless me!" said Faraud, "more generals? Then I shall have two for witnesses instead of one."

"I would like you to observe, Faraud," said Pichegru, with that kindness he showed to his men when he felt good-natured, "that this is the second time to-day I have had the pleasure of seeing you."

"Yes, general," said Faraud, "there do come lucky days, just as there are damned unlucky ones, when you can't see fire without catching a ball."

"I presume," said Pichegru, "that you have not come here to deliver a lecture on transcendental philosophy."

"General, I came to ask you to be my witness."

"Your witness!" exclaimed Pichegru, "are you going to fight a duel?"

"Worse than that, general; I'm going to be married."

"Good! to whom?"

"The Goddess Reason."

"You have luck, you scamp!" said Pichegru. "She's the prettiest and best girl in the army. How did you manage it? Tell me the story."

"Oh! it's very simple, general; I needn't say I'm a Parisian, need I?"

"No, indeed."

"Well, the Goddess Reason is a Parisian too; we come from the same neighborhood. I loved her; she was not unfavorable; when, just as we were going to settle it, behold, there came along that procession of 'The country in danger,' with its black flags and the roll of the drums, and citizen Danton after it, calling out, 'To arms! to arms! the enemy is within four days of Paris.' I was a journeyman carpenter, and somehow it put me all topsy-turvy. The enemy four days from the capital! the country in danger! 'Faraud!' I said, 'you must save the country; you must repulse the enemy!' I flung the plane

to all the devils. I grabbed a gun, and I went and enlisted under the banner of the municipality. Then I told the Goddess Reason that her sweet eyes had driven me to despair, and I was going to the wars so as to die the quicker. Then Rose said — her name's Rose, Rose Charleroi, who gets up fine linen — she said: 'As true as there's a God they are going to dethrone, if my poor mother was n't ill, I'd go too!' 'Ah!' said I, 'Rose, women can't fight.' 'But they can be sutlers,' says she. 'Rose,' I cried, 'I'll write you every fifteen days to let you know where I am; and if you can get away, will you join my regiment?' 'Promised,' she says. So we shook hands and kissed each other, and forward, march! After Jeminape, where my regiment was cut to ribbons, we were drafted into the volunteers of the Indre and sent to the Rhine. Who should I see arrive, about six weeks or two months ago, but Rose Charleroi! Her poor mother was dead, and she had been chosen as the handsomest and best girl of the quarter for the Goddess Reason in some procession, I forget what; after which, faith! she kept her word to me and went and enlisted. When I heard of her arrival I rushed to see her and wanted to kiss her. 'Sluggard!' says she, 'not even a corporal!' 'How can I help that, Goddess?' said I, 'I'm not ambitious.' 'Well, I am ambitious,' she says; 'so don't come and see me again till you're a sergeant — unless it is to drink a drop.' 'But,' I said to her, 'will you marry me the day I am a sergeant?' 'On the flag of the regiment, I swear it!' she says. And she has kept her word, general; in ten minutes we shall be man and wife."

"Where?"

"Here, in the courtyard, under your windows, general."

"What priest is there to marry you?"

"The drummer."

"Ha, ha, so it is a drum-marriage, is it?"

"Yes, general, Rose wants things done regular."

"Very right," said Pichegru, laughing; "I recognize the

Goddess Reason in that. Tell her that as she has chosen me for her witness I'll dower her."

"Dower her, general?"

"Yes, with a donkey and two barrels of brandy."

"Oh, my general! you prevent me from asking you for something else."

"What is it? say on."

"Well, I was to ask, — this is not in my name, but in the name of my comrades, — well, general, it is, hoping for your permission, that the day may end as it began, by a ball."

"Then," said Hoche, "as second witness, I shall pay for the ball."

"And the town-hall shall furnish the ball-room," added Pichegru. "But remember, and let everybody know it, that the ball is to end at two o'clock, and at half-past two the army will march, — we have twelve miles to do before daylight. So every one is warned; those who want to sleep may sleep, those who want to dance may dance. We will witness the marriage from the balcony. When all is ready a roll of the drum will give us notice."

Rich with all these promises, Faraud precipitated himself down the staircase, and there was presently heard in the courtyard the uproar consequent on his apparition.

The two generals left alone made their last decisions for the battle of the morrow. One column, which was to start first under the orders of Colonel René Savary, was to make a forced march, so as to reach the village of Neuwiller by mid-day. At the sound of the first cannon it was to advance on Frœschwiller and attack the Prussians in flank. A second column, under Macdonald, was to go by the Zeuzel to Niederbronn. The two generals would themselves march with this column. The third was to make a demonstration at the bridge of Reischoffen, and try to carry it; if prevented, it was merely to occupy the enemy while the two other columns turned the position. This third column was to be commanded by Abattucci.

These arrangements were hardly settled before the roll of a drum announced to the two generals that their presence was awaited for the nuptial ceremony. They did not keep it waiting, but appeared at once on the balcony.

Mighty cheers resounded as soon as they appeared; Faraud saluted after his fashion, and the Goddess Reason grew as red as a cherry. The whole staff surrounded the bridal pair. It was the first time that this novel ceremony, often repeated afterward in the three great armies of the Republic, had taken place in the army of the Rhine.

"Come," said Faraud, "to your post, Spartacus!"

The drum-major thus apostrophized mounted a table, before which Faraud and his bride placed themselves. Spartacus gave a roll to his drum, and then in a loud and vigorous voice, so that no person present should lose a syllable of what he said, he thus proclaimed:—

"Listen to the law! Inasmuch as in camp there cannot always be a municipal officer with stamped paper and a scarf to open the gates of Hymen, I, Pierre-Antoine Lichonneau, otherwise called Spartacus, drum-major of the battalion of the Indre, do now proceed to the legitimate union of Pierre-Claude Faraud and Rose Charleroi, vivandière of the 24th regiment."

Here Spartacus interrupted himself and gave a roll to his drum, which was taken up by all the other drums of the battalion of the Indre and those of the 24th regiment. Then, the roll being concluded,—

"Approach, bride and bridegroom!" said Spartacus.

The bridal pair made one step forward to the table.

"In presence of the citizen-generals Lazare Hoche and Charles Pichegru, assisted by the battalion of the Indre, the 24th regiment, and all those who have been able to get into this courtyard, and in the name of the Republic, one and indivisible, I unite you, and I bless you!"

Spartacus executed another roll, during the performance of which two sergeants of the battalion of the Indre extended a sapper's-apron (to do duty for the dais) over the

heads of the bride and bridegroom; that done, Spartacus resumed:—

“Citizen Pierre-Claude Faraud, you promise your wife protection and love, don’t you?”

“*Parbleu!*” replied Faraud.

“Citoyenne Rose Charleroi, do you promise your husband constancy, fidelity, and little tipples at discretion?”

“Yes,” replied Rose Charleroi.

“In the name of the law I pronounce you married. The regiment will adopt your numerous children— Stop, stop, don’t go away! Another roll!”

A roll of twenty-five drums was heard, until at a sign from Spartacus it stopped suddenly.

“Without that you would n’t live happy,” he said.

The two generals applauded, laughing. Nothing was now heard but vivas and hurrahs, followed in a few moments by the rattle of glasses.

XXIX.

SIX HUNDRED FRANCS FOR THOSE PRUSSIAN CANNON!

AT six o'clock in the morning, that is, at the moment when the sun was disputing with a heavy fog for its right to illumine the world, the moment too when the first column under Savary was approaching Jägerthal, and the cannon was beginning to growl in the direction of the bridge of Reischoffen attacked by the third column under command of Abattucci, the second column, the strongest of the three, with Hoche and Pichegru at its head, crossed the torrent which passes Niederbronn and took that village without striking a blow.

At this first stage, twelve miles having been done, a slight rest was given to the soldiers; they breakfasted, and the Goddess Reason made her rounds with her donkey and the two barrels of brandy. One barrel was used up, to the cry of "Vive la République." Then the column started again, about eight o'clock, for Fröschwiller, hardly two miles distant. The cannon at the bridge of Reischoffen was still heard.

But suddenly the sound ceased. Was the bridge taken, or had Abattucci been forced to fall back? The general called Doumerc.

"Have you a good horse, captain?" he asked.

"Excellent."

"Able to leap hedges and ditches?"

"Everything."

"Put him to a gallop in a bee-line for the bridge of Reischoffen; bring me news, or get yourself killed."

Doumerc started; ten minutes later two horsemen were seen returning along the way he had taken. They were

Doumerc and Falou. A third of the way the captain had met the worthy chasseur, who was sent by Abattucci to announce that the bridge was carried and he himself marching on Frœschwiller. Falou had taken prisoner a Prussian officer, and Abattucci had made him a corporal. Abattucci requested the general to confirm the appointment. Falou was sent back, duly a corporal, with a verbal message to Abattucci to continue his march on Frœschwiller and threaten the place, and to hold himself ready, while the second column carried the heights, to send to its assistance if necessary. All this was arranged without stopping the march of the column, which was now within sight of the heights of Frœschwiller.

A small wood lay between Niederbronn and Frœschwiller, and as the march was made across the plain and not along a regular road, Pichegru, fearing that the little wood might mask an ambuscade, ordered twenty men and a sergeant to beat it.

"Pooh!" said Doumerc, "it is n't worth while, general, to detach a squad for that."

And putting his horse at a gallop he rode through the wood from end to end and then recrossed it, coming out three hundred feet from where he went in.

"No, general," he cried, "there is no one there."

The wood was passed; but suddenly, when they reached the edge of a ravine, the advanced guard was saluted by a volley of musketry. Three or four hundred sharpshooters were scattered along the windings of the gorge and among the clumps of trees that covered it. The two generals formed their men into an attacking column. The general ordered Charles to stay with the rear-guard, but the boy entreated so earnestly to be allowed to go with the staff that Pichegru consented.

Frœschwiller stood at the base of a hill that bristled with redoubts and cannon. On the right, not three miles distant, Abattucci's column was seen advancing, driving before it the troops that had vainly endeavored to hold the bridge.

"Comrades," said Pichegru, "shall we await our companions, who have already had their glory at the bridge, before attacking those redoubts? or shall we win for ourselves alone the glory of carrying them before the others come up? It will be hard work, I warn you."

"Forward! forward!" cried the battalion of the Indre (which formed the head of the column) with one voice.

"Forward!" cried Hoche's men, who, the night before, had threatened to mutiny, and who, after submitting, had obtained the honor of the second place.

"Forward!" cried General Dubois, who belonged to the Army of the Moselle and commanded the rear-guard, which now, by the wheeling of the column, was brought to the front.

Instantly the drums beat and the bugles sounded the charge; the first ranks broke into the Marseillaise; the ground shook with the onset of these three or four thousand men as the human whirlwind took its course, heads down and bayonets forward. Hardly had it gone a hundred steps before the hill belched forth its flames like a volcano; and then the solid ranks were seen to open in bloody furrows as though an invisible plough had been driven through them; but no sooner were they opened than they closed. The Marseillaise and the cries of "Forward!" continued, and the distance which separated the first French lines from the intrenchments was beginning to disappear, when a second thunder of artillery burst forth and the cannon-balls again tore their way through the ranks. Again the ranks closed up; but this time darkling anger succeeded to enthusiasm; the song died out, a few voices only accompanied the music, the quick-step charge became a run.

At the instant when the first ranks reached the intrenchment a third volley was fired. This time the artillery, using grape-shot, poured an actual hurricane of fire into the attacking column. The whole assaulting force recoiled before that deadly torrent. This time, death no longer mowed in lines, it fell like hail upon a wheatfield; the songs

were silenced, the music ceased, the tidal wave of human beings not only stopped, but it made a motion backward.

Again the victorious hymn resounded. General Dubois, who, as we said, was now in the advance and commanded the attack, had his horse killed under him and they thought him dead. But, in a moment, he freed himself from the body of the animal, rose, put his hat on the point of his sabre, and waved it high, crying out "Vive la République!" That cry, "Vive la République!" was taken up by all the survivors and all the wounded who still had strength to utter it. The moment of hesitation was over; again the charge was sounded, the bayonets were lowered and the roar of lions succeeded to the songs and cries.

The first ranks were already surrounding the redoubt; the grenadiers were clinging to the walls to scale them when thirty cannon thundered in one discharge with a noise as though a powder magazine had exploded. This time General Dubois fell, never to rise again, cut in two by a ball. The first ranks disappeared in a tempest of fire, swallowed up as it were in a gulf. The column not only recoiled, but it fell back, and in a moment, without any one knowing how it happened, forty paces lay between the column and the redoubt, covered with dead and dying.

Then a gallant deed was done. Before Pichegru, who had sent two of his aids to hasten Abattucci, could see his object, Hoche, flinging his hat away that all might recognize him, sprang forward with his hair waving, sabre in hand, leaping his horse over the bodies and standing high in his stirrups, —

"Soldiers!" he cried, "six hundred francs apiece for those Prussian cannon! Going — going —"

"Gone!" cried the men with a single voice.

Again the bands, twice silenced, took up the hymn, and amid the belching of grape-shot and balls, and a hail of bullets, all of which made their mark, Hoche was seen, followed by a crowd maddened with hatred and vengeance and no longer keeping ranks, close to the wall of the

redoubt, where, using his horse as a springboard, he attained the top and plunged, hand to hand, upon the enemy.

Pichegru laid his hand on the shoulder of the boy Charles, who was gazing at this terrible sight with fixed eyes and quivering mouth.

"Did you ever see a demigod, my lad?" he said to him.

"No, no, general."

"Then," said Pichegru, "look at Hoche. Was ever Achilles, son of Thetis, grander or handsomer than he?"

And in truth, surrounded by enemies, his long hair floating in the wind, his forehead pale, his lips disdainful, Hoche, with his beautiful face and tall form, was the perfect image of a hero, dealing death and despising it.

How did the soldiers mount behind him? How could they have climbed that parapet that was eight to ten feet high? That is a thing impossible to tell or to describe. But what did happen was that scarcely five minutes after Hoche had made his spring the redoubt was full of Republican soldiers trampling under foot the bodies of a hundred and fifty Prussians.

Again Hoche bounded on the parapet, and counting the cannon of the redoubt, he cried out:—

"Four cannon knocked down, at two thousand four hundred francs, to the first ranks of the attacking column!"

He stood a moment in view of the whole army, like a living flag of the Revolution, exposed as a target to the enemy's balls, none of which touched him. Then, in a formidable voice, he cried out:—

"Now for the rest! Vive la République!"

And then, amid the shouts and songs of war, the blaring of the brass instruments, the roll of drums, general, officers, and men flung themselves pell-mell into the intrenchments.

At the first discharge of cannon, the *émigrés*, who were holding themselves ready, made a sortie from the town; but they were met by the advanced guard of Abattucci's column, which, coming up at a run, effectually prevented them from assisting the Prussians, having enough to do to

defend themselves. Abattucci had also detached fifteen hundred cavalry, whom Pichegru now saw coming up at full speed, led by his two aides-de-camp. He put himself at their head, and seeing that Abattucci could well defend himself with the force that remained to him, Pichegru advanced in all haste to the support of those who had borne the brunt of the attack. These fifteen hundred fresh men, animated by their morning victory, sprang at their first onset beyond the second line of works. The cannoneers were killed at their pieces, and the guns, which it was impossible to turn against the Prussians, were spiked.

In the midst of the fire the two generals met, and both together, on reaching the top of a hill from which the whole plain of Neschwiller could be seen, gave a cry of triumph; for a black solid mass, with shining bayonets and tricolor plumes and flags bending like masts in a gale were seen coming up at a quick step. It was Macdonald and the first column, faithful to the rendezvous, who were now in time, not to decide the victory, for that was already decided, but to share it.

At this sight, the Prussians were routed and thought only of escape. They sprang to the parapets of the redoubts, jumped into the intrenchments, and rolled down, rather than descended, a slope of the hill which was so steep it had not been fortified. But Macdonald, by a rapid movement, had surrounded the base of the hill, and received the fugitives on the point of his bayonets.

The *émigrés*, who stood their ground with the bitterness of Frenchmen fighting against Frenchmen, understood, when they saw this flight, that the day was lost. The infantry began to retreat step by step, protected by the cavalry, whose frequent and daring charges were the admiration of those who fought them. Pichegru, under pretence that the men were tired, sent orders to the victors to let the *émigrés* retire, though at the same time he pursued the Prussians with all the cavalry he could muster, and allowed them no chance to rally short of Wœrth.

Then, being in haste to reach the summit of the hill whence they could see the whole battlefield, the two generals started for it, taking the slope along which each had fought. Once there they flung themselves into each other's arms, one with his bloody sabre held high, the other with two shots through his hat. Thus seen in the midst of the smoke which rose to heaven like that of a cooling volcano, they appeared to the eyes of the army, those two victors, magnified by the atmosphere about them to the stature of giants.

At that sight a vast cry of "Vive la République!" resounded on all sides of the mountain and rolled down until it was lost upon the plain, — mingling with the dolorous moans of the wounded and the last sighing breaths of the dead.

XXX.

THE ORGAN.

It was mid-day, and the victory was wholly ours. The Prussians, beaten, abandoned a field of battle covered with their dead and wounded, twenty-four caissons and eighteen cannon. The cannon were dragged before the generals, who paid those who had taken them the price at which they had been put up before the action, — namely, six hundred francs apiece. The battalion of the Indre had taken two.

The soldiers were dreadfully weary, — first with their night march, and then with those three hours of terrific fighting. The generals, while sending one battalion forward to take possession of Frœschwiller, ordered that the rest of the army should halt where it was and breakfast. The bugles sounded, the drums beat to halt, the muskets were stacked. In a moment Frenchmen had relighted the Prussian fires which were not quite out. On leaving Dawendorf three days' rations had been issued, and as the men had received their back pay the night before, each had added something to the government diet-list, — either a sausage or a smoked tongue, a roast fowl or a section of ham. They all had their mess-tins full. If by chance any were not well provisioned and had only their dry bread, they opened the canteens of their dead comrades and took what they wanted.

During this time the surgeons and their aids were employed in sending to Frœschwiller such of the wounded as could be moved, and could await the dressing of their wounds, while they attended to the others on the field of battle. The two generals had settled themselves in a redoubt half way up the slope, occupied, an hour earlier, by

General Hodge. The Goddess Reason, now Citoyenne Faraud, had announced that in her capacity as chief vivandière to the Army of the Rhine she should take charge of the meals of the two generals. In a species of casemate they found a table, chairs, and knives and forks, all in good condition for use ; on a shelf were glasses and napkins. The provisions themselves were in the general's waggon, under care of Leblanc. But alas ! it now appeared that a stray cannon-ball had demolished the waggon and all it contained. Sad news, which Leblanc, who was not in the habit of uselessly exposing his life, came to tell the general just as the Goddess Reason was laying the table with twelve plates, twelve glasses, twelve knives and forks, and twelve napkins, and had placed twelve chairs around it. Alas ! all species of food and drink were conspicuous by their absence.

Pichegru was about to ask his men to make him a voluntary contribution of provender, when a voice which seemed to issue, like that of Hamlet's father, from the bowels of the earth, cried out : —

“ Victory ! victory ! ”

It was the voice of Faraud, who had discovered a trap-door, and descending through it had come upon a cellar with a well-filled larder. Ten minutes later the generals were served, and the principal officers of their respective staffs were seated round the board.

Nothing can give an idea of these fraternal symposia, where soldiers, officers, and generals broke the bread of the bivouac together, — the true bread of equality and fraternity. All these men, who were destined to traverse Europe from end to end, who had started from the Bastille like Cæsar's soldiers from the Mille d'Or, began to feel in each other that supreme confidence which results in moral superiority and gives victory. They did not know where they were going, but they were ready to go anywhere ! The world was before them, France behind them, — France, that land maternal above all others, the only mother-land

which palpitates with life and loves her children, which has a heart, and trembles with pleasure beneath their feet when they are triumphant, with grief when they are vanquished, with gratitude when they die for her.

Ah! he who knows how to take thee, Cornelia of the nations, he who can gratify thy pride, who can place upon thy head the laurel crown, and in thy hand the sword of Charlemagne, of Philip Augustus, of Francis the First, or of Napoleon, he alone knows all that can be drawn of milk from thy breast, of tears from thine eyes, of blood from thy heart!

There was, in this genesis of the nineteenth century, with its feet still buried in the mud of the eighteenth while it lifted its head into the clouds, there was in these first battles where a single people, in the name of the liberty and happiness of all peoples, flung their glove in the face of all the world,—there was, I say, something grand, Homeric, sublime, which I feel myself powerless to describe; and yet it was to describe it that I undertook this book. It is not the least of a poet's griefs to feel the **GRAND** and yet, breathless, panting, dissatisfied with himself, to fall below that which he feels.

Apart from the five hundred men sent forward to occupy Frœschwiller, the army, as we have said, remained to bivouac upon the battlefield, rejoicing in its victory and forgetting already the price it cost. The cavalry sent in pursuit of the Prussians had returned with twelve hundred prisoners and six pieces of artillery; the following is the report it brought:—

A short distance from Wœrth the 2d regiment of Carbineers, the 3d Huzzars, and 30th Chasseurs had come up with a body of Prussians surrounding a French regiment belonging to Abattucci's command which had missed its way and marched into the midst of the enemy. Attacked on all sides, the regiment had formed in square and thence from its four fronts came the fire of musketry which attracted the notice of their comrades,

The three regiments did not hesitate. With a solid charge they broke the terrible iron circle that surrounded their comrades. The latter, feeling themselves supported, formed in column and rushed, with heads and bayonets lowered, on the enemy. Cavalry and infantry then began their retreat toward the French army; but a considerable body of the enemy made a sortie from Woerth, and closed the way; again the fight began, with greater fury than ever. The French fought one to four, and they might perhaps have succumbed if a regiment of dragoons had not at the right moment charged into the *mêlée* with sabres up and forced a path to the infantry, which it disengaged; the infantry in turn again poured in its regular fire and soon cleared a space about it. Into this space the cavalry charged and made it wider. And then, all together, cavalry and infantry, rushed forward singing the *Marseillaise*, sabring, bayoneting, gaining ground, and drawing closer around the cannon, which they finally brought back into camp amid shouts and cries of "*Vive la République!*"

The two generals mounted their horses and rode into Frœschwiller to arrange a defence in case the Prussians should resume the offensive and attempt to retake the place. They also desired to visit the hospitals. All the peasants of the neighborhood and a hundred or more workmen in the town had been pressed into service to bury the dead. Seven or eight hundred men began to dig long trenches seven feet wide, thirty yards long, and seven feet deep, and in them were laid, side by side, Prussians and French, all living men and enemies that morning, now reconciled by death and lying together in one grave. When the two generals returned from their visit to the town the victims of this victorious day were sleeping, not on, but beneath the battle-field, without leaving other trace behind them than eight or ten ridges in the ground at the foot of the hill.

The town was too small to lodge the whole army, but with the quick-wittedness and rapidity of execution of

French soldiers, a straw village rose as if by enchantment upon the plain where a few hours earlier cannon-balls and grapeshot had ploughed the earth; the rest of the army lay in the intrenchments abandoned by the Prussians. The two generals established themselves in the redoubt, where one tent sheltered both.

Toward five o'clock in the afternoon, when darkness was coming on and the generals had just finished dinner, Pichegru, sitting between Charles, whom the sights of this terrible day, on which he had seen war at close quarters for the first time, had rendered thoughtful, and Doumerc, whom the same events had on the contrary rendered more loquacious than usual, — Pichegru, fancying no doubt that he heard some distant sound which might be a signal, hastily laid a hand on Doumerc's arm to silence him, and putting a finger on his lips began to listen.

Silence reigned. Then, in the far distance, was heard the sound of an organ playing the Marseillaise.

Pichegru smiled and looked at Hoche.

"That's sufficient, gentlemen; Doumerc, I release your tongue."

Doumerc instantly resumed his talk.

Two persons alone understood the interruption or noticed the organ; they were Charles and Hoche. Five minutes later, as the sound drew nearer, Pichegru rose, walked in a careless manner through the door, and stopped on a platform near a covered stairway which gave access to it. The sounds of the instrument came nearer; it was evident that the organ-grinder was climbing the hill. The general himself presently saw him making straight for the redoubt; but when he was twenty yards away from it the sentry challenged him. Unable to give the countersign, the man stopped short and again began the Marseillaise; as he did so, the general leaned forward over the breastwork and said to the sentry: —

"Let him pass."

The sentry recognized the general, and made way at once

for the organ-grinder. Five minutes more, and Pichegru and the spy were face to face. Pichegru made a sign to the man to follow him, and took him down into the cellar where the provisions of General Hodge had been discovered. By Pichegru's order Leblanc had put a table and two chairs in the place, together with a lighted lamp, and pens, ink, and paper. The valet was now stationed at the door with strict orders to let no one pass unless it were General Hoche or citizen Charles.

Six o'clock was striking in succession from the steeples of the neighboring villages; sometimes two struck together, but that was rare. Stephan listened to the chiming and counted the strokes.

"Good," he said, "we have twelve clear hours of night before us."

"Are we to do any thing to-night?" asked Pichegru, eagerly.

"Yes," replied Stephan, "we shall take Woerth, please God."

"Stephan!" cried Pichegru, "if you have kept your word to me, what shall I give you?"

"Your hand," replied Stephan.

"There it is," said Pichegru, seizing that of the Pole and shaking it vehemently.

Then sitting down he signed to the other to be seated.

"Now," he said, "what is to be done?"

Stephan placed his organ in a corner, but did not sit down.

"I must have," he answered, "ten carts of straw and ten carts of hay within two hours —"

"Nothing easier," said Pichegru.

"Sixty resolute men, ready to risk all, at least half of whom can speak German —"

"I have a battalion of Alsatians."

"Thirty Prussian uniforms."

"They shall be taken from the prisoners."

"Besides all that, three thousand men, well commanded,

to be ready to start from here at ten o'clock, pass Enashausen, and be close to the gate of Wœrth leading to Haguenau by midnight."

"I will command them myself."

"This corps must keep motionless and silent until it hears the cry of 'Fire!' and sees a blaze. Then it must rush into the town, the gates of which will be open."

"Good," said Pichegru; "I understand. But how are you going to open the gates of a town at midnight in the midst of war?"

Stephan drew a paper from his pocket.

"There's a requisition," he said.

And he put before Pichegru an order to the citizen Bauer, innkeeper of the Lion d'Or, to deliver within twenty-four hours ten carts of straw and ten carts of hay for the Chasseurs of Hohenlohe.

"You've an answer to everything," said Pichegru, laughing. Then calling to Leblanc he said: "Give the best supper you can to citizen Stephan, and ask General Hoche and Charles to come here to me."

XXXI.**IN WHICH WE BEGIN TO PERCEIVE THE ORGAN-GRINDER'S PLAN.**

THE same evening, toward eight o'clock, twenty carts, ten with straw, ten with hay, left Fröschwiller, by the road to Enashausen. Each was driven by a teamster, who, in virtue of the axiom that French is made to talk to men, Italian to women, and German to horses, was addressing his animals in speech accentuated by those wonderful oaths which Schiller, a dozen years earlier, put into the mouths of his brigands.

Once out of Fröschwiller, the carts went silently along the road leading to the village of Enashausen, situated at an angle of the road, where it turns rather abruptly toward Wœrth. They made no stop in the village, further than to give the teamsters time for a glass of brandy, but continued their way steadily to Wœrth. When they came within a hundred yards of the gate the leading teamster stopped his cart, and went alone to the town. He had not made ten steps before he was stopped by a sentry, to whom he merely replied: —

"I am bringing in some carts on requisition, and going to the guard-house for a permit."

The first sentry let him pass; so did the second, and the third. When he reached the gate he handed a paper through the wicket and waited. The wicket closed; an instant later the little gate beside the large gate opened. The sergeant on guard came out.

"It is you, my lad, is it?" he said; "where are your carts?"

"A few rods back, sergeant."

Useless to say that this question and the answer were made in German.

"Very good," said the sergeant, "I'll go and look at them, and then you can enter."

So saying, he called to the guard to watch the gate carefully, and followed the teamster. Together they passed the three sentinels, and reached the carts, which were waiting on the main road. The sergeant cast a perfunctory look at them, and gave the order to pass on. Carts and cartmen continued their way, passed the three lines of sentries, and entered the gates, which closed behind them.

"Now," said the sergeant, "do you know where the barracks of the Chasseurs of Hohenlohe are, or shall I send some one with you?"

"That's useless," replied the head teamster; "we are to take the carts to the Lion d'Or, and go to the barracks in the morning, so as not to make a stir at night."

"Very good," said the sergeant, re-entering the guard-house. "Good-night, comrades."

"Good-night," returned the teamster.

The hôtel of the Lion d'Or was scarcely more than three hundred feet from the gate. The head teamster knocked, and as it was not yet ten o'clock, the master of the inn himself came out upon the threshold.

"Ah, ha! it is you, Stephan, is it?" he said, glancing at the long line of carts, the first of which was before his door, and the last only a few steps from the gate.

"Yes, Monsieur Bauer, in person," replied the teamster.

"Is all well?"

"All's well."

"No difficulty in getting in?"

"Not the slightest; how is it here?"

"All ready."

"The house?"

"Only a match needed."

"Then shall I bring the carts into the courtyard? The men must be stifling."

Happily the courtyard was immense, and the twenty carts had room to stow themselves. The great gate was closed, and then at a given signal, — three raps, from the hand of each teamster, against the side of his vehicle, — a singular phenomenon was produced.

The bales of hay and straw began to move, and from each of them came two heads, then two bodies, then two entire men, clothed in Prussian uniforms. Next, from each cart another uniform was taken, which the teamsters, pulling off their cartman's smock and trousers, put on. And finally, to complete the whole, each soldier, still standing in the cart, took up his gun, and handed a third to the late teamster; so that by half-past ten o'clock, Stephan, who wore the overcoat and chevrons of a sergeant, had the sixty resolute, German-speaking men he had requested of Pichegru under his command.

They were stationed in a large stable, with orders to load their guns which had been, out of precaution, laid unloaded in the hay. Then Bauer and Stephan left the yard. Bauer guided Stephan, who did not know the town. First, he took him to the house which Stephan had mentioned. It was built at the highest point of the town, at the end opposite to the gate by which the carts had entered, not five hundred feet from the powder magazine. This house, which bore some resemblance to the cottages of the Grand Duchy of Baden and of Switzerland, was all of wood. Bauer showed him a room filled with combustible matters and resinous woods.

"At what hour shall the fire be set?" asked Bauer, as if he were speaking of the simplest thing in the world.

"Twelve o'clock," replied Stephan.

"You are certain the general will be at the gate by that time?"

"Yes, in person."

"You understand," continued Bauer, "that when the Prussians see that the fire is near the powder magazine, they will rush to that end of the town, to prevent its spreading

to the magazine, and to the park of artillery they have there. During that time the street to the gate will be clear, and that's the moment to seize the gate, and enter the town. The general can get as far as the great square without firing a gun. At the first shot there are five hundred patriots ready to open their windows and fire down on the Prussians."

"Have you men to sound the tocsin?" asked Stephan.

"I have two in each church," answered Bauer.

"Very good, then all is well," said Stephan; "let us just give a glance at the powder magazine, and go back."

They returned along the ramparts; the powder magazine and the park of artillery were, as Bauer had said, not five hundred feet from the wooden house, the burning of which was to serve as a signal to the patriots within and without the town.

At half-past eleven they returned to the Lion d'Or. The sixty men were ready; each had had a ration of bread and meat and wine, carefully prepared for them by Bauer; and they were full of enthusiasm, understanding perfectly that a great enterprise was intrusted to them; the thought made them happy and proud.

At a quarter to twelve Bauer pressed Stephan's hand, examined his tinder-box, made sure that the flint and tinder and matches were all there, and took his way to the wooden house. Stephan, left with his sixty men, explained his plan, told each man what he had to do, and made them promise they would do their best.

They waited.

Twelve o'clock struck. Stephan watched the sky for the first gleams of the fire. Hardly had the last stroke died away before a ruddy tint appeared on the roofs of the houses in the upper part of the town. Then the dull murmur of voices which in a town announces some accident was heard. Next the alarming note of the tocsin clamored from one steeple, and was taken up and repeated from all the bell-towers in the town.

Stephan now moved; the time had come. His men were standing in three squads of twenty in the courtyard. He opened the gate into the street. Every one was running in the direction of the upper town. He ordered his men to march in patrol and advance slowly to the gate. He himself preceded them, running, and calling out in German:

"Fire! in the upper town; fire! near the powder works; fire! Save the artillery waggons! save the magazine from exploding!"

Thus shouting, he reached the guard-house containing the twenty-four men who were guarding the gate; the sentry, who was pacing up and down, never thought of stopping him, taking him for the sergeant on duty. He rushed into the guard-room, crying out:—

"Every one to the upper town! save the artillery-waggons and the powder magazine! Fire! fire!"

Of all the twenty-four men, not one stayed behind. The sentry alone, unrelieved from his post, remained. But his curiosity, keenly excited, made him forget the proprieties, and he asked the sergeant eagerly to tell him what the matter was. The sergeant, with much amenity, informed him that a careless servant had set fire to the wooden house of Bauer, the landlord of the Lion d'Or. During this time the patrol came up.

"Qui vive?" said the sentinel.

"Only the patrol," said Stephan, suddenly putting a handkerchief in the sentry's mouth and pushing him toward the two foremost men of the patrol, who had the ropes all ready to gag and bind him. Then they took him into the guard-house, locked him in a room, and carried away the key. One of Stephan's men took the sentry's post; but it was necessary to know the password. Stephan took the key with one hand and a dagger with the other and went back to the man. What means he used we cannot say, but, in spite of his gag, the sentry had spoken.

The passwords were "Stettin" and "Strasbourg." They were given to the new sentry.

Then an irruption was made into the hut of the gate-keeper, and he too was gagged, bound, and put in a cellar. Stephan took possession of the keys of the gate.

He now put forty-five of his men into the guard-house and the hut, with four hundred rounds of ammunition, charging them to guard the gate till the last man of them was killed. Then he left the town, taking five men with him to deal with the sentinels outside.

In ten minutes two of the latter were dead, and the third a prisoner. Three of his five men took their places; then, with the two others, Stephan ran along the road to Enashaussen.

He had not gone more than a hundred yards when he came upon a dark and solid body of men; they were Pichegru's three thousand. A moment more, and he met the general.

"Well?" said the latter.

"Not an instant to lose, general; come on!"

"The gate?"

"Is ours."

"Come, boys!" shouted Pichegru, understanding that this was not the moment for explanations, "quick step, march!"

XXXII.

THE TOAST.

THE men obeyed with the joyous alacrity of hope. They picked up, one after the other, two of the sentinels; just as they reached the third a sharp fusillade was heard in the direction of the guard-house where Stephan had left his men.

“Quick, quick, general!” cried Stephan, “our men are attacked!”

The column broke into a run. As it approached, the bolts were drawn back and the gate opened. The republicans, though attacked by a triple force, had held firm; the gate was safely ours. The column rushed through it amid shouts of “Vive la République!” Stephan’s men, whose German uniforms pointed them out to those of Pichegru’s soldiers who did not know the ruse, rushed into the guard-house, or clung to the walls, to escape with their lives. Like the wild-boar butting with his snout and overturning everything on its way, the column rushed along the street, overthrowing all obstacles. Meantime, as it pressed onward with fixed bayonets and the few Prussians at the gate were flying before it, anxious to reach their main body and to give warning that the French were in the town, musketry was heard from various quarters of the town. This came from Bauer and his friends, who were firing from the windows.

When Pichegru reached the principal square of the town he was able to appreciate the alarm among the Prussians. They were running hither and thither, not knowing which way to go. He immediately formed part of the column in line of battle and fired upon the fugitives, while he sent a thousand men to the upper town where the crowd was greatest. In a moment the fight was going in a dozen different direc-

tions ; the Prussians, surprised, did not attempt to rally to a given point, so rapid had been the attack, and so unexpected and bewildering the conflagration, the tocsin, and the firing from the windows. Although in point of fact they had in the town a number nearly equal to that of Pichegru and Macdonald, they did not make the same struggle they might have made had the advantages not been so markedly on the side of the French.

By one in the morning the Prussians had abandoned the town, lighted on their way by the last flames from Bauer's house. But it was not until ten o'clock in the morning that Pichegru had satisfied himself personally as to the retreat of the enemy. He left guards everywhere ; watched the gates with the utmost vigilance, and ordered the men to bivouac in the streets.

All the people in the town behaved as if it were a festival, and did their best to contribute to the welfare of their benefactors. Each brought his tribute ; some gave straw and hay, others bread, others wine ; all opened their houses and lighted fires, before which spits were seen turning in those immense fireplaces which were the fashion in the eighteenth century, a few rare specimens remaining to the present day.

Presently a sort of procession, like that seen in the Northern cities during carnival, was organized. The Prussian uniforms which Pichegru's men had worn served to dress up effigies ; the town spontaneously illuminated ; from top to bottom of every house were lamps, lanterns, and candles ; the restaurant-keepers and the wine-merchants set tables in the streets, and every citizen took a soldier by the arm and invited him to the fraternal banquet.

Pichegru was careful not to oppose this patriotic demonstration. Man of the people himself, he favored everything that threw the people and the soldiers in each other's arms, — a double body, with a single soul. He knew well, intelligent and sensible as he was, that the strength of France lay there. Only, fearing that the enemy might

profit by some carelessness, he doubled all posts, although, in order that every man should share in the festivities, he ordered them relieved every hour instead of every two hours.

Resident in Wœrth were some twenty aristocrats, who illuminated like the rest, and even more splendidly, fearing no doubt that some one would accuse them of coldness toward the government, and that the day of reprisals having arrived they might suffer in their persons and their property. On this occasion they feared without grounds; their sole punishment was to witness the autos-da-fé before their doors; and these autos-da-fé were nothing worse than the burning of straw men in Prussian uniforms. The joy expressed before these houses seemed greater if not more sincere than elsewhere, for the fears of the occupants had led them to illuminate more gorgeously and to make the demonstration more complete; round the autos-da-fé they placed tables, and on these tables the aristocrats, delighted at being let off so cheaply, served actual banquets.

Pichegru remained in the square, sabre in hand, surrounded by about a thousand men, prepared to carry support, if needed, in any direction. But no serious resistance being made, he continued where he was, listening to reports, and giving instructions. When he saw that the order he had given to bivouac in the streets served as a pretext for a popular demonstration, he promoted it, as we have said, and leaving Macdonald to command in his stead, he took Stephan as a guide, and made his way to the upper town, where the fighting had been heaviest.

About three in the morning he returned.

Bauer had asked as a favor that the general would lodge at the Lion d'Or, and Pichegru granted it. The handsomest apartments in the hôtel had been prepared for him; the staircase was draped with flags, and adorned with garlands and mottoes; the windows of the dining-room were festooned with branches of trees, and flowers, and the table laid with twenty-five plates for the general and his staff.

Pichegru, as we have already said, apropos of the dinner offered to him at Arbois, was very indifferent to all such triumphal demonstrations. But this was a different matter, and he accepted the banquet as a Republican love-feast. He brought back with him the authorities of the town, who had not only been the first to surrender to him, but who had heartily encouraged the inhabitants in the course they had taken.

At the door of the inn, just as Stephan, who had acted as a guide, was preparing to leave him, the general caught him by the arm.

"Stephan," he said, "I have always practised the maxim that short accounts make long friends. Now I have a double account to settle with you."

"Soon done, general," said Stephan; "grant me two requests."

"They are granted."

"First, an invitation to supper."

"For yourself?"

"Oh, general! you know very well I am but a spy."

"In the eyes of the world, but in mine —"

"Let me be *myself* in yours, and that's enough, general; I will remain to others what I seem to be. My ambition is for something far beyond the consideration of men, — it aims at vengeance."

"Well then, what next?"

"That you give a toast."

"To whom?"

"You shall see when you give it."

"But I must know who it is, in order to give it."

"Here it is, written down."

Pichegru wished to read it; Stephan stopped him.

"No," he said, "when you give the toast, read it."

Pichegru put the paper in his pocket.

"And whom do you wish me to invite?" he asked.

"A great citizen, Prosper Bauer."

"The master of the hôtel?"

"Yes."

"What has he done to make him great?"

"You will know when you read the paper."

"You are always mysterious."

"In mystery lies my strength."

"You know that to-morrow we attack the enemy."

"Do you want any more information about him?"

"You are too tired."

"I am never tired."

"Do what you like; all you do will be well done — unless you let yourself be captured."

"At what hour can I report to you?"

"Any hour. If you are never tired, I have another quality, — I never sleep."

"Au revoir, general."

"Au revoir."

Turning toward the group of persons who had stepped aside during his talk with Stephan, he looked in vain for the innkeeper; not seeing him, he called to Charles.

"Charles," he said, "do me the kindness to find the landlord, Prosper Bauer, and beg him, from me, to do us the honor to sup with us. You are not to allow any excuse, you are not even to listen to any."

Charles bowed and set off in search of citizen Prosper Bauer. Pichegru went upstairs. The others followed. He put the mayor at his right, and the assistant mayor at his left, keeping the seat opposite to him vacant. That place was for the landlord of the Lion d'Or.

Bauer arrived, timid and embarrassed, almost dragged along by Charles.

"General," he said, addressing Pichegru, "I do not come on your invitation, of which I feel myself unworthy, but at your order."

"Very good, citizen," said Pichegru, pointing to the empty chair opposite to him; "take your place there and we will settle the matter after supper."

The meal was merry; deliverers and delivered drank

together. Hatreds are bitter between our worthy inhabitants of Alsace and the Prussians, and during the past two months, since the latter had forced the lines of Weissembourg, the Alsatians found many reasons to hate them still more bitterly. This time they hoped to be rid of them forever. Twenty-five years later they were destined to again see that insatiable black eagle, which, after devouring one third of the white eagle of Poland and the lion of Hanover, returned again to wrench off one head of the bicephalous bird of Austria.

The supper was splendid, the best wines of France and Austria flowed. When the time came for champagne, that sparkling wine of toasts, the general remembered his promise to Stephan. He rose, took his glass in one hand, and unfolded the paper with the other. All present rose, and then in the midst of the deepest silence he read as follows:—

“To that eminent patriot, citizen Prosper Bauer, who alone conceived the plan which recovered for France the town of Wœrth; who risked his life by receiving at his inn sixty of our men in Prussian uniforms; who first gave the signal to five hundred other patriots to fire from the windows; and who, to draw the Prussians to the upper town and divert them from the gate, set fire to his own house with his own hands. Let us drink to the man who in one day risked his life and gave his fortune.”

Pichegru was forced to stop,—the applause burst forth three times with triple ardor; but he made a sign that there was more to say; silence fell again, and he continued in a ringing voice:—

“May France and foreign nations read upon our conquering banners, by the glare of that pharos lighted by the purest patriotism and the most filial devotion: Hatred to tyrants! Nationality of Peoples! Liberty to mankind! Honor to the eminent patriot, the great citizen Prosper Bauer!”

Then in the midst of hurrahs and plaudits and bravos

Pichegru went up to him, and embraced him in the name of France. Three days later the taking of Woerth was announced in the "Moniteur," with Pichegru's toast reported in full. It was the only indemnity the worthy Bauer would consent to receive.

XXXIII.

THE ORDER OF THE DAY.

HOWEVER much we may have wished not to involve ourselves in tales of sieges and of battles, it is absolutely necessary that we should now follow Hoche and Pichegru along their triumphant course. One or two chapters will suffice to bring to a close this first part of our narrative, which we are anxious to continue until the moment when the enemy is driven, on this side at least, beyond the frontiers of France. In fact, as we shall see, after the three victories of Dawendorff, Fröeschwiller, and Wörth, the enemy himself took the frontier route.

At four in the morning Stephan came to announce to Pichegru that the Prussians, bewildered and astonished at the manner in which they had been driven from Wörth, had abandoned their positions and were retreating in two columns through the notches of the Vosges mountains, one towards Drachenbronn, the other to Lembach.

The moment that Wörth was in our power Pichegru dispatched an aide-de-camp to Hoche to announce to him the results of the day and tell him that on the following morning, or rather that morning at five o'clock, he should make a sortie in three columns and attack the enemy in front. He invited Hoche to leave the intrenchments, march on Goersdorff and attack in flank. The retreat of the Prussians rendered this manœuvre useless. Doumerc, roused from his sleep, jumped on his horse, and dashed off to tell Hoche to pursue the enemy, while Pichegru turned aside to Haguenau, to retake that town.

But at the moment when Pichegru at the head of his column reached the heights of Spachbach, he met a messenger sent to him by the mayor of Haguenau to tell him

that the Prussian garrison, hearing of the triple victory which cut off their communications with the corps under Hodge and Wurmser had evacuated the town during the night, marched through the woods at Souffelnheim, and recrossed the Rhine near Fort Vauban. Pichegru thereupon detached a thousand men and sent them, under command of Lieber, to occupy Haguenau; then, retracing his steps, he passed again through Wœrth, took the road to Pruschkdorff and slept that night at Lobsam.

Stephan was sent to inform Hoche of this unexpected return and invite him to make the greatest haste to join Pichegru and recover at once the lines of Weissembourg.

The country through which they passed, presented the spectacle of an irruption which must have been something like that which furrowed the earth in the times of the Huns, Vandals, or Burgundians. The Austrians, forced to leave the line of the Moder, had retired to the lines of Weissembourg, on this side of the Lauter, and here they intended to give battle. They were under the command of Marshal Wurmser.

The Prussians had done likewise; ascending the river Sauerbach, under command of Hodge, they crossed the river at Lembach and made their junction with the Austrians at Weissembourg.

But the curious part of it was that the rapid retreat of the two armies bore with it all the *émigrés* and all the Alsatian nobles who had come in the wake of the armies with their families, and who were now fleeing back as best they could. The roads were covered with chariots, carriages, horses, forming an inextricable tangle, through which our soldiers forced their way without seeming to notice that they were in the midst of a population of the enemy, who, strangely enough, as soon as our men had passed through them, appeared to be following the army they were really escaping.

The two French generals made their junction at Roth. At the same moment great cries of "Vive la République!"

were heard; the ranks of the soldiers opened, and the two representatives commissioned to the armies, Saint-Just and Lebas, made their appearance. They had supposed that the enemy would cling tenaciously to his lines and that their presence with the army would encourage the troops.

The two representatives and their suite joined the headquarters of the two generals, to whom they paid many compliments on the successive battles which had now so completely cleared the way. Charles had been the first to recognize the representative from the department of the Aisne, crying out:—

“Ah! here’s the citizen Saint-Just!”

Pichegru stooped and said in his ear,—

“Not a word about that fatigue-cap, young one.”

“I’ll be sure of that!” exclaimed Charles; “ever since he told me how he shot his best friend I distrust him.”

“And rightly, too.”

Saint-Just came up to Pichegru and congratulated him in a few brief, incisive words. Then, recognizing Charles,—

“Ah!” he said, “so, between a toga and a sword, you have chosen the sword, have you? Don’t let him be killed, citizen Pichegru; he is an honest boy who will make an honest man, and that’s a rare thing.” Taking Pichegru aside, he went on, “My police tell me, though I cannot believe it, that you had an interview at Dawendorff with an emissary of the *ci-devant* Prince de Condé. I say again, I did not believe it.”

“Nevertheless it is true, citizen Saint-Just.”

“What did he come for?”

“To make treasonable propositions.”

“What were they?”

“I don’t know; I was filling my pipe at the time, and I lighted it with the letter of the Prince de Condé, without reading what he said.”

“Of course you ordered the messenger to be shot?”

“I took good care not to.”

“Why so?”

"If he were dead he could not tell the prince with what contempt I treated his proposals."

"Pichegru, you had some secret purpose behind such clemency?"

"Yes; that of fighting the enemy at Frœschwiller the next day, taking Woerth the day after, and forcing their lines to-day."

"Then Hoche and you are really ready to march against the enemy?"

"That is what we always are, citizen representative; above all, when you honor us with your company."

"Very good, then forward!" said Saint-Just.

He sent Lebas to Hoche to order him to advance to the attack. The drums and the trumpets sounded on all sides, and the march was resumed.

Chance willed that the same day, December 26, the Austrians and Prussians determined, if not to resume the offensive, to make a stand before Weissembourg; so that the French, arriving at the brow of a hill, saw the enemy ranged in battle before them from Weissembourg to the Rhine. The position was good for the offensive, but not for the defensive; the Lauter being a gulf into which they might be driven in case of defeat. Therefore their advanced guard marched forward at once to the attack.

Seeing this, Hoche and Pichegru concluded that the weight of the battle would fall on their centre, and they gathered there a mass of thirty-five thousand men; while three divisions of the Army of the Moselle threatened the enemy's right from the ravines of the Vosges, and two other divisions, commanded by an aide-de-camp of General Broglie (who saw his first service that day with the Army of the Rhine) advanced to the attack by Lauterbourg. That young aide-de-camp, who was scarcely twenty-seven years old, was named Antoine Desaix.

Suddenly Saint-Just and Lebas, who were marching, one on the battle front of Pichegru, the other on the battle front of Lebas, cried out almost simultaneously: "Halt!" They

were then not a cannon-shot from the enemy, and it was evident that in half an hour the two armies would come together, hand to hand.

"Citizen Pichegru," said Saint-Just (and Lebas said the same to Hoche), "call up your officers; I have a communication to make to them before the battle."

"Officers to the front!" cried Pichegru.

The generals of brigade, the colonels, aides-de-camp, and captains repeated the order, which was passed along the lines. Instantly all officers of every grade, even to the sub-lieutenants, left the ranks and formed an immense circle around Saint-Just and Pichegru, and around Lebas and Hoche on the other front.

This movement took at least ten minutes. The officers alone moved; the soldiers stood motionless. Meantime the Prussians and Austrians advanced, and the noise of their drums and bugles began to reach the ears of the French.

Saint-Just drew a printed sheet from his pocket; it was the "Moniteur."

"Citizens," he said, in that strident voice of his which had such mighty power that it was heard distinctly at a distance of five hundred yards. "I wish before the fight begins to tell you some good news."

"What news?" cried all the officers, with one voice.

Just then a battery of the enemy opened, and its projectiles picked out their victims in the French ranks. An officer, with his head blown off, fell at Saint-Just's feet, but he seemed not to notice, and calmly, in the same voice, went on:—

"The English are driven from Toulon, that infamous town. The tricolor flag waves over it. Here," he continued, "is the 'Moniteur' which contains not only the official announcement but the details; I would read them to you if we were not under fire of the enemy."

"Read them," said Pichegru.

"Read them, citizen representative of the people, read them!" cried the officers.

The soldiers, in whose ranks the first discharge had opened some gaps, looked impatiently at the circle of officers. A second discharge was heard, and again a hailstorm of iron came hissing by. Other openings were made.

"Close up the ranks!" cried Pichegru.

"Close up!" repeated the officers, and the spaces disappeared.

In the midst of the circle a horse fell, struck by a piece of shell. The rider disentangled his feet from the stirrups and approached Saint-Just to hear better.

Saint-Just read. —

28th Frimaire, year II of the Republic, one and indivisible.
Eleven at night

The Citizen Dugommier to the National Convention.

CITIZEN REPRESENTATIVES, — Toulon is in our power Yesterday we took Fort Mulgrave and Little Gibraltar

To-day the English have evacuated the forts and burned the French fleet and the Arsenal The storehouse of masts is on fire; twenty vessels are burned, eleven of which are line-of-battle ships, and six are frigates, fifteen were carried off, thirty-eight are saved

At ten o'clock this evening Colonel Cervoni entered the town. To-morrow I will write you again Vive la Republique!

"Vive la République!" cried the officers.

"Vive la République!" echoed the whole centre and the right wing.

A third cannonade was heard, and more than one cry of "Vive la République!" was begun and never ended.

"Here," continued Saint-Just, "is a letter from our colleague Barras, who is ordered to punish the city of Toulon; it is addressed to the National Convention"

CITIZEN REPRESENTATIVES, — The majority of the infamous inhabitants of Toulon have embarked on the vessels of Hood and Sidney Smith; consequently, national justice cannot be vindicated as it should be. But, happily, the houses could not be torn from their foundations; the city remains, in order that it may be made to disappear beneath the vengeance of the Republic, like those accursed

towns of which no trace is left. We thought at first of destroying the place by mines, but that might have blown up the magazines and Arsenal. We have therefore sent for all the masons of the six surrounding departments, who with their tools will raze the city to the ground. With an army of twelve thousand masons, the work can be done with speed, and in fifteen days not one stone shall be left upon another in Toulon.

To-morrow the fusillades begin, and will last until there are no more traitors to be shot.

Greeting and fraternity! Vive la République!

The enemy continued to advance; the roll of the drums and the blare of the trumpets could be heard, and also, from time to time, as the wind brought them, the melodious notes of the military bands. All was presently drowned in the roar of cannon. A hail of grapeshot fell upon the French lines, and especially among the circle of the officers.

Pichegru rose in his stirrups; seeing a certain disorder among the men, he cried out:—

“To your ranks!”

“To your ranks!” repeated the officers.

Again the lines formed compactly.

“Ground arms!” cried Pichegru.

And the butts of fifteen thousand muskets touched the ground with admirable regularity.

“Now,” said Saint-Just, without the slightest alteration being noticeable in his voice, “here is a communication from the minister of war; it is addressed to me, but only for transmission to Generals Hoche and Pichegru.”

CITIZEN REPRESENTATIVE,—I have received the following letter from citizen Dutheil, junior.—

“Toulon is in the power of the Republic; the cowardice and perfidy of our enemies have reached their height; our artillery has been magnificent,—to that we owe our victory; not a soldier was less than a hero, and their officers set them the glorious example. Words fail me to express the value of Colonel Bonaparte. Much knowledge, much intelligence, too much daring,—that gives a faint idea of the merits of this officer. It is for you, minister, to advance him for the glory of the Republic.”

I have promoted Colonel Bonaparte to be general of brigade, and I beg you to tell Generals Hoche and Pichegru to put his name in their orders of the day. The same honors will be shown to the brave man whose name they send me as having been the first to cross the lines at Weissembourg.

"You hear, citizens," said Pichegru, "that the name of Colonel Bonaparte is in the orders of the day of this army. Each of you return to your post, and communicate that name to your men. Now that the English are beaten it is the turn of the Prussians and Austrians! Forward, march! Vive la République!"

The name of Bonaparte, which had just burst so gloriously into light, ran from rank to rank, and a mighty shout of "Vive la République!" went up from forty thousand throats; the drums beat the charge, the trumpets sounded, the bands rang out the Marseillaise, and the whole army, so long detained, sprang forward as one man to meet the enemy.

XXXIV.

FARAUD AND FALOU.

THE object of the campaign, which, as we know, had been to reconquer the lines of Weissembourg, was accomplished, in ten days, from north to south, at Landau and at Toulon. the enemy had been driven out of France; the soldiers were now to have the rest they so much needed. At Kaiserslautern, Guermersheim, and Landau immense supplies of cloth, shoes, forage, and provisions had been found. In one storehouse alone at Kaiserslautern, over a thousand blankets were taken.

The time had come for Pichegru to fulfil the promises he had made to his men. The accounts of paymaster Esteve were all in, the twenty-five thousand francs allotted to the battalion of the Indre were deposited with the general, with an additional twelve hundred, the auction price of the two cannon captured by that battalion. This sum of twenty-six thousand two hundred francs was literally immense, for it was all in gold, the louis d'or at that time, when six thousand millions of assignats were in circulation, was worth seven hundred and twelve francs of the paper money.

The general issued an order that Faraud and the two men who had accompanied him when he was sent with a message from the battalion should be brought before him. All three arrived,—Faraud with the chevrons of a sergeant-major, the other two with those of a corporal.

"Here I am, general," said Faraud; "and these are the two comrades, Corporal Groseiller, and fusileer Vincent."

"You are welcome, all three of you."

"You are very good, general," replied Faraud, with the usual twist of his neck.

"You know that twenty-five thousand francs were allotted for the widows and orphans of the dead in the battalion of the Indre?"

"Yes, general," replied Faraud.

"To which sum the battalion has added twelve hundred francs?"

"Yes, general, by the same token that it was an idiot named Faraud who was carrying them tied up in a handkerchief, and let them drop in stupefaction, when he heard he was sergeant-major."

"Will you answer for that idiot that he won't do it again?"

"On the word of a sergeant-major, general, even though you were to make him a colonel."

"We have n't got to that yet"

"So much the worse, general."

"Still, I am going to promote you."

"Me!"

"Yes."

"What, again?"

"I make you paymaster."

"In place of citizen Estève?" said Faraud, with his famous twist. "Thanks, general, the place is a good one"

"No, not exactly," said Pichegru, laughing at the fraternal familiarity that makes the strength of armies, and which the Revolution introduced into ours.

"More's the pity!" said Faraud

"I make you paymaster in the department of the Indre, to the amount of twenty-six thousand two hundred francs; that is to say, I charge you—you, and those two comrades of yours, as a reward for the satisfaction your conduct has given to me—to distribute that sum among the families whose names are on this paper."

And the general gave Faraud a list, drawn up by the quarter-masters.

"Ah, general!" cried Faraud, "that's a reward indeed! What a pity they've deposed the good God."

"Why so?"

"Because the prayers of those families would have sent us straight to heaven."

"As for that," said Pichegru, "by the time you are ready to go there, probably he will have been reinstated. Now, how do you propose to go on your mission?"

"Where, general?"

"To the department of the Indre; there are several others to pass through before you get there."

"On foot, general. It will take some time, but that does n't matter."

"Well, I wanted to see what you'd say, brave hearts that you are! See here, this is a purse for your expenses: nine hundred francs; three hundred for each of you."

"We can go to the end of the world on that."

"But you mustn't stop every third mile or so for a tippie."

"We won't stop at all."

"Not at all?"

"No, I'll take the Goddess Reason with me."

"Then I shall have to add three hundred francs for the travelling expenses of the Goddess Reason; there! there's a cheque on citizen Estève."

"Thank you, general; when shall we start?"

"The sooner the better."

"To-day?"

"Yes, off with you, my boys; and good luck to you. Only, at the first cannon —"

"Back at roll-call, general."

"Very good. Now go and tell them to send me citizen Falou."

The three soldiers departed.

Five minutes later citizen Falou presented himself, wearing at his side, with infinite majesty, the general's sabre. Since the general had last seen him a slight change had come over his countenance. A gash, beginning at the ear, and ending at the lip, had laid open the right cheek;

the lips of the wound were held together by straps of plaster.

"Ah, ha!" said Pichegru, "it seems you were rather late with your tac."

"No, it was n't that, general," said Falou; "there were three of them after me, and before I could kill two, the third gave me that razor cut. It is n't anything; it would be dry now if there was any wind; unluckily the weather is so damp"

"Well, the fact is, I'm not sorry it happened."

"Thank you, general; a fine scar like that is no injury to a man's appearance."

"That's not what I mean."

"What then?"

"It gives me a chance to grant you a furlough."

"A furlough, — me?"

"Yes, you."

"Oh, general, see here! no nonsense; I hope you don't mean a lasting furlough?"

"No, no, — only for fifteen days."

"What for?"

"Why, to go and see mother Falou."

"Poor old dear! that's true"

"You want to take her your back-pay, you know."

"Ah, general! you have no idea what a lot of brandy poultices it takes for wounds; they are like a mouth; they drink and drink, — you can't imagine."

"But I can guess that your pay is cut into"

"Worse than my sabre was when you saw fit to give me a new one."

"Well, I'll do for your pay as I did for your sabre."

"You don't mean you'll give me more?"

"Here, take that. The Prince de Condé bears the expense."

"Gold! oh, what a pity the old woman is blind! the sight would have reminded her of the good times when there was gold."

"She will have eyes enough to sew the sergeant's strap on your sleeve that the Prussians have cut into your cheek."

"Sergeant, sergeant of cavalry! I, general?"

"Yes, that is the rank they have written on your furlough."

"True," said Falou, looking at the document, "there it is, with all its letters."

"Get ready to start."

"To-day?"

"To-day."

"On foot, or on horseback?"

"In a carriage."

"Carriage! — I in a carriage?"

"In a post-chaise, too."

"Like the hounds of the king when he went on a hunt! Might I know why I'm to have that honor?"

"My secretary, Charles, who is going to Besançon, will take you with him and bring you back."

"General," said Falou, clicking his heels together and bringing his hand to his kepi, "it remains for me to thank you."

Pichegru gave him a nod and a wave of the hand; Falou pirouetted on his heels, and departed.

"Charles! Charles!" called Pichegru.

Charles, who was in the next room, ran in.

"Here I am, general," he said.

"Where is Abattucci?"

"With us, general. He is making out the report you asked for."

"Will it soon be ready?"

"Ready now, general," said Abattucci, appearing at the door with a paper in his hand.

Charles made a motion to retire; the general caught him by the wrist.

"Stop," he said, "I want to speak to you." Then addressing Abattucci, "How many flags?" he asked.

"Five, general."

"Cannon?"

"Twenty-eight."

"Prisoners?"

"Three thousand."

"How many of the enemy killed?"

"You may safely say seven thousand."

"How many did we lose?"

"Scarcely two thousand five hundred."

"You are to start for Paris, with the rank of colonel, which I have asked for you of the government. You will present the flags to the Convention in General Hoche's name and mine, and you will hand in the report which General Hoche is no doubt preparing. Estève will give you a thousand francs for the expenses of your journey. The choice I make of you personally to convey these flags to the Convention, and the promotion I have asked for you, sufficiently prove my opinion of your talents and courage. If you see your cousin Bonaparte, remind him that I was his tutor at Brienne."

Abattucci wrung the hand the general held out to him, and departed.

"Now for you and me, my little Charles," said Pichegru.

XXXV.

IN WHICH ABATTUCCI FULFILS THE MISSION HE RECEIVED FROM HIS GENERAL, AND CHARLES THAT WHICH HE RECEIVED FROM GOD.

PICHEGRU cast an eye about him to see if they were quite alone ; then, looking at Charles, he took the boy's hands in his.

"Charles, my dear child," he said, "you took upon you in the sight of heaven a sacred duty which you must now fulfil. If there is in this world a promise that men should keep inviolably it is that made, as you made yours, to a dying man. I told you I would give you the means of fulfilling it. I now keep my word. You still have, of course, the count's fatigue cap ? "

Charles opened two buttons of his coat and showed the cap to the general.

"Good. I shall send you with Falou to Besançon ; you will go with him to the village of Boussières, and give the burgomaster the gratuity intended for Falou's mother. Now, as I don't wish that the money should be thought to come from some pillage or marauding expedition, which would certainly be the case if Falou took it himself to his mother, I wish the burgomaster to give it ; and I also send him a letter for the chief men of the village, certifying to the courage of the new sergeant. I give you and Falou eight days' furlough, counting from the day you reach Besançon, — you must want to show off your new uniform."

"Won't you give me something for my father, general ? "

"Yes, a letter just before you start."

At that moment Leblanc announced that the general was served.

As Pichegru entered the dining-room he cast an uneasy look at the table : all the usual places were set, and some added ; for the general had invited Desaix to dine with him, and Desaix had brought one of his friends serving in Pichegru's army, whom he had made his aide-de-camp, — René Savary, the same who had written Faraud's certificate on his paper chevrons.

The dinner was as gay as usual ; no one was missing, — the two or three wounded escaping with scratches. After dinner they mounted their horses, and Pichegru, with his whole staff, visited the outposts. When they returned to the town the general dismounted and told Charles to do likewise. Then, giving the horses to the chasseur on service, he took Charles by the arm into the shopping street of Lanāu.

"Charles, my lad," he said, "among the other official and secret missions with which you are charged, I have a private little commission of my own I want you to do for me ; will you ?"

"With delight, general," said the boy, hanging on to Pichegru's arm. "What is it ?"

"I don't know yet. There's a good little friend of mine in Besançon, named Rose ; she lives in the rue du Colombier, No. 7."

"I know her," said Charles ; "she is the dressmaker at our house, — a good girl, about thirty, limps a little."

"Yes, just so," said Pichegru, smiling. "She sent me the other day six beautiful linen shirts she had made for me ; and I would like to send her something in return."

"That's a good idea, general."

"But what shall it be ? I can't think of anything that would please her."

"Why, general ! take the advice the weather gives you : buy her a fine umbrella, and we can use it to get back with. I'll tell her you used it, and that will make it more precious."

"That's a good idea ; and it will be very useful to her

when she does her errands. Poor Rose! she has no carriage for her comfort. Here's a place; let us go in here."

They happened to be passing an umbrella shop. Pichegru opened and shut a dozen or more, and finally selected a magnificent umbrella of sky-blue silk. For it he paid thirty-eight francs in assignats at par. This was the present that the first general in France sent to his love. The reader will understand that I should not have related this circumstance unless it were strictly historical.

That evening Pichegru devoted to his correspondence, advising Charles, who was to start the next day at day-break, to go to bed and have a good sleep. The boy was at an age when sleep is truly the river of rest, from which childhood draws not only strength for the coming day, but forgetfulness of the past and indifference for the chances of the morrow.

That night a curious little circumstance happened, which I shall relate, the particulars having been told me by the same little Charles, then a man of forty-five, and (according to his wishes expressed in Strasbourg to Eugène) a learned writer, passing his days in a vast library.

Charles, in obedience to Saint-Just's decree, had thrown himself on his bed fully dressed. He wore, like the officers at headquarters, a black cravat very tightly fastened round his neck. This was Pichegru's own particular fashion, and the whole staff had adopted it, not only to do as the general did, but also to protest against the voluminous cravats introduced by Saint-Just. Charles, wishing still further to imitate his general, used to tie the cravat in a tight little knot on the right side,—a fashion he always retained, and which I saw him use up to the time of his death in 1844.

Half an hour later Pichegru, who was writing, heard Charles moan. Thinking the boy had the nightmare he paid no attention to him. But after a while, as the moans became distressing and finally turned into a choking sound,

Pichegru went to him and found him purple in the face. Slipping his hand under the boy's head he raised it, and loosened the knot of the cravat which was strangling him. The lad roused up and recognized Pichegru leaning over him.

"Ah! is it you, general?" he said; "do you want me?"

"No," said the general, laughing; "it is you, on the contrary, who want me. You moaned, and I came to you and saw at once what was the matter. If you will wear, like the rest of us, a tight cravat, you must be careful to loosen it before you go to sleep. I'll explain to you later how neglect of that precaution may be followed by apoplexy and sudden death. It is one method of suicide."

We shall see, later, how it was employed by Pichegru.

The next day Abattucci started for Paris; Faraud and his two companions for Châteauroux; and Charles and Falou for Besançon. Fifteen days later Faraud reported that the distribution had been made throughout the department of the Indre. But before this, the general had received a letter from Abattucci telling him how, to the accompaniment of shouts of "*Vive la République*" from the members of the Convention and all spectators present, the five flags had been presented to the president, who had publicly confirmed his, Abattucci's, promotion.

Still earlier, on the sixth day after Charles' departure, Pichegru received the following epistle, dated 14th Nivôse (January 3).

MY DEAR GENERAL,—The new calendar made me forget one thing; that is, that if I reached Besançon on the 31st of December, I should be just in time to wish my family a happy new year.

You did not forget it; and my father feels very grateful for this kindness on your part, and desires me to thank you heartily.

On the 1st of January (old style), all the new-year wishes wished, and the whole family kissed, we started, Falou and I, for Boussière. There, according to your directions, we stopped the carriage before the door of the burgomaster, to whom I gave your letter. He sent

at once for the drummer of the village, and told him to announce the great news to the inhabitants of Boussière, and made him read your letter three times over so that he should make no mistake in repeating it. Then he despatched him with orders to make the proclamation first in front of Mère Falou's cottage. This the drummer did ; and out came the old woman at the roll of the drum, leaning on her stick. Falou and I stood close by her.

After the roll stopped the proclamation began. When the poor old woman heard her son's name, she did n't comprehend at first, and began to cry, calling out : —

" Is he dead ? is he dead ? "

Falou ripped out an oath fit to crack the skies, declaring that her son was living ; this made her turn round and as she could see just enough to know a uniform she called out : —

" No, no ! he 's here, he 's here ! "

And with that she tumbled into her son's arms, and he kissed her like everything, and all the village applauded. Then, as the proclamation had been interrupted by this filial performance, the drummer began it all over again. At the last words the burgomaster, who wanted to make a fine scene of the affair, appeared with a laurel crown in one hand and the purse in the other. He laid the laurels on Falou's head, and the purse in his mother's hands. I could not stay till the end, but I am told there was a great fête that night in the village, with illuminations and a ball and fire-barrels and rockets, and that Falou, in the midst of his fellow-citizens, stalked about till two in the morning, with his laurel crown upon his head, like Cæsar himself.

As for me, my general, I went back to Besançon to do the sad duty you know of, about which I will tell you when I get back.

Up to that moment I had had no time to attend to your commission. But now I ran to the rue du Colombier and up to the third story of No. 7. Rose knew and welcomed me as her little friend ; but when she knew I was sent by her great friend — oh ! then, general, I must tell you, she took me in her arms and kissed me, crying : —

" Oh ! did he really think of me ? "

" Yes, Mademoiselle Rose. "

" What, all out of his own head ? "

" Yes, yes, I tell you. "

" And he chose me that beautiful umbrella ? "

" Yes, he chose it. "

" And he used it over his own head ? "

" Well, we both used it, but he carried it. "

And then, without saying another word, she looked at the handle and kissed it and began to cry. I could n't comfort her, you see, for I was crying, too; besides, they were tears of joy, and it would have hurt her if I had said, "Stop." So I told her how much you liked the shirts, and that you would not wear any others. And then you should just have heard us talk about you! She is going to write and thank you, but she has given me lots of messages to carry back.

My father, too, sends you a great many. I think you must have told him a lot of very big fibs about his son, for while he read your letter he kept looking at me out of the corner of his eye, and I saw tears on his eyelashes. He is going to write to you himself, like Mademoiselle Rose.

I think I have taken up more of your time about myself than I am worth; but it was you who made me a person of importance by trusting me with three commissions; so I hope you will forgive the chatter of

Your little friend,

CHARLES NODIER.

THE THIRTEENTH VENDÉMAIRE.

I.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

NEARLY two years have elapsed since the events recorded in the preceding chapters. That our readers may clearly understand those that are to follow, we must take a bird's-eye view of the two terrible, but inevitable years 1794 and 1795.

As Vergniaud had prophesied, and as Pichegru had repeated after him, the Revolution devoured her own children. Let us see this terrible mother at her work.

On the 5th of April, 1795, the Cordeliers were executed. Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Bazire, Chabot, Lacroix, Hérault de Séchelles, and the poor poet-martyr Fabre d'Églantine, author of one of our most popular songs (*Il pleut, il pleut, bergère*) died together on the same scaffold, to which Robespierre, Saint-Just, Merlin of Douai, Couthon, Collot-d'Herbois, Fouché of Nantes, and Vadier drove them.

Then came the turn of the Jacobins. Vadier, Tallien, Billaut, Fréron accused Robespierre of having usurped the dictatorship; and Robespierre, his jaw broken by a pistol-shot, Saint-Just, his head high, Couthon with both legs crushed, Lebas, and all their friends to the number of twenty-two, were executed on the morrow of that tumultuous day which bears historically the fatal date of the 9th Thermidor.

On the 10th Thermidor the Revolution still lived; for the Revolution is immortal, it is not for any party rising

or falling to kill it; the Revolution was living, but the Republic was dead. With Robespierre and Saint-Just, the Republic was beheaded. The night of their execution boys were shouting at the doors of the theatres: "A carriage! who wants a carriage? Will you have a carriage, *bourgeois*?" The next day and the day after eighty-two Jacobins followed Robespierre, Saint-Just, and their friends on the place de la Révolution.

Pichegru heard of the bloody reaction; he was then commander-in-chief of the Army of the North. He believed that the hour for blood had passed, and that the hour for filth was coming with the Vadiers, the Talliens, the Billauts and the Frérons. He made a signal to Mulheim, and Fauche-Borel came to him.

Pichegru saw true, — the ascending period of the Revolution had passed; it had reached the reactionary or descending period. Blood still flowed, but it was the blood of reprisals.

On the 17th of May, 1795, a decree was issued closing forever the Hall of the Jacobins, the cradle of the Revolution, the mainstay of the Republic. Fouquier-Tinville, the public prosecutor, the colleague of the guillotine, was not more guilty than the machine itself, for he simply obeyed the orders of the Revolutionary tribunal, as the guillotine obeyed his. Fouquier-Tinville now fell under that knife, in company with fifteen judges or jurymen of the Revolution. In order that this reaction might be shown to be complete, the execution took place on the place de Grève. The ingenious invention of Doctor Guillotin returned to its original locality, and the gallows disappeared; equality in death was well established.

On the 1st Prairial Paris became aware that it was dying of hunger. Famine drove the faubourgs to the Convention. Haggard, ragged, famished, they invaded the chamber; deputy Féraud was killed in trying to protect the president, Boissy d'Anglas. Seeing the tumult that this event caused in the assembly, Boissy d'Anglas put on his

hat. They showed him Féraud's head on a pike. He respectfully uncovered his own head, bowed, and again covered himself. But during this scene Boissy d'Anglas, till then a semi-revolutionist, became half a royalist.

On the 16th of the same month Louis-Charles of France, Duc de Normandie, pretender to the throne under the name of Louis XVII.,—he of whom the Duc d'Orléans had said during a supper, "The son of Coigny shall never be my king,"—died of scrofula in the Temple, aged ten years, two months, and twelve days. But even in the days of the Republic the old axiom of the French monarchy survived: "The King is dead, long live the King!" Louis, Comte de Provence, immediately, on his own authority, proclaimed himself king of France and Navarre, under the name of Louis XVIII.

Then came the terrible day of Quiberon, during which, as Pitt said, "English blood did not flow," but, as Sheridan said, "England's honor streamed from every pore."

During this time the victories of Hoche and Pichegru had borne fruits. As a result of the retaking of the lines of Weissembourg, at which our readers were present, and at the sight of the tricolor banner carried across the frontier in the hands of Saint-Just, and floating victoriously in Bohemia, Frederick William, who was the first to invade our borders, recognized the French Republic and made peace with it. Not having taken any territory from each other, neither power had anything to restore. Only, eighty thousand Prussians slept on the plains of Champagne and Alsace, and the bitter quarrel began which will not end either at Jena or at Leipzig.

Meantime the army of the Eastern-Pyrenees had invaded Biscay, Vittorio, and Bilboa. Already masters of that part of the frontier of Spain which is the most difficult of access, the French, who were approaching Pampeluna, were likely to seize the capital of Navarre and open an easy way for the invasion of the two Castiles and Arragon. The King of Spain proposed a peace. This was the second

crowned head who recognized the Republic, and in recognizing it he accepted the fate of his relations Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette.

Peace was signed. Before the necessities of war, family considerations vanished. France abandoned her conquests beyond the Pyrenees, and Spain ceded to France that part of the island of Saint-Domingo which was Spanish. But, as we have said, the question of peace with Spain was not to be regarded from the point of view of material advantages. No, the question was altogether a moral one. The reader has, no doubt, already understood it. The defection of Charles IV. to the cause of kingship was very different in its importance from that of Frederick William. Frederick William was held by no tie to the Bourbons; whereas Charles IV., in signing the peace of August 4th with the Convention, ratified all that the Convention had decreed.

As for the Army of the North, operating against the Austrians, it took Ypres and Charleroi, won the battle of Fleurus, reconquered Landrecies, occupied Namur and Trèves, recovered Valenciennes, carried the fort of Crève-Cœur, also Ulrich, Gorcomm, Amsterdam, Dordrecht, Rotterdam, and the Hague. Finally, and this was an unheard-of thing, which was so far lacking to the picturesque annals of French warfare, the Dutch line-of-battle ships, caught in the ice, were captured by a squadron of huzzars on horseback. This extraordinary feat of arms, which seemed like a caprice of Providence in our favor, led to the capitulation of Zealand.

II.

A GLANCE AT PARIS: THE INCROYABLE.

ALL these successes of our arms had echoed to Paris. Paris, that near-sighted city, which cannot see beyond a limited horizon except when some great national impulse drives her outside of her material interests, — Paris, weary of bloodshed, was rushing eagerly into pleasures, and asked no better than to turn its eyes for amusement to the theatre of war and enjoy the glorious drama which France was playing there.

Most of the actors and actresses of the Comédie-Française and the Théâtre Feydeau, imprisoned as royalists, were released after the 9th Thermidor. Larive, Saint-Prix, Molé, Dazincourt, Mademoiselle Contat, Mademoiselle Devienne, Saint-Phar, and Elleviou were received back with vehement applause at the Française and the Feydeau. People rushed to the theatres, where they began to listen coldly to the Marseillaise and to call for the "Reveil du Peuple." Presently, the *jeunesse dorée* of Fréron made its appearance.

We say every day those words, "Fréron" and "jeunesse dorée," without forming any clear idea to ourselves as to what the *jeunesse dorée* of Fréron was. Let us here tell what it was.

There were two Frérons in France: one, an honest man, a stern and upright critic, mistaken at times, but, at any rate, mistaken in good faith; this was Fréron the father, Élie-Catherine Fréron. The other, who knew neither faith nor law, whose only religion was hatred, his only motive vengeance, his only God self-interest, was Fréron the son, Louis-Stanislas Fréron.

The father witnessed the whole of the eighteenth century. Averse to innovations in art he attacked all literary innovations in the name of Racine and Boileau. Averse to political innovations, he attacked them in the name of religion and royalty. He recoiled before none of the colossi of modern philosophism.¹

He attacked Diderot, who had come in his wooden shoes and jacket from the little town of Langres, half abbé, half philosopher. He attacked Jean-Jacques, who had come from Geneva without clothes or money. He attacked Alembert, a waif found on the steps of a church, and long called Jean Lerond, the name of the church on the steps of which he was found. He attacked the great seigneurs called Montesquieu and Monsieur de Buffon. Finally, surviving the anger of Voltaire (who had tried to stab him with epigrams and kill him in his satire of "The Poor Devil," and annihilate him in his comedy of "The Scotch-woman"), he stood erect enough to call out to the great Voltaire on the day of his triumph: "Remember that you are mortal!"

He died before his two great antagonists, Voltaire and Rousseau, in 1776, of an attack of gout, which went to his head, owing to the suppression of his paper, "The Literary Year." It was the weapon of this fighter, the club of this Hercules; that being broken, he did not care to live.

The son, who had King Stanislas for his godfather and Robespierre for a schoolmate, drank the dregs of the bitterness poured by public opinion into his father's cup. All the accumulated insults which for thirty years had lain upon the head of the elder Fréron fell, like an avalanche of shame, upon that of the son; and as the son's heart was devoid of belief, incapable of fidelity, he could not bear it. That which had made the father invincible was his unshaken belief in duty nobly performed. The

¹ *Philosophism* may not be a good word academically speaking. but it gives our idea much better than the word *philosophy*.

younger Fréron, not having that counterpoise to the contempt which overwhelmed him, became ferocious; unjustly treated (for he was not responsible for his father's acts), he longed to make himself hated for real cause. The laurels which Marat gathered by publishing the "*Ami du Peuple*" broke Fréron's rest. He founded the "*Orator of the People*" in emulation of it.

Timid by nature, Fréron the younger could not stop in his cruelties, fearing to do so. Sent to Marseilles he became its terror. Carlier drowned at Nantes; Collot-d'Herbois shot at Lyon; Fréron did better at Toulon, — he fired cannon. One day, when he suspected, after a discharge of artillery, that some of the condemned had fallen intentionally at the same time as those who had actually been shot, and were counterfeiting death, he called out: —

"Let those who are not dead rise; the nation pardons them."

The poor wretches who were not wounded believed him and rose.

"Fire!" cried Fréron.

This time the work was thoroughly done; no one could rise again.¹

By the time he returned to Paris, Paris had made a step towards clemency; the friend of Robespierre now became his enemy; the Jacobin retreated till he turned into a Cordelier. He scented the 9th Thermidor. He made himself Thermidorian with Tallien and Barras, denounced Fouquier-Tinville, sowed, like Cadmus, the teeth of that

¹ We are apt to put aside these atrocities as belonging to a past age. Few of us consider the fact that in 1871 deeds quite as horrible were committed in Paris. There was nothing in the first Revolution more infernal than the massacres in the Rue Haxo; and Théophile Ferré was an almost exact reproduction of Fréron. Many of the men who committed these atrocities emigrated to the United States, where they founded clubs and secret associations. The reader is referred to M. Maxime Ducamp's "*Paris under the Commune*;" which is accepted as the most authentic and dispassionate history of that period. — *Tr.*

dragon that was named the Revolution, and was soon after seen, amid the blood of the old régime and the filth of the new, to be the leader of the youth of Paris, that *jeunesse dorée* which took his name.

This *jeunesse dorée* — in opposition to the *sans-culottes* who wore short hair, round jackets, trousers, and phrygian caps — appeared with either long queues, — a fashion revived from the time of Louis XIII. and called “cadenette” (from the name of its inventor Cadenet, a scion of the house of Luynes), — or else with hair falling loose on the shoulders and beside the face in locks then called “dog’s-ears.” They revived the fashion of powder and used it plentifully. In the morning they wore very short surtout coats, with velvet breeches, black or green. When in full dress the surtout was replaced by a light-colored evening coat cut square in front and buttoned across the pit of the stomach, while the tails hung down behind to the calves of the legs. The muslin cravat was high, with enormous ends, and stiffly starched. The waistcoat was white, made of piqué or dimity, with broad lapels and ruffings; two watch-chains dangled on satin breeches that were either pearl-gray or apple-green; these breeches came to the middle of the calf of the leg, where they were buttoned with three buttons, from which hung a mass of ribbons. Silk stockings, striped crossways with yellow, red, or blue, and pumps, — considered the more elegant the thinner, lower, and more flaring they were, — an opera hat under the arm, and a monstrous stick, or club, with a huge handle, completed the costume of an *incroyable*.

Now, why did the satirists who fasten upon all novelty call the individuals who composed the gilded youth of Paris *the incroyables*? We propose to tell you.

It did not suffice to change all garments, so as not to be mistaken for revolutionists; it was necessary to change the language. Discarding the vulgar dialect of 1793 and the democratic “thou,” a honied tone and idiom were invented; consequently, instead of rolling their *r*’s, like the pupils of

the modern Conservatory, they suppressed them altogether, and the eighteenth letter of the alphabet came very near being lost forever in this philological cataclysm — like the dative of the Greeks. They boned the language to take out its vigor and instead of giving themselves their *parroles d'honneur* — their word of honor — with a due rest on the consonant, they thought it best to give their *paole d'honneu*.

They had, according to circumstances, a *gande paole d'honneu* or a *petite paole d'honneu*, but whichever kind of word of honor they used to enforce some statement that was difficult or impossible to believe, the listener, too polite to contradict the person he was talking with, contented himself by saying : —

“It is *incoyable*” [inconceivable].

Then the other would reply : —

“On my solemn word of honor.”

After that, there was no further doubt.

Hence the designation “Incroyable,” changed into “Incoyable,” bestowed upon the *jeunesse dorée*, the gilded youth of France.

III.

THE MERVEILLEUSE.

THE *incoyable*, that hybrid of the reaction, had his female, born like himself and of his epoch. They called her the *meveilleuse*.

She borrowed her garments, not like the *incoyable* from modern fashions, but from the Greek and Corinthian draperies of the Phrynes and Aspasia. Tunic, mantle, peplum, all were cut to an antique pattern. The more a woman managed to make herself naked, the more elegant she was. The true *meveilleuse* — or *merveilleuse* [marvellous] for that of course was the derivation of the word — went bare-armed and bare-legged. The tunic, made like that of the Hunting Diana, was often slashed open at the side, with no other fastening than a cameo clasp holding together the slashed sides just above the knee.

But that was nothing. The ladies made the excuse of summer heat to appear at balls and on the public promenades in filmy garments less concealing than the cloud that enveloped Venus when she led her son to Dido. Eneas did not recognize his mother until she came out of her cloud. *Incessu patuit dea*, says Virgil. But these ladies did not need to step out of their cloud to be seen; they were perfectly visible through it, and whoever took them for goddesses must have been at some pains to do so. This diaphanous airiness — Juvenal speaks of it — became altogether the fashion.

Besides the private parties there were public balls. Society met at the Lycée-Bal, and the Hôtel Thélusson, to mingle, while dancing, their tears and woes and plans of vengeance. These assemblies were called "the balls of the Victims." In order to be admitted it was necessary to have

had a relation of some kind guillotined by Robespierre, drowned by Carrier, shot by Collot d'Herbois, or blown to bits by Fréron.

Horace Vernet, who was forced at that time to draw costumes for a living, has left a portfolio of the fashions of the period, drawn from life with that charming gift he received from heaven. Nothing is more amusing than his collection of grotesque figures; and one cannot help asking one's self how it was possible for an *incoyable* and *meveilleuse* to meet and speak without laughing in each other's faces.

Let us say at once, however, that some of the costumes adopted by the dandies who frequented the balls of the Victims were of a terrifying character. Old General Piré has told me a score of times that he met at these balls several *incoyables* wearing waistcoats and tight trousers made of human skin. Those who had only some distant relation to mourn, like an uncle or an aunt, contented themselves with dipping the end of their little finger in a blood-red liquid; for which purpose they cut off the little finger of their glove and, in order to renovate the color from time to time, they carried their pot of blood to the ball, as the women carried their rouge-pots.

While dancing they conspired against the Republic; which was all the easier, because the Convention, though possessing a national police, had no Parisian police. Strange fact! public murder had put an end to private murder, and there were never, perhaps, so few crimes committed in France as during the years '93, '94, and '95; passions had other means of exercise.

But the time was approaching when the Convention, that terrible Convention which, on the 21st of September, 1792, the day it entered on its functions, abolished royalty to the sound of the cannon of Valmy and established the Republic, the time, we say, was approaching when the Convention was to lay down its powers. It had been a cruel parent. It devoured the Girondins, the Cordeliers, the Jacobins,—the most eloquent, energetic, and intelligent of its children.

And yet, withal, it was a faithful son. It fought with success the enemies of the nation, both within and without. It raised fourteen armies,—ill-fed, it is true; ill-clothed, it is true; ill-shod, it is true; and worse paid. What matter? those fourteen armies not only drove the enemy beyond the frontier, but they took the duchy of Nice, and Savoy, made a conquering march into Spain, and laid a hand on Holland.

It created the "Grand Livre" of the national debt,—that is to say, the Funds,—the Institute, the *École Polytechnique*, the *École Normale*, the Museum of the Louvre, and the Conservatory of Arts and Sciences.

It issued eight thousand three hundred and seventy decrees, mostly revolutionary.

It gave to men and things a stupendous tone and character; grandeur was gigantic, courage foolhardy, stoicism impassible. Never was there cooler disdain for the executioner, never was blood shed with less remorse.

Does any one desire to know how many parties there were in France during those two years, that is to say, from '93 to '95? There were thirty-three. Does any one wish to know the names given to those parties? They are as follows:—

Ministerials; Partisans of civil life; Knights of the dagger; Men of August 10th; Septembriseurs; Girondins; Brissotins; Federalists; Men of the State; Men of May 31st; Moderates; Suspects; Men of the plain; Frogs of the marsh; Montagnards.

The above are for 1793 only. The following are for 1794 and 1795:—

Alarmists; Pitiers; Sleepers; Enemies of Pitt and Coburg; Muscadins; Hebertists; Sans Culottes; Counter-Revolutionaries; Inhabitants of the ridge; Terrorists; Maratists; Cut-throats; Drinkers of blood; Thermidorians; Patriots of 1789; Companions of Jehu; Chouans.

Add to these the *jeunesse dorée* of Fréron, and it brings us to the 22d of August, 1795,—the day when the new Con-

stitution (called the Constitution of the year III.), after being discussed article by article, was finally adopted by the Convention. At this time the louis d'or was worth twelve hundred francs in assignats.

It was at this period that André Chénier, brother of Marie-Joseph Chénier, was put to death. He was executed on the 25th of July, 1794, that is to say, the 7th Thermidor, two days before Robespierre, at eight in the morning. His companions in the cart were MM. de Montalembert, de Créquy, de Montmorency, de Loiserolles, — that glorious old man who answered the call of the executioner in place of his son, and went joyfully to his death to save him, — and lastly, Roucher, the author of "Les Mois," who did not know that he was to die with André Chénier, and when he saw him in the fatal cart gave a cry of pleasure and sat down beside him. A friend of Roucher and of Chénier, who had the courage to follow the cart at the risk of his own life to prolong their last farewell, heard the two poets talking of poetry and love and the future along the whole way. André Chénier showed to Roucher his last poem, which he was just finishing when the executioner called him. It was written in pencil; and after Roucher had read it he gave it to the third friend, who left them only at the foot of the scaffold. It was thus that these lines were preserved, and that Henri de la Touche, to whom we owe the only edition of André Chénier's poems that exists, was able to put them in his volume.

At the moment when Chénier mounted the scaffold he said, touching his forehead and sighing : —

"And yet I did have something here !"

"No," said the friend who was not to die with him, "it was *there* !" touching his heart.

André Chénier, for whom we have wandered from our subject, and whose memory has drawn from us these few words, was the first to plant the banner of the new French poesy.

IV.

THE SECTIONS.

THE day on which the Convention proclaimed the Constitution, called that of the year III., every one cried out: "The Convention has signed its own death-warrant."

In fact, it was supposed that like the Constituent assembly it would, with ill-judged abnegation, interdict its own members from entering the Assembly that succeeded it. It did nothing of the kind. The Convention understood very well that the last breath of republicanism was in its own body. In a people so restless as the French, who, in a moment of enthusiasm had overturned a monarchy of eight centuries, the Republic could not in three years obtain such foothold that its firm establishment might be left to the natural course of events. The Revolution needed to be watched over and defended by those who made it and who had an interest in perpetuating it; but who were they? Who could they be but the Conventionals, they who had abolished the feudal constitution on the 14th of July and the 4th of August, 1789; who had overturned the throne on the 10th of August, 1792; who had cut off the King's head January 21, 1793; and from that day till the present day had fought all Europe, reduced Prussia and Spain to ask for peace, and driven Austria beyond the frontiers?

So then, strong in its past, the Convention decreed on the 5th Fructidor (August 22) that the new Legislative body, composed of two councils, the Council of the Five Hundred, and the Council of the Ancients, the first charged with the proposal of the laws, the second, two hundred and fifty in number, with the adoption of them, should be two

thirds composed of the members of the Convention, and that one third only of new members should be elected.

It remained to be seen who would select the members. Would the Convention itself appoint those of its own body who were to become a part of the Council of the Five Hundred and the Council of the Ancients, or would the electoral colleges be charged with that duty?

On the 13th Fructidor (August 30), after a very stormy session, it was decided that the choice should be delegated to the electoral colleges. That was what they called the decrees of the 5th and 13th Fructidor.

We are dwelling perhaps too lengthily upon this purely historical part of our book, but it takes us with great strides towards the terrible day of the 13th Vendémiaire, the first on which Parisians heard cannon booming in the streets of Paris, and we wish to make that crime fall upon the heads of those who were the guilty parties.

Paris, from that epoch, though the centralization was less than it is to day and dated back only four or five years, Paris was already the brain of France, whatever Paris accepted France sanctioned. This was plain enough when the Girondins attempted vainly to federalize the provinces.

Now Paris was divided into forty-eight Sections. These Sections were not royalist, on the contrary, they protested their attachment to the Republic, and, aside from two or three whose reactionary opinions were known, none would have fallen into that absurd contradiction of rejecting a principle before it had borne its fruits and after they had shed such blood and sacrificed so many of their greatest citizens to maintain it. But Paris, frightened at finding herself knee-deep in blood, stopped, stopped short three-quarters of the way, and turned to attack the Terrorists who wanted to continue the executions, while Paris herself desired them to cease. So without deserting the banner of the Revolution, and in fact showing themselves ready to follow that banner, they refused to go beyond the lines where the Girondins and Cordeliers had borne it.

That banner, therefore, was theirs so long as it sheltered the remains of the Girondin and Cordelier parties ; it was the banner of a moderate republic, which bore for its motto, "Death to the Jacobins."

Well, the precautions taken by the Convention had no other object than to protect those Jacobins who had escaped the 9th Thermidor, in whose hands the Convention desired to replace the sacred ark of the Republic.

Without being aware of it, the Sections, under the shock of fear, inspired by a threatened return of the Terror, did actually serve the royalist cause better than the most devoted adherents could have done. Never were there so many foreigners in Paris ; the hôtels and lodging-houses were filled to their eaves. The faubourg Saint-Germain, a desert six months earlier, now swarmed with *émigrés*, Chouans, unsworn priests, and divorced women. Rumor said that Hoche and Tallien had gone over to the royalists ; what they had really done was the conquest of Rovere and Saladin. It did not concern itself with Lanjuinais, Boissy d'Anglas, Henry de la Rivière, and Lesage, who had always been royalists, and wore a mask on the days they had been forced to appear republican.

It was said that great offers had been made to Pichegru ; that after rejecting them at first he had changed his mind, and the matter had been arranged for a million francs in specie, two hundred thousand francs a year from the Funds, the château of Chambord, the Duchy of Artois, and the government of Alsace.

It was amazing what a number of *émigrés* returned, some with false passports and names, others proclaiming their real names and demanding that they be erased from the proscribed lists ; others, again, showed false certificates of residence to prove that they had never left France. It was useless to decree that every returned *émigré* should go to his own country district and there await the decision of the Committee of Public Safety ; the *émigrés* discovered ways of eluding the decree and remaining in Paris. It was felt, not without

a certain uneasiness, that it could not be mere chance that brought so many persons of the same opinions to the same point. Something, it was believed, was plotting, and at a given moment the earth would open beneath the feet of one of the numerous parties who were crowding the streets of Paris.

A great many gray coats with black and green collars were seen, and every one turned round to look at them. Those were the colors of the Chouans. Nearly always in the wake of these young men, wearing publicly the royal livery, came brawls and scuffles, which, so far, had kept up an appearance of private quarrels.

Dussault and Marchenna, the two most famous pamphleteers of that day, papered the walls of the city with posters calling the Parisians to insurrection. Old La Harpe, the pretended pupil of Voltaire, who began by vowing him a latrian worship and ended by rejecting him, — old La Harpe, after being a furious demagogue, became, during an imprisonment of some months, a savage reactionary who insulted the Convention which had honored him. A man named Lemaistre had a workshop in Paris that was openly royalist, with many correspondents in the provinces; in this way, by means of ramifications, he endeavored to turn Paris into another La Vendée. This man had a secondary establishment at Mantes, which took its orders from Paris. Lemaistre, as we all know, gave a splendid dinner to the electors of Mantes, after which the amphitryon (imitating the famous supper to the guards of Versailles) served a dish full of white cockades. Each guest took one and fastened it to his hat.

Not a day passed in which some murder was not committed upon patriots, and the murderer was either an *incoyable* or a young man in a gray coat. It was particularly in the cafés about the rue de la Loi (formerly rue de Richelieu) at the restaurant Garchi, the Théâtre Feydeau, and on the boulevard des Italiens that these murders took place. It became very plain that the underlying cause of these

troubles was the opposition of the Sections to the decrees of the 5th and 13th Fructidor, which prevented a fresh election of the two councils by imposing two thirds of the members of the Convention upon the new Legislative bodies. It is true, as we have said, that these two thirds were to be chosen, not by the Convention itself, as the Sections at first feared, but by the primary assemblies. Still the Sections had hoped for better things; they wanted a complete change, and for that purpose a reactionary Chamber.

There was talk at first of appointing a President, but the monarchical tendency of that was so obvious that no sooner was it made in the Convention, than Louvet, one of the Girondins who escaped massacre, sprang up crying out: "Ha! so that some day you may appoint a Bourbon!"

On that warning that a presidency would open the way to royalty, the Executive Directory was proposed, to be composed of five members voting by majority, and having responsible ministers. These propositions were voted upon in the following manner (for never, even in the most progressive days of the Revolution, were elections made on such a wide basis as they are to-day). Votes were cast at two stages: first, all citizens over twenty-one assembled in primary meetings on the 1st of every Prairial, and elected the electoral colleges; secondly, these electoral colleges assembled on the 20th Prairial to appoint the two councils; the two councils, in turn, appointed the Directory.

V.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE SECTION LE PELETIER.

As polls could not be opened on the 1st Prairial for the good reason that the 1st Prairial was already past, the 20th Fructidor was the day appointed for the election.

It was hoped that the first act of Frenchmen reunited after such terrible experiences would be, like that of the Federation on the Champ de Mars, an act of fraternity, a pledge of the forgiveness of injuries. It was, on the contrary, a dedication to vengeance. All the pure, disinterested, energetic patriots were driven from the Sections, which now began to organize revolt. The defeated patriots rushed to the Convention, swarmed into the tribunes, related what had happened, and put the Convention on its guard against the Sections, demanding arms and declaring that they were ready to employ them in the service of the Republic.

The next day and the following days the danger of the situation was fully understood, when it was seen that forty-seven out of the forty-eight Sections, which made the bulk of the Parisian population, had accepted the Constitution and rejected the Decrees. The Section of the Quinze-Vingts alone had adopted all, Decrees and Constitution.

On the other hand, the armies, two of which were reduced to inaction by peace with Prussia and with Spain, voted everything without restriction, amid cries of enthusiasm. By this time the Army of the Sambre-et-Meuse, the only one actively employed, had conquered at Wattignies, relieved Maubeuge, triumphed at Fleurus, given Belgium to France, crossed the Rhine at Dusseldorf, laid siege to Mayence, and, by the victories of the Ourthe and the Roër, had won the Rhine for France. It paused on the field of battle

itself, the field it had just won, and over the bodies of Frenchman dead for liberty it swore fidelity to the new Constitution, which, while putting an end to the Terror, upheld the Republic and continued the Revolution.

There was great joy in the Convention and for all the true patriots who were left in France, when the news came of this enthusiastic vote of the armies. On the 1st Vendémiaire of the year IV. (September 23, 1795) the result of the voting was made known. The Constitution was unanimously accepted. The Decrees had a very large majority. In some localities the electors had actually been led to vote for a king, — a fact which proves the degree of liberty of action which followed within two months after the 9th Thermidor.

This news produced a sort of excitement in Paris, a double and conflicting excitement, — of joy among the Conventional patriots; of fury among the royalist Sections.

Then it was that the Section Le Peletier, known throughout the Revolution under the name of the Section of the Filles-Saint-Thomas, the most reactionary of all the sections, the grenadiers of which had on the 10th of August resisted the Marseillais, set up this principle: "The powers of all constituent bodies cease in presence of the assembled People."

This theory, put to vote in the Section, was converted into a decree, and this decree was sent round to the forty-seven other Sections, who received it with acclamation. It simply proclaimed the dissolution of the Convention.

The Convention did not allow itself to be intimidated; it replied by a declaration and another decree. It *declared* that if its authority were threatened it would retire to a provincial town and perform its functions there. It *decreed* that all lands conquered beyond the Rhine, as well as Belgium, Liége, and Luxembourg, henceforth belonged to France. This was replying to the threat of its overthrow by a proclamation of its grandeur.

The Section Le Peletier, treating with the Convention as

power to power, sent its president at the head of a deputation of six members to signify to the Convention what it called an "act of safeguard;" in other words, a decree issued by the Section, declaring that in presence of the assembled People the powers of legislative bodies ceased. The president of this Section was a young man about twenty-five years of age, always very plainly dressed, though an air of extreme elegance, which was far more in his bearing than in his clothes, emanated from his whole person. Following the fashion, but not to exaggeration, he wore a dark-red velvet frock-coat, with jet buttons cut in facets and the buttonholes worked with black silk. A white foulard cravat with floating ends swathed his neck. A waistcoat of white piqué with very light blue flowers, trousers of pearl-gray tricot, white silk stockings, and a broad-brimmed black felt hat, low crowned and pointed, completed his attire. He had the fair skin and blond hair of a man from the North or East, keen and yet earnest eyes, white and delicate teeth between full red lips. A tricolor sash, folded so that little or none of the white could be seen, was round his waist, which was lithe and graceful; from this belt hung a sabre, and in it were a pair of pistols.

He advanced alone to the bar of the Convention, leaving his companions behind him, and with that air of consummate insolence which had not yet descended to the bourgeoisie, or to which the bourgeoisie had not yet attained, he said, in a strong voice, addressing Boissy d'Anglas, president of the Convention:—

"Citizen representative, I have come to announce to you in the name of the mother-Section, of which I have the honor to be president, and in the name of forty-seven other Sections (that of the Quinze-Vingts alone excepted),—I come to announce to you that your powers are withdrawn and your reign is over. We approve of the Constitution, but we reject the Decrees. You have not the right to appoint yourselves. Merit our suffrages, do not seize them."

"The Convention does not recognize the power of either

the mother-Section or the other Sections," replied Boissy d'Anglas; "and it will treat as rebels all those who do not obey its Decrees."

"And we," said the young president, "will treat as an oppressor every power which seeks to impose upon us an illegal will."

"Take care, citizen!" replied Boissy d'Anglas, in a calm, but threatening voice. "No one has the right to answer back the president of this Assembly."

"Except me," said the young man, — "except me, who am above him."

"Who are you, then?"

"The voice of the sovereign People."

"And who are we, whom the People have elected?"

"You are no longer anything so soon as the People have reassembled and withdrawn the powers they confided to you. Appointed three years ago, you are weakened, wearied, worn out by three years' struggle. You represent the wants of an epoch past and gone and already far away. Was it possible, three years ago, to foresee the events that have now happened? I, appointed three days ago, I represent the will of yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. You — you are the elect of the people, I agree to that, but of the people of '92, who had royalty to destroy, the rights of man to establish, the foreigner to drive from the frontiers, the factions to repress, scaffolds to erect, heads too lofty to strike off, estates to divide. Your work is done, — done well or ill is not the question; it is *done*, and the 9th Thermidor gave you your dismissal. To-day, men of the storm, you wish to perpetuate your power, when none of the causes that made you what you are remain, — when royalty is dead, the enemy driven out, the factions suppressed, the scaffolds useless, the estates divided; you wish, for your own selfish interests, your personal ambitions, to make your power perpetual, to control our choice and force the people to accept you. The People do not want you. A pure epoch demands pure hands. The Chamber

must be purged of Terrorists, whose names are inscribed by history on the guillotine. This must be; it is the logic of the situation, it is the voice of the conscience of the People, it is the will of the forty-seven Sections of Paris, that is to say, of the People of Paris."

This speech, listened to in the silence of amazement, was hardly ended, voluntarily, by the orator, when a frightful tumult arose in the Chamber and in the tribunes. The young president of the Section Le Peletier had just uttered aloud the sentiments that for fifteen days the royalist committee, the *émigrés*, and the Chouans had been saying under their breaths in every corner of the city. For the first time the question was clearly opened between the monarchists and the republicans.

The president of the Convention rang his bell violently; finding that it produced no effect, he put on his hat. During this time the orator of the Section Le Peletier stood calmly by, with one hand on the butt of his pistol, waiting until the uproar should subside and allow the president of the Convention to reply to him.

Silence was long awaited, but it came at last. Boissy d'Anglas made a sign that he wished to speak. He was just the man to reply to such an orator. The overbearing haughtiness of the one clashed against the disdainful pride of the other. The monarchical aristocrat had spoken; the liberal aristocrat replied. Though his forehead frowned and his eye was darkling and dangerous, his voice was calm.

"By the patience of the Convention," he said, "all of you who have listened to that orator can measure the Convention's strength. If any words like those of the citizen president of the Section Le Peletier had been uttered a few months ago in these precincts, the traitorous language would not have been heard to the end. The arrest of the orator would then and there have been decreed, and on the morrow his head would have fallen. And why? because in times of carnage we doubt all, even our rights,

and to put an end to doubt we annihilate the object of our doubt. In times of peace and strength our course is different, and why ? we are certain of our rights, and though the Sections have defied us we know we are sustained by France and our invincible armies. We have listened without impatience ; we answer without anger. Return to those who sent you ; say that we give them three days in which to see their error ; if, at the end of that time they do not voluntarily obey the Decrees, we shall compel them to do so by force."

"And you," said the young president, with equal firmness, "if in three days you have not laid down your powers, if you have not withdrawn the Decrees, if you have not proclaimed the freedom of elections, we declare to you that all Paris will march upon the Convention and the People's anger will be felt."

"So be it!" said Boissy d'Anglas ; "this is the 10th Vendémiaire —"

The young man did not let him finish.

"On the 13th Vendémiaire, then," he said. "That will be, I warn you, another bloody date to add to your history."

Rejoining his companions, he left the Chamber, and as he did so he turned and threatened the whole Assembly with a gesture. No one knew his name ; for it was only three days since, on Lemaistre's recommendation, he had received his appointment as president of the mother-Section.

The Convention asked : —

"Who is he ? he is not a man of the people, he is not a bourgeois, he must be a *ci-devant*."

VI.

THREE LEADERS.

THAT same evening the Section Le Peletier met in its central committee rooms, secured the co-operation of the Sections Butte-des-Moulins, Contrat-Social, Luxembourg, Théâtre-Français, rue de la Poissonnière, Brutus, and Temple. Then it lined the streets of Paris with groups of *muscadins* (*muscadin* is the synonym of *incroyable*, only in a more extended sense), groups which shouted as they walked about:—

“Down with the two-thirds men!”

The Convention, on the other hand, collected all its soldiers into the camp at Sablons, about five thousand men or thereabouts, and placed them under command of General Menou, who, in 1792, had been at the head of the second camp formed near Paris, and was afterwards sent to La Vendée, where he was defeated. Recommended by these antecedents he was named general of the interior on the 2d Prairial, and had saved the Convention. Some young men who were shouting, “Down with the two thirds!” met Menou’s patrols, and instead of dispersing when summoned to do so, replied to the summons with pistol-shots; the soldiers retorted with musketry, and blood was drawn.

During this time, that is, during the evening of the 10th Vendémiaire, the young president of the Section Le Peletier, which was then in session at the convent of the Filles-Saint-Thomas, situated in those days exactly where the Bourse now stands, gave the chair to the vice-president, and jumping into a coach which he found at the corner of

the rue Notre-Dame-des-Victoires was driven to a large house in the rue des Postes, belonging to the Jesuits. All the windows of this house were closed, and not a ray of light filtered through them.

The young man stopped the coach before the door and paid the coachman; then, as soon as the vehicle had turned the corner of the rue du Puits-qui-parle and the sound of its wheels died away in the distance, he walked a few steps farther, passed the front of the house, and seeing that the street was solitary, he knocked in a peculiar manner at a little garden gate, which was opened so quickly as to prove that a person was stationed behind it with orders not to keep a visitor waiting.

"Moses," said the person who opened the gate.

"Manu," replied the new arrival.

On this response of the lawgiver of the Hindus to the lawgiver of the Hebrews the gate was closed and the young president of the Section Le Peletier was allowed to continue his way. He went round the house. The windows were as dark toward the garden as they were toward the street, but the doorway of the portico, guarded by a second watchman, was lighted. To this man, the new arrival spoke first.

"Moses," he said.

"Manu," replied the other.

Then the guardian of the door stood aside to let the young president pass in; and he, encountering no further obstacle, went straight to a third door, opened it, and entered a room where the persons whom he came to see were sitting. They were the presidents of the Sections Butte-des-Moulins, Contrat-Social, Luxembourg, rue de la Poissonnière, Brutus, and Temple, who had come to announce that they were ready to follow the fortunes of the mother-Section and rebel with her.

The new arrival had scarcely opened the door before a man about forty-five years of age in general's uniform came to him and shook hands. He was citizen Auguste Danican,

who had just been made general-in-chief of the Sections. This officer had served in La Vendée against the Vendéans; but, being suspected of connivance with Georges Cadoudal, he was recalled, escaped the guillotine by a miracle, thanks to the 9th Thermidor, and now took his place in the ranks of the counter-revolution.

The Sections had at first intended to appoint the young president of the Section Le Peletier as their commander-in-chief, he having been strongly recommended to them by the royalist agency of Lemaistie,—so strongly indeed that they had sent to Besançon to request his presence only four days earlier. But the latter, when he learned on his arrival that overtures had already been made to Dancan, and that if the command were taken from him he was likely to become a powerful enemy among the Sections, declared that he was quite contented with the second, or even the third place, on condition that he should take as active a part as any man in the combat which could not fail to take place before long.

When Dancan came forward to speak to the new-comer he quitted a man of low stature, despicable face, crooked mouth, and sinister eye. This was Fréron,—Fréron, repudiated by the Montagne, who abandoned him to the mercies of Moïse Bayle, Fréron, the savage republican, rejected with disgust by the Girondins, who gave him over to the blasting imprecations of Isnard, Fréron, stripped of his false patriotism, naked though covered with the leprosy of crime, who now, feeling the need of shelter behind the banner of some faction, had given himself over to the royalist party, which was not over nice in its choice of recruits.

We have seen many revolutions, and yet not one of us can explain certain antipathies which, in times of trouble, attach themselves to such or such political characters; neither can we explain certain alliances so utterly illogical that there is no comprehending them. Fréron was nothing; he had never distinguished himself in any way; he had

neither mind, character, nor political consideration; as a journalist he was one of those hack writers who write for their daily bread, selling the rags of his honor and his father's reputation to the best payer. Sent as representative of the people into the provinces, he returned from Marseille and Toulon soaked in royalists' blood. He was now, two years later, under the banner of the royalist party.

Explain that who can.

Fréron now found himself suddenly at the head of a powerful party, a party strong in youth, vigor, and vengeance, burning with the passions of the times, which, the laws being silent, led to all except to the giving of an honest hand by an honest man.

Fréron had just been relating to the meeting, with much emphasis, what the young men who, as we have already said, were exchanging shots with Menou's soldiers, had said and done.

The young president, on his side, related with great simplicity what had taken place in the Convention, and declared that there was now no retreating from that position. War was already declared between the usurping representatives and the Sectionists. Victory would undoubtedly belong to whoever was first in the field.

But no matter how pressing the situation was felt to be, Danican declared that nothing could be decided till Lemaistre and the person who was with him returned to the meeting.

He had hardly uttered the words when Lemaistre, the chief of the royalist agency, re-entered the room, followed by a man about twenty-four to twenty-five years of age, with an open, frank face, fair curly hair covering almost entirely the forehead, prominent blue eyes, a short neck sunk in the shoulders, a broad chest, and Herculean limbs. He was dressed in the costume of the rich peasants of the Morbihan, with the single exception that a gold braid

about a finger wide, edged the collar and button holes of his coat, also the brim of his hat.

The young president advanced to meet him. The Chouan held out his hand. It was evident that the two conspirators knew they were to meet, and that, without previous personal acquaintance, they recognized each other.

VII

GENERAL ROUND-HEAD AND THE CHIEF OF THE
COMPANY OF JEHU.

LEMAISTRE presented them to each other.

"General Round-head," he said, designating the Chouan. "Citizen Morgan, leader of the Company of Jehu," he added, bowing to the president of the Section Le Peletier.

The young men clasped hands.

"Though chance gave us birth at the two extremities of France," said Morgan, "the same convictions unite us. And yet, though our ages are the same, general, you are already celebrated and I am still obscure, or known only through the misfortunes of my family. It is to their misfortunes and my desire to avenge them that I owe the recommendation of the royalist committee of the Jura, and my position in the Section Le Peletier."

"Monsieur le comte," replied the royalist general, bowing, "I have not the honor of belonging, as you do, to the nobility of France. No, I am simply a son of the thatch and the plough. When men are called, as we are, to risk our heads upon the same scaffold, it is well to know each other; one does n't want to die in company with those we would not live with."

"Do all the sons of thatch and plough in your parts express themselves as elegantly as you, general? If so, you can have no regrets that you were not born to the nobility to which I have the accident to belong."

"My education, monsieur le comte," returned the young general, "has not been that of a Breton peasant; being the eldest of six children, I was sent early to the lyceum at Vannes, and I received a solid education there."

"Moreover, I have heard," said the count, smiling, "that you were born under a star, and that some prophecy predicts for you great things."

"I don't know if that prophecy is anything to boast of," said the other, "though it has partly been accomplished. My mother was suckling me at her breast while she was sitting on our door-step, when a beggar, leaning on his stick, came by and looked at us. My mother, as usual, cut him a slice of bread, and put it, with a sou, in his hand. The beggar shook his head and touched my forehead with his skinny finger. 'There's a child,' he said, 'who will bring great changes in his family, and great troubles to the State' Then looking at me rather sadly, he added: 'He will die young, but not before he has done more than the oldest man;' and he went his way. Last year the prophecy was accomplished for my family. I took part, as you know, in the Vendéan insurrection of 1793 and 1794."

"And gloriously!" interrupted Moigan

"I did my best Last year, just as I had organized the Morbihan, the gendarmes and soldiers entered Keihano by night and surrounded our house Father, mother, uncles, children, we were all taken and put in prison at Brest It was then that the prediction made of me when a child recurred to my mother's mind. The poor woman, all in tears, reproached me for being the cause of the family misfortunes I tried to console and strengthen her by telling her that she suffered for God and the King. But, bless me! women don't understand the value of those two words My mother continued to weep, and died in prison after giving birth to another child. My uncle, a month later, died in the same prison On his death-bed he told me the name of one of his friends to whom he had lent the sum of nine thousand francs with a promise of its being returned on demand. After my uncle died I had but one idea, — to escape from prison, obtain that money, and apply it to the cause of the insurrection. I succeeded. My uncle's friend lived at Rennes. I went there. He was in Paris. I took

his address and followed him. I have just seen him; faithful and loyal Breton that he is, he has returned to me in gold the money that he borrowed in gold. I have it here in my belt," continued the young general, striking his side, — "nine thousand francs in gold, which are worth two hundred thousand in these days. Convulse Paris on the one hand, and I promise you that within two weeks the Morbihan shall be in flames."

The two young men had walked aside during their colloquy and were now standing alone in the embrasure of a window. The president of the Section Le Peletier looked about him and seeing that they were too far away from the other conspirators to be overheard, he laid his hand on the general's arm and said : —

"You have spoken to me of your family, general; I owe you the same explanations on my family and on myself. Morgan is only a pseudonym. My name is Édouard de Sainte-Hermine; my father, Comte Prosper de Sainte-Hermine, was guillotined; my mother died of grief; my brother, Léon de Sainte-Hermine, has been shot. Just as my father bequeathed his vengeance to my elder brother, so my brother bequeathed to me that of my father and his own. A young lad of our neighborhood, who was present at his execution, brought me his fatigue cap, the last and only legacy he could leave me. It said to me : 'Your turn now!' I devoted myself to the work. Not being able to incite the Jura and Alsace, which are both revolutionary, to rise, I have, with my friends, young nobles from the neighborhood of Lyon, organized parties to capture the money of the government and send it to you and your friends in the Morbihan and La Vendée. That is why I have been so anxious to meet you. We are destined to grasp hands across all France."

"Only," said the general, laughing, "I hold out an empty hand, and yours fills it."

"That is a small matter in comparison to the glory you are winning every day, while our sort of warfare wins none.

Well, it can't be helped ; every one must work for the cause of God wherever God has placed him. That is why I have hastened here to do what I can in the struggle just before us. What will be the result ? No one can even surmise. If they have no better man to oppose to us than Menou the Convention is lost, and the day after it is dissolved the monarchy will be proclaimed, and Louis XVIII. will ascend the throne."

"How so, — Louis XVIII. ?" exclaimed the Chouan.

"Yes ; Louis XVII., who died in prison, had not ceased to be king. You know the cry of the French monarchy, 'The King is dead ; long live the King !' King Louis XVI. is dead ; long live King Louis XVII. ! King Louis XVII. is dead ; long live King Louis XVIII. ! The regent does not succeed his brother, he succeeds his nephew."

"A singular reign, that of the poor boy," said the Chouan, shrugging his shoulders, — "a reign in which they guillotined his mother and aunt, and during which he was prisoner in the Temple, with a cobbler for a tutor ! I will admit to you, my dear count, that the party to which I have devoted myself, body and soul, has had aberrations which alarm me. Now, suppose — God grant it may not be so — that his Majesty Louis XVIII. does not ascend the throne for a dozen years ; will he still have reigned those dozen years over France, no matter in what corner of the earth he may have been ?"

"Of course."

"Then it is absurd. But, excuse me, I am a peasant and I am not expected to understand such things. Royalty is my second religion, and for that, as for the first, I have faith."

"You have a great heart, general," said Morgan, "and whether or not we ever see each other again, I trust we may be friends. If we never meet again it will be because I am dead, — shot or guillotined. In that case, just as my elder brother inherited my father's vengeance, and I have inherited his, so my younger brother will inherit that which

I shall bequeath to him. If royalty, thanks to the sacrifices we have all made for it, is saved, we shall be heroes. If, in spite of those sacrifices, it is lost, we shall be martyrs. You see that in either case we shall have nothing to regret."

The Chouan was silent for a moment. Then plunging his eyes into those of the young noble, he said :—

"Monsieur le comte, when men like you and me meet and have the good fortune to belong to the same cause, they ought to swear to each other, I will not say eternal friendship, for perhaps the nobleman would hesitate to descend to the peasant, but an unalterable regard. Monsieur le comte, receive the assurance of mine."

"General," said Morgan, with tears in his eyes, "I offer you more than friendship, I offer you fraternity."

The young men threw themselves into each other's arms with the clasp of a lasting friendship.

VIII.

THE MAN IN THE GREEN COAT.

THE assistants in this scene had looked on from afar, recognizing the fact that they had before their eyes two powerful personalities. Lemaistre was the first to break the silence.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you are all witnesses of the fraternal union of these two leaders of the same cause, which is our cause also. These are men who will do more than they pledge themselves to do. One is forced to return to the Morbihan to unite the movement there with the one we are about to make here. The other must prepare, and make ready to direct, our own movement here. Let us therefore take leave of the general, who has now finished his work in Paris, and devote ourselves to our own, which is well begun."

"Gentlemen," said the Chouan, "I should certainly offer to remain here, to fire a first gun with you to-morrow, or next day, or the day after, as the case may be; but I confess in all humility that I do not know much about street warfare. My war is made among ravines and ditches, gorse and forests. Here I should be one soldier the more, but down there I should be a leader the less; and since Quiberon of fatal memory there are but two left, Mercier and I."

"Go, my dear general," said Morgan; "you are happy in being able to fight in the open, without fearing that the chimneys of the houses will be down upon your head. God bring me to you once more, or you to me."

The Chouan officer took leave of every one, but with more feeling perhaps toward his new friend than toward his old ones. Then, without followers and on foot, like the most insignificant of men, he made his way to the Orléans barrier.

"A bold fellow, Cadoudal!" was the comment of Danican, Lemaistre, and those he left behind him to mature their plans for the next day.

About the same hour at which Georges Cadoudal (whose incognito we have just betrayed) was taking leave of citizen Morgan and making his way to the Orléans barrier, a group of those young men of whom we have already spoken in the preceding chapter were passing from the rue de la Loi to the rue Feydeau, shouting, —

"Down with the Convention! Down with the two thirds! Long live the Sections!"

At the corner of the rue Feydeau they came face to face with a patrol of patriot soldiers, on whom the last orders of the Convention enjoined particular severity against midnight brawlers. The two parties were about equal in numbers, so that the three summons to disperse required by law were received with sneers and jeers; and the only reply made to the third was a pistol-shot from the group of young men, which wounded a soldier.

The patrol replied with a volley, which killed one of the rioters and wounded two others. The guns being discharged, the parties were equal as to weapons. Thanks to their enormous canes, or rather cudgels, the Sectionists could knock aside the bayonets as they would the point of a sword in a duel, and get in direct blows, which, though the cudgels could not pierce the breast like bayonets, were not less dangerous; such blows upon the head, if not parried, brought a man down like an ox.

As usual, this affray, which involved an unusual number of persons, put the whole neighborhood in a ferment, and took on alarming proportions. The excitement was all

the greater because there was a first representation that night at the Théâtre Feydeau, the aristocratic theatre of the period. They were playing "Toberne, or the Swedish Fisherman," words by Patras, music by Bruni, and "The Good Son," words by Louis Hennequin, music by Lebrun. Consequently the place Feydeau was filled with carriages, and the passage Feydeau with a line of theatre-goers on foot.

At the cries of "Down with the Convention! Down with the two thirds!" and the noise of the shots which followed the cries, and the vociferations that followed the shots, the carriages were all driven hastily away, some getting foul of one another, the spectators on foot, fearful of being shot, or captured, or run down and smothered in the narrow passage-ways, forced their way back, windows opened, and imprecations were rained upon the soldiers by men, while gentler voices encouraged the young men of the Sections, who were, as we have said, the handsomest, wealthiest, and best-dressed men in Paris. The lanterns suspended beneath the arcades lighted up the scene.

Suddenly a voice cried out distinctly, in a tone of agony, "Citizen in the green coat! look out for yourself!"

The citizen in the green coat, who was facing two soldiers, understood from that warning that he was threatened behind. He sprang to one side and dealt a blow haphazard with his cane, but with such luck that he broke the arm of a soldier who was about to pin him with a bayonet, and followed it with another in the face of a man who was brandishing the stock of a musket and about to bring it down upon his head. Then he looked up to the window whence the voice had come, sent a kiss to a white and graceful form, which leaned from a balcony, and was on guard in time to parry another bayonet-thrust aimed at his bosom.

But almost at that instant help arrived for the soldiers

of the Convention. A dozen armed men rushed from the nearest guard-house, crying out, —

“Death to the muscadins!”

The young man in the green coat saw himself surrounded; but, thanks to a vigorous twirl of his cane, which he described about his head like a halo, he succeeded in keeping his assailants at a distance, all the while beating a retreat, and endeavoring to reach the arcade. This retreat, not less able, but assuredly more difficult than that of Xenophon, was aimed for a gateway with iron panels most artistically wrought, which he had just seen closed in haste, the porter extinguishing the lantern above it. But before the lantern was put out, the young man saw with the eye of a skirmisher that the gate was not closed, only pushed to. If he could reach it, enter it, and close it upon his assailants, he was safe; unless, indeed, the porter was patriot enough to refuse a louis d’or, which at that period was worth twelve hundred francs, — a patriotism not likely to be put in practice.

But, as if his adversaries guessed his intentions, the nearer he got to the gate the harder they pressed him. Adroit and vigorous as he was, the struggle, which had lasted more than a quarter of an hour, was beginning to tell on him; it weakened his perceptions and exhausted his strength. Still, as there were but two steps more to make to reach the ark of safety, he summoned all his energy, knocked over one assailant with a blow on the head, pushed another aside with his fist, and reached the gate; but at the very instant that he pushed it back he could not ward a blow from the butt end of a gun (happily delivered flat) on his forehead.

The blow was violent; sparks flew about the young man’s eyes, and his blood beat like a torrent in his arteries. But, blinded as he was, his presence of mind did not forsake him. He bounded back and propped himself against the gate, which he closed violently, flung the louis to the porter, and seeing a staircase lighted by a lantern, he

THE MAN IN THE GREEN COAT.

sprang to it rapidly, and went up ten steps holding to the rail; but there, the walls of the house seemed shaking around him, the stairs trembled, and he fancied that he rolled down a precipice. .

Happily, he merely fainted and slipped gently down upon the stairs.

IX.

AN INCROYABLE AND A MERVEILLEUSE.

A SENSATION of coolness brought him to. His glance, at first vague and undecided, presently fixed itself on surrounding objects. There was nothing alarming about them. He was lying in a boudoir, which was also a dressing-room, hung with lustrous pearl-gray satin scattered over with bunches of roses; the sofa on which he lay was covered in the same material.

A woman behind him was supporting his head on a pillow, while another on her knees before him was washing his forehead with a perfumed sponge. Hence the soft sensation of coolness which had brought him to. The woman, or rather the young girl, who was bathing his head was pretty and daintily dressed, but it was the daintiness and prettiness of a waiting-maid. The eyes of the young man did not, therefore, rest upon her, but were raised towards the other woman, who was evidently the mistress of the first. He gave an exclamation of pleasure as he recognized the person who had warned him from the window, and he made a movement to rise toward her; but she held him down with two white hands applied to his shoulders.

"Gently, citizen Coster de Saint-Victor," she said. "We must first attend to your wound; after that I will determine how far your gratitude may go."

"Ah! so you know me, madame," said the young man, with a smile that showed a set of dazzling teeth and a glance which few women ever resisted.

"Who does not know the handsome Coster de Saint-Victor, the king of elegance and fashion, — if the title 'king' were not abolished?"

Coster de Saint-Victor made a sudden turn and saw the young woman face to face.

"Obtain the restoration of that title, madame, and I will proclaim the beautiful Aurélie de Saint-Amour queen."

"Ha! so you know me, citizen Coster?" said the young woman in her turn, laughing.

"Who doesn't know the modern Aspasia? This is the first time I have the honor of being near you; and I now say, madame —"

"Well, you say what?"

"That Paris need not envy Athens, nor Barras Pericles.

"Well, well; that blow on your head is not as dangerous as I feared."

"How so?"

"Because it has not taken the wit out of it."

"No," said Coster, lifting the hand of the handsome courtesan to his lips; "but it may take the reason."

At that moment the bell rang in a peculiar manner. The hand that Coster held quivered; Aurélie's maid sprang up and looked at her mistress anxiously.

"Madame," she said, "it is the citizen-general."

"Yes," replied Aurélie; "I know that."

"What will he say?" exclaimed the maid.

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Exactly; for I shall not admit him."

She shook her head with a petulant air.

"Not admit the citizen-general Barras?" cried the maid, giving her mistress a frightened look.

"What!" exclaimed Coster de Saint-Victor, with a burst of laughter, "is it citizen Barras who is ringing?"

"Himself; and you see," added Mademoiselle de Saint-Amour, "that he is quite as impatient as an ordinary mortal."

"But, madame —" insisted the maid.

"I am mistress in my own house," said the capricious young woman; "it pleases me to receive M. Coster de Saint-Victor, and it does not please me to receive M. Barras."

"Oh, pardon me, my generous hostess!" said Coster de Saint-Victor; "but my delicacy is opposed to your making such a sacrifice. I beg you to allow your maid to open the door; and while the citizen is in the salon I can surely get out by some other way."

"I will admit him on condition that you do not go away."

"Oh, I'll stay," said Coster, "and gladly, too, I assure you."

The bell rang for the third time.

"Go and open the door, Suzette," said Aurélie.

Suzette hurried away. Aurélie bolted the door of the boudoir behind her, put out the candles that were burning on the psyche, looked for Saint-Victor in the darkness, found him, and kissed him on the forehead, saying, —

"Wait here for me."

Then she entered the salon by the door from the boudoir just as citizen-general Barras was entering it from the dining-room.

"Ah, my beauty! what is this I hear?" he exclaimed, going up to her. "Have they been cutting throats under your windows?"

"Yes, my dear general, in such a terrifying way that that silly Suzette was afraid to open the door to you; she fancied it was some of the rioters trying to get in. I kept telling her, 'It is the general's ring; don't you know it?' I really thought I should have to go and open the door to you myself. But what procures me the pleasure of a visit from you to-night?"

"They give a first representation this evening at the Feydeau; I want to take you, if you will come with me."

"No, thank you; all that firing and the shouts and

vociferations have completely upset me. I am ill, and I shall stay at home."

"Very well; but as soon as the play is over I shall come and ask you for some supper."

"Ah! you ought to have given me notice; there is absolutely nothing in the house."

"Don't be uneasy, my dearest; I will go over to Garchis, and tell him to send you a *bisque*, a cold pheasant and a *bechamel*, a few shrimps, a mould of ice-cream and fruit, — a mere trifle of some kind."

"My dear friend, you had much better let me go to bed. I assure you I am horribly out of humor."

"I don't prevent you from going to bed. You can sup in bed, and be as ill-humored as you like."

"You really insist?"

"No, I entreat; you know, madame, you are the only mistress here; I am but the first of your servants."

"How can I refuse anything to a man who talks like that? Go to the *Feydeau*, monseigneur, and your humble servant will expect you."

"My dear *Aurélie*, you are simply adorable; and I don't know why I do not bar your windows like those of *Rosine*."

"Why should you? You are Count *Almaviva*."

"Is there no *Cherubino* hidden in your closet?"

"I shall not say to you, 'Here is the key;' I say to you, 'It is in the door.'"

"Well, see how magnanimous I am: if there is any one there, I leave him time to get away. Therefore, *au revoir*, my beautiful divinity. Expect me in about an hour."

"Very good; and tell me all about the play. I shall enjoy it more than if I saw it."

"So be it; but I will not engage to sing it to you."

"When I want singing, my dear friend, I send for *Garat*."

"I know that; and be it said, by the way, my dear *Aurélie*, that you send for him pretty often."

"Oh, don't be uneasy; your rights are protected by Madame Krudener. She never lets him out of her sight."

"They are writing a romance together."

"Yes, in action."

"You are malicious."

"No, I am not; it does n't pay. I leave that kind of thing to virtuous women who are old and rich."

"Once more, will you come with me to the Feydeau?"

"No, thank you."

"Very well; au revoir."

"Au revoir."

Aurélie conducted the general to the door of the salon, and Suzette took him to the door of the apartment, which she double-locked behind him. When the handsome Aurélie turned round she saw Coster de Saint-Victor on the threshold of the boudoir, and she gave a sigh; he was wonderfully handsome.

X.

TWO PORTRAITS.

COSTER DE SAINT-VICTOR had not returned, like some Incroyables, to the use of powder. He wore his hair without comb or queue, simply floating in locks that were black as jet; so were the eyebrows and lashes surrounding large sapphire-blue eyes, which were, according to the expression he chose to give them, full of power or of gentleness. His skin, now a little pale from the blood he had lost, was of ivory whiteness; the nose was straight and delicate and quite irreproachable; the firm red lips disclosed his handsome teeth, and the rest of the body, thanks to the shape of the clothing of that day, which brought out all the lines of the figure, seemed modelled from that of the Antinous.

The two young people looked at each other for a moment in silence.

"Did you hear?" said Aurélie.

"Alas, yes!" replied Coster.

"He sups here, and it is your fault."

"How so?"

"You forced me to admit him."

"Does it annoy you that he should sup here?"

"Of course it does."

"Truly?"

"I swear it! I am not in the mood to be amiable to-night to persons I don't love."

"But to those whom you do love—"

"Ah, I should be charming!" said Aurélie.

"Suppose," said Coster, "I found a way to prevent him from supping with you?"

"Well?"

"Who would sup in his place?"

"A pretty question, — he who prevented the other from supping."

"And you would not be ill-humored with him?"

"Oh, no!"

"Pledge it!"

She held out her cheek, and he pressed his lips to it. At that moment the bell rang again.

"Ah! this time I warn you," said Saint-Victor, "that if he has been stupid enough to come back I shall not go away."

Suzette put her head into the room.

"Am I to open the door, madame?" she asked, frightened.

"Of course; open at once."

Suzette went to the door. A man with a large flat basket on his head came in, saying: —

"Supper for citizen-general Barras."

"Do you hear that?" said Aurélie.

"Yes," replied the Incroyable; "but on the word of a Saint-Victor he shall not eat it."

"Am I to set the table all the same?" said Suzette, laughing.

"Yes," replied the young man, as he darted from the room; "if he does n't eat it, another will."

Aurélie followed him with her eyes. Then, when the door closed upon him, she turned to her waiting-woman.

"Come and dress me, Suzette," she said; "and make me as handsome as you can."

"For which of the two does madame wish to look handsome?"

"I don't know yet; meantime, make me handsome — for myself."

Suzette immediately set about the business.

We have already described the dress of the fine ladies of that day, and Aurélie was a fine lady. Belonging to a good family in Provence, and playing the rôle we have already

indicated, it is best to leave her the name she took, and by which she appears in the archives of the police-office. Her history was that of nearly all the women of her class, for whom the Thermidorian reaction was a triumph. She was a young girl without fortune, seduced in 1790 by a young noble who took her from her family, brought her to Paris, emigrated, entered Condé's army, and was killed in 1793. She was thus left alone, without other property than her youth and her beauty. Picked up by a *fermier-général*, she regained even more luxury than she had lost. But the time came for the suppression of the *fermiers-généraux*. Aurélie's protector was among the twenty-seven persons executed with Lavoisier May 8, 1794. Before dying, he gave her outright a large sum of money, of which she had hitherto enjoyed the interest only; so that, without having an actual fortune, the handsome Aurélie was far above want.

Barras heard of her beauty and her distinction, obtained an introduction to her, and after a certain period of probation was accepted. He was then a very handsome man of forty, belonging to a noble family of Provence, — a contested nobility, though quite incontestable for those who know the old saying, "Old as the rocks of Provence, noble as the Barras."

A sub-lieutenant at eighteen in the Languedoc regiment, he had quitted it to go out and join his uncle, the governor of the Île de France. He came near perishing in a shipwreck off the coast of Coromandel, seized the helm himself at the right moment, and, thanks to his courage and coolness, managed to beach the ship safely on an island inhabited only by savages. Here they remained, he and his companions, for over a month. They were finally rescued and taken to Pondicherry. Barras returned in 1788 to France, where a great future awaited him.

At the time of the convocation of the States-General, Barras, like Mirabeau, did not hesitate; he offered himself as a candidate of the middle party, and was elected. On

the 14th of July he was seen among the conquerors of the Bastille; as a member of the Convention he voted the death of the king; as deputy he was sent to Toulon after its recovery from the English. His report from there is well known. He simply proposed to raze the town.

On his return to the Convention he took an active part in all the great days of the Revolution, and particularly that of the 9th Thermidor; so that when the new Constitution was proposed he seemed destined, infallibly, to be one of the five Directors.

We have mentioned his age and his beauty. He was a man about five feet seven in height, with handsome hair, which he powdered to conceal the fact that it was turning gray, splendid eyes, a straight nose, and thick lips defining a sympathetic mouth. Without adopting the exaggerated fashions of the *jeunesse dorée*, he followed them in the degree of elegance that was suited to his years.

As for the beautiful Aurélie de Saint-Amour, she was just twenty-one years old, entering the true period of a woman's beauty, which is, according to our ideas, from twenty-one to thirty-five. Her nature was extremely fastidious, extremely sensual, extremely impressionable. Within herself she bore flower and fruit of woman, — perfume, flavor, and pleasure.

She was tall, which made her seem at first sight rather thin; but thanks to the style of dress that was then worn, it was soon seen that her slimness was that of Jean Goujon's Diana. She was blond, with those dark amber reflections that we see in the hair of Titian's Magdalen. If her head was dressed with blue velvet fillets in the Greek manner she was beautiful; but when, after dinner, she loosened her hair and let it fall over her shoulders, shaking her head to make a halo of it, and when her cheeks, which had the freshness of a camellia and a peach, outlined their oval against the tawny hair which heightened the effect of the black eyebrows, the dark-blue eyes, the carmine lips and pearly teeth, and when from each of her rosy ears

there hung a spray of diamonds like lightning flashes, — then indeed she was superb.

This luxuriant beauty had developed only within the last two years. That which she had given to her first lover (the only man she had ever loved) was the beauty of the young girl full of hesitations and doubts, who yields, but never gives herself. Then, suddenly, she felt the sap of life abounding in her; her eyes opened wider, her nostrils dilated, and she breathed the love of that second youth which follows adolescence. It was then that necessity forced her not to give, but to sell herself; and she did it with the under-current of a thought that she would some day return, rich and independent, to that liberty of heart and person which a woman desires.

Two or three times, at the soirées of the hôtel de Thélusson or at the theatres, she had noticed Coster de Saint-Victor paying court to the handsomest and most distinguished women of the day; and each time her heart seemed to leap in her bosom, as if ready to fly to him. She felt that some day or other, even if she had to make the advances, that man would belong to her, or rather, she would belong to that man. She was so fully convinced of this, thanks perhaps to an inner sense which does sometimes tell us the secrets of the future, that she awaited events without much impatience, certain that some day the object of her dreams would pass near enough to her, or she would pass near enough to him, to join their beings by the irresistible law that fastens iron to magnet.

That evening, when, on opening her window to watch the tumult in the street, she saw the handsome demon of her solitary thoughts in the midst of the struggling crowd, she had cried out with an inward impulse and almost in spite of herself: "Citizen in the green coat, look out for yourself!"

XL

' ASPASIA'S TOILET.

AURÉLIE DE SAINT-AMOUR might have called to Coster de Saint-Victor by his name, for she knew it; but to give him his name in the midst of that crowd of enemies would be giving him his death.

Saint-Victor, on his part, recognized her when he recovered his senses; for she was already noted, not only for her beauty, but also for her wit, — that indispensable complement to every beauty that aspires to reign. The occasion she had dreamed came within her reach, and she caught it as it passed. Saint-Victor thought her marvellously handsome; but he knew it was impossible to compete either in magnificence or generosity with Barras. Moreover, he knew all the shameful mysteries of Parisian life, and he was incapable of sacrificing the position of a woman to a moment of selfishness or the allurements of pleasure.

Perhaps the beautiful Aspasia, now mistress of herself through a sufficient fortune, — a fortune she was certain to increase through the celebrity she had acquired, — perhaps the beautiful courtesan would have preferred a man with less delicacy and more passion.

However, in any case she wanted to be beautiful, and Suzette obeyed her to the letter, joining the mysteries of art to the marvels of nature, "making her beautiful," as she said, in the same boudoir to which we introduced our readers in a former chapter.

The modern Aspasia, who was about to deck herself in the costume of the ancient Aspasia, was lying on the same sofa where Saint-Victor had been lying; but its place was changed. Suzette had drawn it between the little chimney-

piece, adorned with old Sèvres figurines, and a psyche in a round frame twined with a wreath of roses in Dresden china. Wrapped in a cloud of transparent muslin, Aurélie had delivered up her head to Suzette, who dressed it in the Grecian style, that is to say, in the style brought about by political reminiscences and, above all, by the pictures of David, who was then in all the force of his power and the flower of his fame. A narrow blue velvet ribbon studded with diamond stars passed just above the forehead, then again round the upper part of the head, and disappeared beneath the chignon; from it little feathery curls escaped, so light that the merest breath set them waving.

Thanks to the flower of youth that bloomed in her complexion, and to the peachy smoothness of her transparent skin, Aurélie could do without powder and all the other cosmetics with which the women then, as to-day, plastered their faces. In fact, her actual beauty would have been injured had she used them, for the skin of her throat had silvery and mother-of-pearl reflections with rosy tints which the slightest cosmetic would have tarnished. Her arms, which looked like alabaster warmed by faintly roseate tones, harmonized delightfully with the bust. Her whole body, in all its details, seemed a challenge to the loveliest models of antiquity and the Middle Ages; except that Nature, that wondrous sculptor, seemed to have set itself the task of softening the severity of antique art with the grace and *morbidezza* of modern beauty.

That beauty was so real that she who possessed it seemed hardly yet accustomed to it; and every time that Suzette took away part of her clothing and left that part of her body bare, she smiled upon herself complacently, and yet without vanity. Sometimes she would stay whole hours in the warm atmosphere of her room, lying on her sofa, like the Farnèse Hermaphrodite, or Titian's Venus. This contemplation of herself, which was shared by Suzette, who could not keep her eyes from her beautiful young mistress, was shortened on this occasion by the warning of the clock.

Suzette approached her with a garment of that exquisitely transparent tissue which is woven only in the East.

"Come, mistress," said Suzette, "I know you are very beautiful, and no one knows it better than I; but here's half-past nine striking. It is true that, now madame's hair is done, the rest will take no time."

Aurélié shook her shoulders like a statue which casts off a veil, and murmured two questions, addressed to that supreme power that men call love:—

"What is he doing? Will he succeed?"

What Coster de Saint-Victor was doing (for we cannot suppose that the beautiful Aurélié was thinking of Barras) we will now relate.

They were giving, as we have said, a new piece at the Feydeau, — "Toberne, or the Swedish Fisherman," preceded by a little opera in one act. Barras, when he left Made-moiselle de Saint-Amour, had only to cross the rue des Colonnnes. He reached the theatre when the first piece was half finished, and as he was known to be a Conventional strongly in favor of the Constitution and likely to become one of the five Directors, his entrance was saluted with a few groans and cries of —

"Down with the Decrees! Down with the two thirds! Long live the Sections!"

The Feydeau was the theatre *par excellence* of reactionary Paris. Still, those who came to see the play managed to silence those who were inclined for uproar. Cries of "Down with interrupters!" prevailed and peace ensued.

The first play ended tranquilly enough; but no sooner had the curtain fallen than a young man jumped on one of the stalls, and pointing to the bust of Marat which was a pendant to that of Lepelletier de Saint-Fargeau, cried out:—

"Citizens! why do we allow the bust of that monster with a human face called Marat to disgrace these precincts, when in the place which he usurps we might see the image of the great citizen of Geneva, the illustrious author

of 'Emile,' of the 'Contrat Social,' and 'La Nouvelle Héloïse'?"

The orator had scarcely finished this apostrophe before there burst from the balconies, galleries, boxes, stalls, and pit a Babel of cries:—

"It is he! it is he! it is Coster Saint-Victor! Bravo, Coster! bravo!"

Coster drew himself up still higher, and putting one foot on the back of the seat, he continued:—

"Down with the Terrorists! Down with Marat, that sanguinary monster who demanded three hundred thousand heads! Long live the author of 'Émile,' the 'Contrat Social,' and 'La Nouvelle Héloïse'!"

Suddenly a voice cried out.—

"Here is a bust of Jean-Jacques Rousseau."

A pair of hands in the pit raised high the bust above all heads. How came the bust of Rousseau opportunely there at the exact moment when wanted? Nobody knew; but its apparition was none the less greeted with cries of enthusiasm:—

"Down with the bust of Marat! Long live Charlotte Corday! Down with the Terrorists! Long live Rousseau!"

XII.

SIC VOS NON VOBIS.

It was this manifestation that Coster de Saint-Victor was awaiting. He clung to the limbs of the caryatides which supported the proscenium, put his foot on the cornice of the balcony, and climbed, assisted and held up by a dozen hands, to the front of Barras's box. Barras, who did not know what Coster wanted of him, and was not disposed to regard him as one of his best friends, rolled back his chair. Coster saw the movement.

"Excuse me, citizen-general Barras," he said; "I don't want to disturb you, but like you I am a deputy, deputed to knock that bust up there from its pedestal."

So saying, and springing on the railing of the proscenium box, he struck at Marat's effigy with his heavy cane. The bust tottered on its base, and then fell over upon the stage with a crash, and was broken into a thousand bits, amid the loud applause of the whole audience.

At the same time the same execution was done on the harmless bust of Lepelletier de Saint-Fargeau, killed January 20 by the Garde de Paris. The same acclamations hailed its fall. Then two hands rose above the stalls crying out:—

"Behold the bust of Voltaire!"

Instantly that bust was handed from hand to hand up a sort of Jacob's ladder, until it reached the now empty niche. The bust of Rousseau followed on the other side, and the two busts were installed in the places just vacated, amid the hurrahs and bravos of the whole theatre.

All this while Saint-Victor, still standing on the railing of Barras's box, and holding by one hand to the neck of a projecting griffin, waited till silence was restored. He might have waited long if he had not made a sign that he wanted to speak. On that the cries of "Long live the author of 'Émile,' the 'Contrat Social,' 'La Nouvelle Héloïse'!" and those of "Long live the author of 'Zaïre,' 'Mahomet,' and 'La Henriade'!" died away, and everybody cried out, "Coster wishes to speak! Speak, Coster! we are listening. Hush! silence!" Coster made another sign, and judging that his voice could now be heard, he cried out:—

"Citizens, thank the citizen Barras here present, in this box." All eyes turned to Barras. "The illustrious general reminds me that the same sacrilege we have just rebuked here exists in the Hall of the Convention. In fact, two commemorative pictures of the death of Marat and that of Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau, painted by the Terrorist David, hang on those walls."

A cry burst from every mouth:—

"To the Convention! to the Convention!"

"The worthy citizen Barras," continued Coster, "will open the doors for us. Long live the citizen Barras!"

And the whole audience, which had hissed Barras on his arrival, now cried, "Long live Barras!"

As for Barras himself, he was bewildered by the part which Saint-Victor was forcing him to play in this comedy,—a part in which he really counted for nothing,—and seizing his hat and cane and overcoat, he sprang from the box, and down the stairway to reach his carriage. But rapidly as he had made the movement, Coster sprang with equal rapidity on the stage, and crying out, "To the Convention, friends!" disappeared down the actor's staircase, through the stage entrance, and was knocking at Aurélie's door before Barras had found his carriage.

Suzette rushed to open it; Coster slipped in rapidly.

"Hide me in the boudoir, Suzette," he said. "The citi-

zen Barras will be here in a few minutes to tell your mistress that I am to eat his supper."

He had hardly said the words before a carriage was heard to stop before the street door.

"Hey! quick! quick!" cried Suzette, opening the door of the boudoir. Saint-Victor rushed in. Hasty steps were heard on the staircase.

"Come in, citizen-general," said Suzette. "I thought it was you, and I was holding the door open. My mistress has been expecting you for some time."

"To the Convention! to the Convention!" cried a troop of young men who had followed Barras's carriage, striking on the door with their sticks.

"Heavens! what is it now?" asked Aurélie, appearing in her beautiful costume, and full of anxiety.

"My dear friend," said Barras, "a riot, which deprives me of the pleasure of supping with you to-night. I came to tell you myself, that you might not doubt my regrets."

"Ah, what a misfortune!" cried Aurélie; "and such a good supper, too!"

"Such a sweet tête-à-tête!" added Barras, endeavoring to heave a mournful sigh. "I have not an instant to lose. I must reach the Convention before the crowd."

And faithful to his civic duties, the future Director paused only to reward Suzette's fidelity by stuffing a roll of assignats into her hand, after which he ran rapidly downstairs.

Suzette locked the door behind him, and as she did so with a double turn of the key and pushed the bolt, her mistress cried out to her:—

"Suzette, what are you doing?"

"Locking the door."

"But Saint-Victor—?"

"Look behind you, madame," said Suzette.

Aurélie gave a cry of surprise and pleasure. Saint-Victor appeared at the door of the boudoir, stepping softly on tip-toe, and held out his elbow to her.

"Madame," he said, "do me the honor to take my arm to the dining-room."

"How did you manage it? What have you done?"

"I will tell you all that," said Saint-Victor, "while I eat the supper of citizen Barrae."

XIII

THE ELEVENTH VENDÉMIAIRE.

ONE of the resolutions taken at the royalist agency in the rue de la Poste after Cadoudal had left the house at the close of the session, as we related in a former chapter, was to meet the next day at the Theatre of the Odéon.

On the same evening a flood of persons, led by some fifty members of the *jeunesse dorée*, had rushed, as we have seen, to the Convention; but their leader, Saint-Victor, having disappeared as if through a trap-door, the crowd and the muscadins went alone to the Convention, which Barras had by this time warned of the coming invasion.

From the point of view of art it is a great pity that the two pictures against which the crowd was excited were destroyed. One of them, the "Death of Marat," was David's masterpiece.

The Convention, aware of the dangers by which it was surrounded, and conscious that at any moment a fresh crater in the volcano of Paris might open, declared its session permanent. The three representatives, — Gillet, Aubry, and Delmas, — who, on the 4th Prairial, were appointed to the command of the armed forces, were now directed to take all measures for the safety of the Convention. The general uneasiness was great, especially when it became known that a meeting of armed citizens was to take place the next day at the Odéon.

The next day, October 3 (11th Vendémiaire), was devoted by the Convention to a funeral function, which was arranged to take place in its own hall in memory of the Girondins. Several members urged postponing this affair; but Tallien declared that it would be unworthy of

the Convention not to attend to its legitimate duties tranquilly, even in the midst of perils.

The Convention issued an immediate decree, ordering all illegal meetings of electors to disperse. The night passed in tumults of all kinds in the remote parts of Paris; guns were fired, citizens were knocked down; wherever Conventionals and Sectionists met there was an interchange of blows.

The Sections, on their side, in virtue of the right of sovereignty which they arrogated to themselves as the People, were also issuing decrees; a decree had fixed the meeting for the 11th Vendémiaire at the Odéon.

News was coming in from all the towns surrounding Paris in which were royalist committees. Insurrectionary movements had taken place at Orléans, Dreux, Verneuil, and Nonancourt. At Chartres the representative Tellier had tried to prevent the uprising, and having failed to do so, blew out his brains. The Chouans had everywhere cut down the 14th-of-July trees, — glorious symbols of the triumph of the People; they had flung the statue of Liberty in the mud; and in the provinces, as in Paris, they knocked down the patriot citizens when they met.

While the Convention deliberated about the conspirators, the conspirators were acting against the Convention. From eleven o'clock in the morning the electors had been making their way towards the Odéon, but only the most adventurous had so far entered it. Had these electors been counted, their number would have been shown to be something less than a thousand. In the midst of them a few young men made a great noise and much bravado, going and coming with clanking sabres, which trailed on the floors and knocked over benches. But the number of chasseurs and grenadiers collected by the Sections was not over four hundred. It is true, however, that a crowd of ten thousand persons were collected in and about the place of meeting, choking the entrances to the theatre, and filling the adjoining streets.

If on that day the Convention, kept well-informed, had acted with vigor, it could have mastered the insurrection; but again it attempted conciliatory measures. It added to the decree which made all electoral meetings illegal an article stating that those persons who immediately desisted would not be proceeded against. As soon as this additional article was determined upon, officers of police, escorted by six dragoons, started from the Tuileries where the Convention held its sessions, to summon the persons assembling at the meeting to obey it.

But the streets were crowded with inquisitive spectators. These spectators wanted to know what the police and the dragoons were about to do, they surrounded and hindered them so much that although the squad left the palace at three o'clock it was nearly seven before, amid cries, howls, and provocations of all sorts, they reached the Odeon. From afar, persons about the theatre had seen them coming on horseback up the rue de l'Egilette, which faces the building. Rising above the crowd, they looked like boats tossed on the surface of a raging ocean.

At last, however, they reached the square. The dragoons stationed themselves on the steps of the theatre, the police, whose duty it was to make known the proclamation, went up on the portico, the torch-bearers surrounded them, and the reading of the decree began.

But no sooner had the first words issued from their lips than the doors of the theatre opened with a great burst, and the SOVEREIGNS (that was the name given to the Sectionists) came out, surrounded by the electoral guard. They flung the police from the top to the bottom of the portico, while the guards marched upon the six dragoons with fixed bayonets. Amid the howls of the populace the police disappeared, swallowed up in the crowd; the dragoons dispersed, the torches went out, and from the midst of that mighty chaos arose a shout of "Long live the Sectionists! Death to the Convention!"

These cries, prolonged from street to street, echoed to

the very Hall of the Convention itself. While the victorious Sectionists re-entered the Odéon, taking, in their enthusiasm over this first success, an oath not to lay down their arms until the Tuileries and the Convention were in ruins, the patriots (though they themselves had cause of complaint against the Convention) no longer doubting the danger that threatened Liberty, of which the Convention was the last tabernacle, rushed thither in crowds to offer help and ask for arms. Some came from the prisons; some had been excluded from the Sections; the greater part were officers dismissed from the service by the head of the war-committee. Aubry joined them. The Convention hesitated to accept their services; but Louvet, that indefatigable patriot who alone stood upright amid the ruin of parties, — Louvet, who had long desired to arm the faubourgs and reopen the club of the Jacobins, insisted so strongly that he carried his point.

Not a minute was then lost. All the unemployed officers were collected. They were given the command of these patriots, — these soldiers without leaders, — and all, officers and soldiers, were put under the orders of the brave General Berruyer.

This arming of the people was taking place on the evening of the 11th Vendémiaire, just as the news came of the attack on the police and the dragoons by the Sectionists. The Convention therefore decided on breaking up the meeting at the Odéon by armed force.

In virtue of that order, General Menou sent in a column of regulars and two pieces of cannon from the camp at Sablons. But when these troops arrived at eleven o'clock that night on the place de l'Odéon, that and the theatre were both deserted.

The whole night was spent in arming the volunteer patriots, and in receiving challenge after challenge from the Section Le Peletier, also from the Sections Butte-des-Moulins, Contrat-Social, Comédie-Française, Luxembourg, rue Poissonnière, Brutus, and Temple.

XIV.

THE TWELFTH VENDÉMIAIRE.

ON the morning of the 12th Vendémiaire the walls were covered with posters, enjoining all National guards to report at their Sections, which were threatened by the Terrorists, — that is to say, by the Convention.

At nine o'clock, the Section Le Peletier declared its session permanent, proclaimed revolt, and ordered the beat to arms to be sounded throughout Paris. The Convention, thus provoked, did the same. Two species of heralds pervaded the streets. The air was full of those strange shudderings which accompany the fever of great cities and are the symptoms of grave events. It was seen that the Sections had passed beyond the line of rebellion, and that it was no longer a question of convincing or conciliating them, but of crushing them. None of the great Revolutionary days had ever dawned with such terrible forewarnings, — neither July 14th, August 10th, nor even September 2d.

Toward eleven in the forenoon it was felt that the moment had arrived, and the initiative should be taken. The Convention, knowing that the Section Le Peletier was the headquarters of the rebels, resolved to disarm it, and ordered General Menou to march against it with a sufficient body of troops and cannon.

The general came from Sablons and marched across Paris. But on the march he saw what he had no idea of; that is to say, he found he had to do with the nobility, the rich bourgeoisie, — the class, in short, which usually makes opinion. It was by no means the faubourgs, as he had supposed, whom he was now to shell. It was the place

ôme, the rue Saint-Honoré, the boulevards, the fau-
-Saint-Germain.

The man of Prairial 1st hesitated on the 12th Vendémiaire. He marched, it is true, but tardily, slowly. The Convention had to send its representative Laporte to hurry him. And yet all Paris was hanging on the issue of this great duel.

Unhappily, the president of the Section Le Peletier, whom we already know from his visit to the Convention and his conference with the Chouan general, Cadoudal, was a man as rapid in his decisions as Menou was weak and hesitating in his.

It was eight o'clock in the evening before General Verdières received from General Menou an order to take sixty of the grenadiers of the Convention, a hundred men from the battalion of the Oise, and twenty cavalry, to form a left column, and march on the Section Le Peletier. He was enjoined to hold possession of the left side of the rue des Filles-Saint-Thomas and await orders.

He had scarcely appeared at the entrance of the rue Vivienne, before Morgan, appearing at the gate of the convent of the Filles-Saint-Thomas, brought out a hundred grenadiers of the Section and ordered them to shoulder arms. They obeyed without hesitation. Verdières gave the same order to his troops; but they muttered.

"Friends," cried Morgan to the soldiers of the Convention, "we shall not fire first; but after the firing begins no quarter is to be expected from us. If the Convention wants war, it shall have it."

Verdières's grenadiers wanted to reply. Verdières called out:—

"Silence in the ranks!"

Silence followed. Then he ordered the cavalry to out sabres, and the infantry to ground arms. These orders were obeyed. Meantime Menou's centre column was coming up by the rue Vivienne, and his right by the rue Notre-Dame-des-Victoires.

The Section was instantly converted into an armed force. At least a thousand men issued from the convent ^{about} formed before the portico. Morgan, sword in hand, placed himself ten paces in advance of them.

"Citizens," he said, addressing the Sectionists under his command, "you are for the most part married men, fathers of families. I have therefore a responsibility for many lives; and however much I may desire to give death for death to those tigers of the Convention, who have guillotined my father and shot my brother, I order you, in the name of your wives and children, not to fire first. But at the first shot fired by our enemies, — you see I stand here ten paces in front of you, — the man who fires that shot will die by my hand."

These words were said in the midst of profound silence, for before uttering them Morgan had raised his sword in sign that he wished to speak; so that neither party, Sectionists or Conventionals, lost a syllable of what he said.

Nothing was easier than to reply to such words and turn them into pure bravado by a triple volley, one from the right, another from the left, the third from the rue Vivienne. Exposed as a triple target, Morgan of course would fall dead.

The amazement, therefore, was great when, instead of the word "Fire!" which every one expected to hear, followed by a treble volley, the representative Laporte was seen to consult with General Menou, and then to advance towards Morgan, while the general ordered his men to ground arms. That order was executed as promptly as the other.

But the amazement was greater still when, after exchanging a few words with Laporte, Morgan called out: —

"I am here only to fight, and because I supposed there would be fighting. When it comes to compliments and concessions, that is the affair of the vice-president. I retire."

Putting his sword into its scabbard, he stepped back and was lost to sight among the Sectionists. The vice-president took his place. After a conference of ten minutes between citizens Lalau, Laporte, and Menou, a movement was made. Part of the Sectionist troops turned round the convent of the Filles-Saint-Thomas and entered the rue Montmartre; at the same time those of the Convention retired to the Palais-Royal.

But hardly had the latter disappeared before the Sectionists led by Morgan reappeared, again shouting with one voice:—

“Down with the two thirds! Down with the Convention!”

This shout, starting from the convent of the Filles-Saint-Thomas, spread almost instantly through every quarter of Paris. Two or three churches which had saved their bells sounded the tocsin. That sinister clang, unheard in the city for three or four years, produced a more terrible effect than the roar of cannon. It was reaction, — political and religious reaction, — borne upon the wings of the wind.

It was eleven at night when this terrible sound and the news of the result of General Menou’s advance was made known in the Convention. The session, though not adjourned, was scarcely going on; but the deputies now flocked in, questioning each other, and doubting if the news were true that the positive order to surround and disarm the Section Le Peletier could have been evaded and transformed into a friendly conversation; the retirement of each party seemed actually impossible.

Presently the news came that the Sectionists, far from retiring to their own homes, had returned upon their steps, and that the convent, their headquarters, was like a fortress, from which they were defying and insulting the Convention.

Chénier sprang to the tribune. Embittered by the cruel accusation which followed him to his death, — and beyond it, — of having, out of jealousy, allowed his brother André to be guillotined, Marie-Joseph Chénier was

always for the harshest and most expeditious measures of coercion.

"Citizens," he cried, "I cannot believe what we are told! Retreat before the enemy is a misfortune; retreat before rebels is treason. I desire, before I leave this tribune, to know whether a majority of the French people is, and will be, respected; or whether we are to bow our necks to the will of the Sectionists, — we, who are the will of the Nation! I demand that the government be required to instantly give account to this Convention of what is happening in Paris."

Shouts of approbation responded to this appeal. Chénier's notion was unanimously voted.

XV.

THE NIGHT OF THE TWELFTH AND THIRTEENTH
VENDÉMAIRE.

DELAUNAY (d'Angers), a member of the government, mounted the tribune, and replied for it.

"Citizens," he said, "we are informed at this very moment that the Section Le Peletier is surrounded on all sides."

Applause broke out; but in the midst of it, a voice louder than any called out:—

"That is not true!"

"I affirm," continued Delaunay, "that the Section is surrounded."

"It is not true!" repeated the same voice, with still greater firmness. "I have just come from the Section. Our troops have withdrawn; the Sectionists are masters of Paris."

At this moment a great noise of feet and cries and vociferations was heard in the corridors. A flood of people surged into the hall, terrible and overwhelming as a rising tide. It reached the tribune, a hundred voices crying out:—

"To arms! to arms! We are betrayed! Summon General Menou!"

"I demand," said Chénier from his place, and mounting on his seat, "I demand the arrest of General Menou. Judge him instantly; if guilty, shoot him in the courtyard."

Cries of "Arrest General Menou!" echoed on all sides. Chénier continued:—

"I demand that arms and ammunition be again distributed to the patriots, who shall take the sacred name of

the 'Battalion of '89' and swear to be killed on the steps of this hall."

Then, as if they had been waiting for this demand, three or four hundred citizens rushed into the hall, demanding arms. These were veterans of the Revolution, — the living history of the last six years; men who fought beneath the walls of the Bastille, who attacked, on the 10th of August, the same château they were now demanding the right to defend. They were officers covered with scars, the heroes of Jemappes and Valmy, set aside because their dazzling actions were done by men obscure in name, because they had beaten the Prussians without strategy, and the Austrians without knowing mathematics or how to spell. They all believed that the aristocratic faction had caused their removal from the army. It was, in fact, the reactionary Aubry who tore their swords from their hands and the epaulets from their shoulders.

They kissed the guns and sabres that were given to them, and pressed them to their hearts, crying out:—

"We are free at last to die for the country!"

At that moment an usher entered, announcing a deputation from the Section Le Peletier.

"Do you hear?" cried Delaunay d'Angers. "I told you the truth; they have come to accept the conditions imposed by Menou and Laporte."

The usher retired and in a few moments returned alone.

"The head of the deputation asks if there is safety for him and for those who accompany him, no matter what they have to say to the Convention?"

Boissy d'Anglas stretched out his hand.

"On the honor of the nation," he said, "those who enter here shall go out safe and sound as they came in."

The usher then returned to those who had sent him. A great silence fell on the Assembly. They all hoped that this new parley would offer a way of conciliation out of the difficulty. In the midst of the silence steps were heard approaching. All eyes turned to the door; a quiver passed through the whole assembled company.

The head of the deputation was the same young man who had spoken so haughtily to the Convention the night before. The expression of his face did not denote that he came to make any submission.

"Citizen president," said Boissy d'Anglas, "you have asked to be heard, and we will listen to you, you have asked for life and liberty, and we grant it. Speak!"

"Citizens," said the young man, in a clear, distinct voice, "my desire is that you shall reject these last proposals of the Section Le Peletier, which I now bring you, because my wish is to fight. The happiest day of my life will be that on which I shall enter this hall with my feet in blood, and fire and steel in my hand."

A threatening murmur came from the seats of the Conventionals, a sort of shudder of amazement was seen to pass among the groups of patriots gathered in the corners.

"Go on," said Boissy d'Anglas, "swell your threats to insolence. You know that you have nothing to fear, and that life and liberty are guaranteed to you."

"For that reason," replied the young man, "I shall tell you simply what brings me here. What brings me here is the sacrifice of my personal vengeance to the general good, and even to your good. I did not think I had the right to send you by others the summons I now make to you. Hear it. If to-morrow, by daybreak, the walls of Paris are not covered with posters announcing that the Convention resigns in a body, that Paris and France are free to choose all their representatives and not one third only, and this without condition, we shall consider war declared, and march upon you. You have five thousand men, we have sixty thousand and justice on our side." He drew a watch cased in diamonds from his pocket. "It is now a quarter to twelve o'clock. To-morrow, at mid day, that is to say, in twelve hours from now, if Paris has not received from you the satisfaction she hereby demands, of the walls which shelter you at this moment there will not be left one stone upon another, and fire will be lighted at all four corners

of the Tuileries to purify the royal residence for your stay in it. I have done."

Cries of rage and threats burst from the throats of all present. The patriots, who had just obtained their arms, wanted to fling themselves on the insolent orator; but Boissy d'Anglas stretched forth his hand.

"My word and yours is pledged, citizens," he said. "The president of the club Le Peletier can retire as he entered, safe and sound. That is how we keep our word; we will see how he keeps his."

"Then it is war!" cried Morgan, joyfully.

"Yes, citizen; and civil war, — the worst of all wars," replied Boissy d'Anglas. "Go, and never appear here again; I will not again insure your safety."

Morgan retired with a smile upon his lips. He had what he came to seek, — the certainty of a battle on the morrow.

He had hardly left the hall before a frightful uproar arose from the seats of the galleries and the groups of patriots.

Midnight sounded. It was now the 13th Vendémiaire.

Let us here leave the Convention, inasmuch as there are six or eight hours before the struggle begins, and enter one of those mixed salons which men of both parties frequented, and where, consequently, the news was received more surely and rapidly than at either the Convention or the Sections.

XVI.

THE SALON OF MADAME LA BARONNE DE STAËL,
SWEDISH AMBASSADRESS.

Two thirds of the way along the rue du Bac, between the rue de Grenelle and the rue de la Planche, rises a massive building, which may still be recognized by the four Ionic columns coupled two and two, which support a heavy stone balcony. It was the house of the Swedish embassy, now inhabited by the celebrated Madame de Staël, daughter of M. Necker, and wife of the Baron de Stael-Holstein, the Swedish ambassador.

Madame de Staël is so well known that it is almost unnecessary to give her physical portrait; still we shall say a few words about her. Born in 1766, Madame de Stael was then in the zenith of her genius, — we do not say her beauty, for she was never beautiful. Passionately admiring her father, — a second-rate man, whatever may be said to the contrary, — she had followed his fortunes and emigrated with him, although the position of her husband as a foreign ambassador ensured her safety.

But she soon returned to Paris, made a plan for the escape of Louis XVI., and in 1793 addressed the Revolutionary government in justification of the queen at the time of her trial. The declaration of war between Gustavus IV. and France and Russia was followed by the recall of the ambassador to Stockholm, where he and his wife remained from the death of the queen to that of Robespierre. After the 9th Thermidor Monsieur de Stael returned to France, still with the title of Swedish ambassador; and Madame de Staël, who could not live without

a view of the gutter of the rue du Bac (which sight she said she preferred to that of Lake Lemman), came back with him.

They had hardly returned before she opened her salon, and very naturally received all the men of distinction in Paris, whether Frenchmen or foreigners. But although consenting, among the first, to the ideas of 1789, whether it was that the march of events, or that the voice of her own heart modified her ideas, she devoted her whole strength to securing the return of the *émigrés*, and asked so frequently for the erasing of their names from the proscribed lists, particularly the name of M. de Narbonne, that the famous butcher Legendre denounced her from the tribune. Her salon and that of Madame Tallien shared the social distinctions of Paris, that of Madame de Stael being more monarchical than constitutional, — that is to say, of a stripe between that of the Cordeliers and the Girondins.

On the night of which we are now speaking, that is, during the night of the 12th and 13th Vendémiaire, the salon of Madame de Stael at eleven o'clock, — the hour when the trouble was at its height in the Convention, — the salon of Madame de Stael was crowded with visitors. The party was most brilliant. No one, looking at the toilets of the women and the easy bearing of the men, could have believed that the people of Paris were about to cut one another's throats. And yet, in the midst of all the gayety, all the wit, which is never so keenly aroused in France as in times of danger, there were moments when a cloud seemed to darken the assembly, as in summer a passing storm casts its shadow over fields and harvests.

Every fresh arrival was received with exclamations of curiosity and eager questions, which proved indubitably the interest which all took in the situation. For the time being the two or three women who, in Madame de Stael's salon shared with her the honors of their wit or their beauty, were neglected. The men rushed to the new-

comer, obtained all they could from him, and returned to their own circle to report and discuss the news. By a sort of tacit agreement, each of the women who, by right of wit or beauty, had, as we have said, the distinction of belonging to this society, held her own particular court apart from the others in the vast ground-floor reception-rooms of the Hôtel de Suède, so that, besides Madame de Staël's own salon, there were, that night, the additional salons of Madame Krudener and Madame Récamier.

Madame Krudener was three years younger than Madame de Staël; she was a Courlandaise, born at Riga. Daughter of Baron Wifthinghof, a rich landowner, she married at fourteen Baron Krudener, and went with him to Copenhagen and to Venice, where he fulfilled the functions of Russian ambassador. Separated from her husband in 1791, she regained the liberty relinquished for a short time during her married life. She was a very charming and a very intelligent and witty person, who could write and speak French perfectly. The only thing for which she was blamed at this very unsentimental period was a tendency to solitude and revery. Her melancholy, essentially of the North, made her seem like the heroine of some ancient Scandinavian saga, and gave her, in the midst of a careless and joyous world, a disposition which tended to mysticism.

Sometimes her friends were tempted to blame her for the species of ecstasy which would seize her suddenly in the midst of a gay party. But when they came near her at such moments of excitement and looked at her fine eyes raised to heaven, they saw the Saint Teresa in her soul, and forgot the woman of the world for the woman of inspiration. It was said, however, that those fine eyes, ecstatically raised to heaven, deigned to return to earth so soon as the handsome singer Garat entered the room. A novel she was then writing, entitled "*Valérie, or the Letters of Gustave de Linard to Ernest de G—*," was said to be the history of their love.

She was a woman of twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, with the very fair hair peculiar to the women of cold climates. In moments of ecstasy her face had the rigidity of marble, to which the skin, as white and smooth as satin, gave additional likeness. Her friends — and she had many before she had disciples — said that at times, when her spirit communicated with higher spirits, she would utter disconnected words which, like those of the antique oracles, had a meaning. In short, Madame Krudener was the precursor of modern spiritualism. In our day she would have been what is called a *medium*. The word was not then invented, so they contented themselves with calling her inspired.

Madame Récamier, the youngest of all the fashionable women of that day, was born at Lyon in 1777, and was named Jeanne-Françoise-Julie-Adélaïde Bernard. She married, in 1793, Jacques-Rose Récamier, who was twenty-six years older than herself. His fortune came from an immense hat making business founded by his father at Lyon. While still young he had travelled for the house, though not until he had had enough classical education to enable him to quote, on occasion, both Horace and Virgil. He spoke Spanish, the hat-business having frequently taken him to Spain. He was handsome, tall, fair, vigorously strong, easily moved, generous, but rather frivolous, and not much attached to his friends, to whom, however, he never refused a benefit in money. One of his best friends, to whom he had done many services, died; he merely said, with a sigh, —

“Another cash drawer closed!”

Married in the very midst of the Terror, on the 24th of April, 1793, he went on his wedding-day to witness the executions, as he had done the day before, and would do on the morrow and all the succeeding days. He had seen the king die, he had seen the queen die, he had seen Lavoisier die, and the twenty-seven farmer-generals and his best friend Laporte and, in short, nearly all those with

whom he had held business or social relations; and if asked why he was so assiduously present at the terrible spectacle, he would answer:—

“To get accustomed to the scaffold.”

It was, in fact, by a miracle that M. Récamier escaped the guillotine, but he did escape it; and his presence as supernumerary at the theatre of death proved useless to him.

Was it this daily contemplation of the nothingness of life that made him oblivious of the beauty of his wife, to the degree of never loving her except as a father; or was it through some imperfection, with which capricious Nature does sometimes afflict its noblest specimens? The fact that his marriage was one in name only remains a mystery, without being at any time a secret.

Nevertheless, when Mademoiselle Bernard became his wife, at the age of sixteen, she had just, as her biographer tells us, passed from childhood into the splendor of youth. A supple, elegant figure; shoulders worthy of the goddess Hebe; a throat of exquisite shape and perfect proportion; a rosy mouth; pearly teeth; charming arms, though rather thin; chestnut hair, which curled naturally; a delicate, regular nose of the true French type; an incomparably dazzling skin; a countenance all candor, slightly mischievous, but rendered irresistibly attractive by its expression of kindliness; something indolent in her manner, and withal proud; and a head better set on her shoulders than the rest of the world could show,—that was the woman of whom it could be said, as Saint-Simon said of the Duchesse de Bourgogne, “Her bearing was that of a goddess on the clouds.”

These separate salons, or courts, seemed to be as independent of each other as if they were in different houses; only, the principal salon, the one through which all the others were reached, was that of the mistress of the house. That lady, who was now in her twenty-ninth year, was, as we have said, the celebrated Madame de Staël, already known in politics by the influence she had exerted in get-

ting M. de Narbonne appointed as minister-of-war; and in literature, by her letters of enthusiasm about Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

She was not handsome, yet it was impossible to pass near her without being aware that here was one of those powerful organizations which sow words in the field of thought, as a laborer casts his seed-corn in the furrows. She was dressed that evening in a gown of red velvet, opening at the sides on a straw-colored satin petticoat, a yellow satin turban was on her head, surmounted by a bird-of-paradise plume, and between her thick lips, which gave to view a handsome set of teeth, she held a sprig of heather in bloom. The nose was rather coarse, the cheeks a little swarthy, but the eyes, forehead, and brows were marvellously fine. Material or divine, there was power there.

Leaning against the chimney-piece, on which she rested one hand, while with the other she gesticulated like a man, and still holding her heather, from which, now and then, she would tear off a blossom with her teeth, she was saying to a handsome young man, her ardent adorer, whose fair curls flowed to his shoulders and framed his face —

“No, you are mistaken, I swear you are mistaken, my dear Constant. I am not against the Republic, on the contrary, those who really know me know with what ardor I accepted the principles of '89. But I have a horror of sansculottism and vulgar loves. The moment I saw that Liberty, instead of being the purest and chastest of women, was only a courtesan, going from the arms of Marat to those of Danton, and from the arms of Danton to those of Robespierre, I made my curtsey to her. There may be no more princes or dukes or counts or marquises, if you will, I agree to all that. There's no nobler title than 'citizen' when addressed to Cato, or 'citoyenne' when spoken to Cornelia; but this thee-ing and thou-ing with my washer-woman, and supping of Spartan broth out of the same porringer as my coachman, — no, I will not agree to that.

Equality is a fine thing; but we have got to define what we mean by *equality*. If it means that all educations should be equal, at the cost of the State, well and good! that all men are equal before the law, very good! But if it means that all French citizens are of the same cut physically and mentally, that is not a proclamation of the rights of man; it is the law of Procrustes! Having to choose between the constitution of Lycurgus and that of Solon, between Sparta and Athens, I choose Athens, and what is more, the Athens of Pericles, and not of Pisistratus."

"Well," said the handsome young man to whom she had addressed her social jeremiad, and who was no other than he who afterwards became the great Benjamin Constant, "you are wrong, my dear baroness; you take Athens in her decline, and not in her early strength."

"Decline! Pericles! I think, on the contrary, I take her in all her splendor."

"Yes; but remember, madame, that nothing begins in splendor. Splendor is the fruit, and before the fruit are buds, leaves, flowers. You reject Pisistratus? you are wrong. It was he who trained the poorer classes and paved the way for the future greatness of Athens. As for his sons, Hippias and Hipparchus, I give them up to you. But Aclysthenes, who carried the number of senators to five hundred, as our Convention has just done, — it was he who opened the way to the grand period of the wars against the Persians. Miltiades vanquished the Persians at Marathon; Pichegru has just beaten the Prussians on the Rhine. Themistocles annihilated their fleet at Salamis; Moreau has captured that of Holland by a charge of cavalry, — that's an originality, to boot. The liberty of Greece issued from the struggle which seemed likely to destroy her, just as ours is issuing from our struggle with foreign royalties. That was how rights were extended; then it was that the archons and the magistrates were chosen from all classes. You forget that Æschylus was the fruit of that fecund period. Illuminated by the divine light of genius, he

created Prometheus, — that is to say, the resistance of mankind to tyranny, — Æschylus, younger brother of Homer, but who might have been his elder.”

“Bravo! bravo!” said a voice, “You are making very fine literature upon my word. But all the while they are cutting throats in the *quartier* Feydeau and the Section Le Peletier. Listen; don’t you hear the tocsin?”

“Ah! is that you, Barbé-Marbois?” said Madame de Staël, addressing a man about forty years old, very handsome, though his beauty was of the pompous, vapid kind which we see in courts and in diplomacy, — a very honest man, however, the son-in-law of William Moore, governor of Pennsylvania. “Where do you come from?”

“Straight from the Convention.”

“What are they doing?”

“Arguing. They have outlawed the Sectionists and armed the patriots. As for the Sectionists, you can hear them yourself; they are ringing the bells, which proves they are monarchists in disguise. To-morrow they will have their guns, and there’ll be a fine uproar, in my opinion.”

“What else could you expect?” said a man with straight hair, hollow temples, livid skin, and a crooked mouth, ugly with the double ugliness of man and animal. “I have said to them in the Convention again and again, ‘As long as you do not have a properly organized ministry of police and an active police minister, — active not because it is his business, but his vocation, — things will continue to go to the devil.’ I, who keep a dozen fellows in my pay as an amateur, simply because it amuses me to play police, I am much better informed than the government.”

“What do you know now, Monsieur Fouché?” asked Madame de Staël.

“Since you ask me, baroness, I know that the Chouans have been convoked from all parts of the country, and that yesterday, at Lemaistre’s house — You know Lemaistre, baroness?”

"You mean the agent of the princess?"

"Yes. Well, at his house the Jura and the Morbihan shook hands yesterday."

"Which means —?" asked Barbé-Marbois.

"Which means that Cadoudal renewed his oath of fidelity, and the Comte de Sainte-Hermine his oath of vengeance."

The other salons had poured into the first salon, and were pressing round the speakers.

"We know very well what Cadoudal is," said Madame de Staël,—"a Chouan who, after fighting in La Vendée, crossed the Loire; but who is the Comte de Sainte-Hermine?"

"The Comte de Sainte-Hermine," replied Fouché, "is a young noble from one of the first families in the Jura. He is the second of three sons. His father was guillotined, his mother died of grief, his eldest brother was shot at Auenheim; and he has sworn to avenge his father and brother. You have heard of the mysterious president of the Section Le Peletier, the famous Morgan who insulted the Convention in its own hall; do you know who he is?"

"No."

"The Comte de Sainte-Hermine."

"Really, Monsieur Fouché," said Benjamin Constant, "you have missed your vocation. You ought not to be either seaman, priest, professor, or deputy; you ought to be minister of police."

"And if I were," said Fouché, "Paris would be far more tranquil than it is at this moment. I ask you if it is not actually absurd to give way to the Sections? Menou ought to be shot."

"Citizen," said Madame Krüdener, who affected republican forms, "here comes citizen Garat; perhaps he brings some news. Garat, do you know anything?"

She drew into the circle a man about thirty years of age, dressed with great elegance.

"He knows that two quavers make a crotchet," said the satirical voice of Benjamin Constant.

Garat rose on the tips of his toes to discover the person who had made the speech. He was very strong on quavers, — a surprising singer, and also one of the most perfect Incroyables which the witty pencil of Horace Vernet has preserved to us. He was a nephew of the Conventiional Garat who read to Louis XVI. his death sentence, weeping. Son of a distinguished lawyer, it was his father's wish to educate him for the bar, but Nature made him a singer, and a marvellous tenor singer, too. An Italian, Lambert, gave him, conjointly with François Beck, director of the Bordeaux theatre, lessons in music, which so inspired the youth that when he went to Paris to pursue his law studies, he took a singing course instead, on which his father stopped his allowance. The Comte d'Artois then made him his private secretary, and asked the queen, Marie-Antoinette, to hear him, after that he was at once admitted to her select concerts.

Garat was completely alienated from his father, for nothing alienates sons from fathers more than the withdrawal of an allowance. The Comte d'Artois was going to Bordeaux, and proposed to take Garat with him. The latter hesitated a moment, then the desire to let his father see him in this new position carried the day. At Bordeaux he met his old master Beck, and the idea came into his head to arrange a concert for his own benefit. The curiosity to hear a compatriot who had made some noise in Paris brought all the inhabitants. The receipts were enormous, and Garat's success such that his father, who was present, left his seat and went up and kissed him. On this amends, *coram populo*, Garat forgave his parent.

Until the Revolution, Garat remained an amateur, but the loss of his property made him an artist. In 1793 he tried to go to England, but his ship was blown back, and made the port of Hamburg. Seven or eight concerts given with great success enabled him to return to France with a thousand louis, each of which was then worth seven or eight thousand francs in assignats. It was on this return

that he met Madame Krudener and became intimate with her.

The Thermidorian reaction adopted Garat, and at the epoch which we are now relating there was no grand concert, first representation, or elegant salon, where Garat did not appear among the artists, singers, or invited guests. This great good fortune made him, as we have intimated, very sensitive. It was not surprising, therefore, that he rose on tiptoe to discover the person who had limited his knowledge to that undeniable rule of music, that two quavers were equal to one crotchet. That person was Benjamin Constant, another Incroyable, who was not less susceptible than Garat on points of honor.

"Don't look any farther, citizen," he said. "It was I who advanced that rash opinion. If you bring any news, tell us."

Garat clasped the hand that Constant held out to him, frankly.

"Faith, no I don't," he said. "I have just left Cléry's; my carriage could not get over the Pont Neuf, which is guarded. I was obliged to keep along the quays, where the drums are making a fiendish noise. I came over the Pont de l'Égalité. It is raining in torrents. Mesdames Todi and Mara sang two or three pieces of Gluck and Cimarosa delightfully."

"What did I tell you?" murmured Benjamin Constant.

"But that's not the roll of drums that we hear," said a voice.

"Yes it is," said Garat, "but the drums are slacked by the rain. There's nothing more lugubrious than the sound of wet drums."

"Ah, here comes Boissy d'Anglas!" cried Madame de Staël; "probably straight from the Convention, unless he has given in his resignation —"

"Yes, baroness, you are right," said Boissy d'Anglas; "I come straight from the Convention, and I wish I could give you good news."

"What!" cried Barbé-Marbois, "another Prairial?"

"Would it were nothing worse!" replied Boissy d'Anglas.

"What is it, then?"

"Either I am much mistaken, or Paris will be in flames to-morrow. This time it is really civil war. The Section Le Peletier has replied to our last summons: 'The Convention has five thousand men; the Sections have sixty thousand. We give the Convention till daybreak to vacate their places; if they do not, we will drive them out.'"

"What do you intend to do, gentlemen?" said Madame Récamier, in her gentle, winning voice.

"Madame," said Boissy d'Anglas, "we expect to do as the Roman senators did when the Gauls invaded the Capitol, — die on our seats."

"I should like to see that," said Monsieur Récamier, in his cool way. "I have seen the massacre of the Convention in detail, and I am curious to see it *en masse*."

"Come to-morrow between twelve and one o'clock," replied Boissy d'Anglas, with equal coolness; "that is about the time the affair will begin."

"No, it will not," said a new arrival. "You will not have the glory of martyrdom; you are saved."

"Come, come, no joking, Saint-Victor," said Madame de Stael.

"Madame, I never joke," said Coster de Saint-Victor, bowing, and including in his bow the Baronne de Stael, the Baroness Krüdener, Madame Récamier, and the other women present.

"Well, tell us what new thing has happened. Why do you believe in the general safety?" asked Benjamin Constant.

"Because on the proposition of citizen Merlin (of Douai), the National Convention has just decreed that the general of brigade Barras shall take command of the armed forces, — in memory of Thermidor. He is very tall; he has a strong voice. He can't make long speeches, that's true; but he excels in improvising vigorous and vehement sen-

tences. If General Barras defends the Convention, you may be quite sure the Convention is saved. And now that I have accomplished a duty, Madame la baronne, in giving you this information, which must reassure you and these ladies, I take my leave to prepare myself."

"For what?" asked Madame de Staël.

"For to-morrow's fighting, Madame la baronne, and with all my heart, I assure you."

"Why! are you royalist, Coster?"

"Most certainly; that's the party of the prettiest women. And then — and then — I have other reasons which are known to me alone."

Bowing a second time with his usual easy grace, he went away, leaving those behind him to discuss his news, which, truth to tell, did not reassure every one, in spite of Saint-Victor's remarks.

But as the sound of the tocsin redoubled, and the drums did not cease to beat, or the rain to fall, and as there was no chance after that communication of obtaining further news, and as, moreover, four o'clock was now chiming from a bronze clock on the fireplace, representing Marius on the ruins of Carthage, the whole company called for their carriages and withdrew, hiding a real anxiety under a false pretence of safety.

XVII.

THE HÔTEL OF THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

As Saint-Victor said, Barras had been appointed, at one in the morning, commander-in-chief of the armed forces of Paris and the interior. All military and civil authorities were enjoined to obey him.

This choice did not deserve the derisive tone in which Saint-Victor had announced it. Barras was brave, cool, wholly devoted to the cause of liberty, and he had given at Toulon irrefutable proof of his courage and patriotism. He did not conceal from himself the danger of his situation, or the terrible responsibility that now rested on his shoulders. Nevertheless, he was perfectly calm. He knew of an auxiliary at this crisis, — a man unknown to others, but on whom he was certain he could rely.

Barras left the Tuileries the moment his appointment was made. He wrapped himself in a large loose coat, the color of the walls, hesitated an instant whether to take a carriage; then, reflecting that a vehicle might be stopped, he drew from his pocket a pair of pistols, slipped them through his belt, which was hidden beneath the coat, and left the Tuileries by the Échelles wicket. Thence he entered the rue Tavernier, skirted the Palais-Royal, and followed the rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs for a moment until he reached the turn into the rue des Fossés-Montmartre.

It was raining in torrents. All was fearfully disorganized, and the nature of that disorganization Barras knew but too well. He knew that the field artillery was still in the camp at Sablons, guarded by only a hundred and fifty men. He knew that there were but eighty thou-

sand cartridges in store, no provisions, and no brandy. He knew that communication with headquarters (which were on the boulevard des Capucines) was cut off by the Sectionists of the club Le Peletier, who had pushed their outposts as far forward as the place Vendôme and the rue Saint-Pierre-Montmartre. He knew, too, the haughty exasperation of the Sectionists, who, as we have seen, had publicly raised the standard of revolt. The expedition of the previous evening, so ill-directed by Menou, and so vigorously received by Morgan, had doubled their material force and made their moral force of tenfold value.

On all sides it was said that this Section, surrounded by thirty thousand Conventionals, had obliged its adversaries by its courage and its able strategy to make a mortifying retreat. Morgan's audacity in placing himself between the lines, his grand air, and the haughtiness with which he apostrophized General Menou and the deputy Laporte were on every tongue. People said he was a great, a very great personage, who had returned only four days earlier from emigration with letters from the royalist committee in London to the royalist committee in Paris.

The Convention was no longer hated; it was now despised. What was there, indeed, to fear from it? All the Sections, encouraged by its weakness, had united federally during the nights of the 11th and 12th, and were sending detachments to the support of the mother-Section. They considered the National Convention as annihilated, and they sang the *De profundis* over the corpse of the poor deceased.

Therefore, as Barras made his way along the streets he met these detachments at every turn, hurrying toward the Section Le Peletier. They called to him as they passed, "Qui vive?" to which he responded, "Sectionist." At every step he was met by drums lamentably beating the call to arms on the sodden skins of their instruments, the sinister, lugubrious sounds seeming to accompany a funeral procession. Men glided along the streets like shadows, rapping on the doors, calling the citizens by name, and

conjuring them to arm themselves and rally to the Section, in defence of their wives and children, whom the Terrorists had sworn to destroy.

Perhaps in broad daylight these manœuvres would have had less influence. But the mystery of actions done in darkness; these entreaties uttered with bated breath, as though the assassins were at hand to hear them; that lugubrious and incessant groaning of the drums; the clang of bells bursting, from time to time, suddenly on the air, —all sent a nameless dread throughout the city, warning the inhabitants that some danger, still indefinite, but terrible, hovered over them.

Barras saw and heard all that. It was no longer a mere report made to him on the state of Paris; it was the state itself which he touched with his finger. So, after leaving the rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs, he hastened his steps, crossed, almost at a run, the place des Victoires, and then, gliding along the houses of the rue des-Fossés-Montmartre, he reached the door of a small hôtel, known as that of "The Rights of Man."

There he stopped, made a step backward to read by the dim light of a hanging lamp the sign of which he was in search, after which he advanced to the door, and rapped vigorously with the knocker of it.

A watchman was sitting up, and as he probably measured the importance of the man who knocked by the manner of his knocking, he did not keep him waiting.

The door opened cautiously; Barras slipped through, and bolted it behind him. Then, without waiting for the watchman to question him, he said:—

"Citizen Bonaparte lives here, does he not?"

"Yes, citizen."

"Is he in?"

"He came in about an hour ago."

"Where is his room?"

"Fourth floor, end of the corridor, number 47."

"To right or left?"

"Left."

"Thank you."

Barras sprang rapidly up the four flights of stairs, took the left-hand corridor, and stopped before the door of number 47.

He gave three raps.

"Come in!" said a curt voice, that seemed made to command.

Barras turned the lock and entered. He found himself in a chamber furnished with a bed without curtains, two tables, — one small, one large, — four chairs, and a terrestrial globe. A sabre and a pair of pistols hung on the wall.

At the table sat a young man completely dressed, except for his uniform coat, which was thrown across a chair, who was studying by the light of a lamp a map of Paris. The noise of the closing door made him half turn round to see what unexpected visitor was there at such an hour. Placed as he was, the light fell on three quarters of his face, leaving the rest in shadow.

He was a young man about twenty-six years of age, with an olive skin slightly fairer about the temples and forehead, and straight black hair parted in a line along the middle of his head, and falling below the ears. His eagle eyes, his straight nose, his vigorously cut chin, his lower jaw, enlarging as it reached the ears, left no doubt as to his aptitudes. He was a warrior, and belonged to a conquering race.

Seen thus, lighted in this way, his face had something the look of a bronze medal. His extreme thinness made the whole bony structure visible.

XVIII.

CITIZEN BONAPARTE.

BARRAS advanced into the circle of light projected by the lamp. Not until then did the young man recognize him.

"Ah! is it you, citizen Barras?" he said, without rising.

Barras shook himself, for he was wet from head to foot, and threw his streaming hat upon a chair. The young man kept his eye upon him.

"Yes, it is I, citizen Bonaparte," he replied.

"What wind has blown you at this hour into the cell of a poor shelved soldier, — southeast or northwest?"

"Northwest, my dear Bonaparte; and a violent wind, too."

The young man laughed; but the laugh was harsh and strident. It disclosed two rows of delicate, small teeth, sharp and white.

"I know something of it," he said. "I have made the round of Paris to-night."

"What is your opinion?"

"My opinion is that, as the Section Le Peletier has threatened the Convention, the storm will break to-morrow."

"What are you doing there?"

The young man rose for the first time, and laying the tip of his forefinger on the plan of Paris, he said: —

"I am amusing myself by considering how, if I were general of Paris in place of that booby Menou, I should proceed to put an end to those chatterers."

"Well, how would you do it?" asked Barras, smiling.

"I should try to get a dozen cannon which would chatter louder than they."

"By the bye, did n't you tell me, one day at Toulon, that you witnessed from the terrace on the water side the riot of June 20th?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"Yes," he said; "I saw your poor King Louis XVI. put on the *bonnet rouge*, which did not keep his head from coming off, but made it fall dishonored. I said to Bourrienne, who happened to be with me, 'How came they ever to let that rabble get into the palace? They ought to have swept down four or five hundred with cannon; the rest would have run.'"

"Unhappily," said Barras, "it is not four or five hundred we have to sweep down to-day, but four or five thousand."

The young man made another contemptuous sign, this time with his lips.

"Difference in figures, that's all," he replied. "What of that, if the result is the same? The rest is only detail."

"So you were in a fair way to beat the insurgents when I came in?"

"I was trying to."

"Have you made your plan?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"It depends on circumstances. How many soldiers can the Convention dispose of?"

"Five or six thousand, including the sacred battalion of patriots."

"With that number I warn you you can't make war against forty-five or fifty thousand men."

"Would you evacuate Paris?"

"No; but I would make the Convention an entrenched camp. I should await the attack of the Sections, and blow them to bits in the rue Saint-Honoré, on the place du Palais-Royal, the quays, and the bridges."

"Very good; I adopt your plan," said Barras. "Will you undertake to execute it?"

"I?"

"Yes, you."

"In what capacity?"

"That of second in command of the interior."

"Who is the commander-in-chief?"

"The general-in-chief?"

"Yes."

"Citizen Barras."

"I accept," said the young man, holding out his hand;
"but on one condition —"

"You make conditions, do you?"

"Why not?"

"Say on."

"If we succeed, if to-morrow night order reigns, and if it is decided to make war seriously against Austria, can I count upon you?"

"If we succeed to-morrow, I will, in the first place, leave you all the honors of the day, and I will ask for you the command-in-chief of the Army of the Rhine, or the Army of the Moselle —"

Bonaparte shook his head.

"I am not going," he said, "to either Holland or Germany."

"Why not?"

"There is nothing to do there."

"Where do you want to go?"

"Italy. It is only in Italy, on the battle-fields of Hannibal and Marius and Cæsar, that there is anything to do."

"Well then, if war is made in Italy, you shall make it; I give you my word of honor."

"Thank you. Now about to-morrow; there is no time to lose."

Barras pulled out his watch.

"I should think not, indeed!" he said. "It is three in the morning now."

"How many cannon have you at the Tuileries?"

"Six pieces of four, but no gunners."

"They can be found; flesh is easier to get than iron. How many muskets?"

"Eighty thousand at the most."

"Enough to kill eighty men supposing one shot in a

thousand tells. Happily we have three hours of darkness still. We must send out to Sablons for all the pieces they have there,— in the first place, so that the insurgents sha'n't get them, and in the next place to have them ourselves. Besides this, we must drait gunners from the gendarmerie and the battalion of '89 to serve the pieces, next, bring ammunition from Meudon and Marly in large quantities, and thidly, find officers on whom we can rely ”

“In the sacred battalion there are men who, like you and me, have been shelved by Aubry.”

“Good! those men are not thinkers, they are doers. That is just what we want ”

And the young officer rose, buckled on his sabre, buttoned his coat, and put out his lamp, muttering, —

“O Fortune! Fortune! do I grasp thee?”

The two men went downstairs, and took their way to the Convention. Barras noticed that the young man did not take the key of his chamber with him, which proved that he had not much that was worth stealing in it

Five hours later, that is to say at eight in the morning, the artillery at the camp of Sablons had filed into Paris. Shells were being cast at Meudon. Cannon had been placed at all the issues from the insurgent quarters, and masked batteries were placed, in case the issues were forced. Two pieces of eight and two howitzers were placed as a battery on the place Carrousel, as much to follow the columns as to blow out the windows of the adjoining houses from which the insurgents might fire into the Square.

General Verdier commanded at the Tuileries; in case of siege the Convention and its five thousand men were provisioned for several days. The artillery and the troops were distributed in the neighborhood, in the cul-de sac du Dauphin, in the rue de Rohan and Saint-Nicaise, in the Palais-Royal, the place de la Révolution, and on the place Vendôme. A small body of cavalry and two thousand infantry were held in reserve in the Carrousel, and the garden of the Tuileries.

Thus, the great National Convention of France, which had overthrown a monarchy of eight centuries, shaken all thrones, made Europe tremble, driven the English from Holland, the Prussians and Austrians from Champagne and Alsace, repelled Spain two hundred and eighty miles back of the Pyrenees, crushed the two Vendées, — this great National Convention of France, which had reunited with France Nice, Savoie, Belgium, and Luxemburg, whose armies, overflowing the Rhine like a torrent, were even then threatening to pursue the eagle of the house of Hapsburg to the gates of Vienna, — this great Convention possessed no more of Paris than the left bank of the Seine, from the rue Dauphine to rue du Bac, and on the other side of the river from the place de la Révolution [place de la Concorde] to the place des Victoires, with less than five thousand men and an almost unknown general to defend it.

XIX.

CITIZEN GARAT.

At several points, particularly on the Pont-Neuf, the sentries of the Sections and those of the Convention came so near to each other that they conversed. A few skirmishes of no importance took place during the morning. The Section Poissonnière stopped the artillery and the men sent to support the Section of the Quinze Vingts. That of the Mont-Blanc captured a convoy of provisions on its way to the Tuileries. A detachment of the Section Le Peletier took possession of the Bank of France. And, finally, Morgan, with five hundred men, all *émigrés* or Chouans, all wearing collars to their coats and the green pompon, advanced to the Pont-Neuf, while the Section of the Comédie-Française marched down by the rue Dauphine.

Toward four o'clock in the afternoon nearly fifty thousand men surrounded the Convention. The air seemed full of the hot exhalations of angry breaths and furious threatenings. During the day the Conventionals had attempted several parleys with the Sectionists. Both sides were sounding each other. About mid-day the representative Garat was sent to carry a message from the Convention to the Section of the Indivisibility. He took an escort of thirty troopers, half dragoons, half chasseurs. The battalions of the Museum and the French Guards, which were stationed round the Convention in the court of the Louvre, presented arms to him.

As for the Pont-Neuf, it was guarded by the Conventionals commanded by the same General Carteaux who had had Bonaparte under his orders at Toulon, and was now not a little astonished to find himself under Bonaparte's

orders in Paris. At the Pont de Change, Garat found a battalion of Sectionists who stopped him. But Garat was a man of action, he took a pistol from its holster and ordered his troopers to draw their sabres. At the sight of pistols and sabres the Sectionists allowed the little body to pass.

Garat's mission was to win over the Section of the Indivisibility to the Convention. But, in spite of his persuasions it persisted in maintaining its neutrality. From there Garat went to the battalions of Montreuil and Popincourt, to ascertain their intentions. This errand carried him along toward the faubourg. At the opening of the main street he found the battalion of Montreuil under arms. No sooner was he recognized than the whole battalion shouted with one voice. —

“Long live the Convention!”

Garat wished to take it back with him, but it preferred to wait for the battalion Popincourt, which had also declared for the Convention. Just then Garat was informed that two hundred men of the battalion of the Quinze-Vingts, who had remained behind, desired to be taken to the defence of the Tuileries. He asked where they were, and went to them.

“March at our head,” they said to him, “and we will follow.”

Garat put his fifteen dragoons at their head and his sixteen chasseurs in their rear, marched himself in front of the little troop, pistol in hand, and the two hundred men, of whom only fifty were armed, started for the Convention. They passed before the battalion of Montreuil, the Popincourt battalion had not yet arrived. The Montreuils wished to march at once, but their commander insisted on waiting for an order from Barras. As soon as Garat reached the Tuileries he sent back the order. The battalion then started, and arrived in time to take part in the action.

During this time General Carteaux had taken command of the detachment with which he was to guard the Pont-

Neuf. He had but three hundred and fifty men and two pieces of cannon. He sent word to Bonaparte that he could not hold the bridge with such forces. For all answer he received the following line, in an almost indecipherable writing:—

You will hold out to the last extremity.

BONAPARTE.

That was the first written order ever issued by the young general. The terseness of his style will be recognized.

But about two in the afternoon, a column of twelve hundred men, well armed, from the Sections of the Unité and the Fontaine-de-Grenelle, advanced upon that part of the Pont-Neuf which leads to the rue Dauphine. There it was stopped by the cavalry outposts. Then a citizen-Sectionist, carrying a magnificent bouquet tied with a tri-color ribbon, issued from the ranks. General Carteaux sent an aide-de-camp to forbid the column to advance, unless its commander could produce an order from either the Committee of Public safety or the commander-in-chief Barras.

The aide-de-camp returned, accompanied by the major in command from the Unité, who announced, in the name of the two Sections, that he brought the olive branch and wished to fraternize with the general and the troops under his command.

“Go and tell your president,” replied Carteaux, “that it is not to me, but to the National Convention that he must offer the olive-branch. If a deputation of four unarmed citizens are detached, I will have them conducted to the Convention, which alone can receive that symbol of peace and fraternity.”

This was not the answer the major expected; so he replied, on his side, that they would deliberate, and after deliberation no doubt they should meet again, and more fraternally. The major then retired, and the two bodies

of Sectionists formed in line of battle along the quai Conti and the quai Malaquais. This position showed hostile intentions, which were soon confirmed.

About three o'clock Carteaux saw so strong a column advancing up the rue de la Monnaie that it filled the whole width of the street; and the general, standing on the highest point of the Pont-Neuf, could not see the end of it. A third column was also coming up by the quai de la Ferraille, while a fourth filed past the latter, to cut off the detachment on the Pont-Neuf by the quai de l'École.

In spite of the orders received from Bonaparte to hold out to the last extremity, General Carteaux saw plainly that he had not a minute to lose in effecting his retreat, and that he must make it without allowing the enemy to discover his weakness. He instantly ordered the artillery to put on the forward wheels to their pieces. Two companies immediately opened the way to the garden of the Infanta, and the two cannon passed through.

The rest of the troop was divided into four companies, one facing the Sectionists coming up the rue de la Monnaie, the second the column on the quai de la Ferraille, while the other companies protected the retreat of the artillery. The cavalry remained in position on the Pont-Neuf, to stop the advance of the column of the Unité, and to mask the manœuvre.

No sooner had General Carteaux taken up his position in the garden of the Infanta than he called in the companies which were facing the rue de la Monnaie and the quai de la Ferraille, also the cavalry. The movement was executed in fine order; but the abandoned positions were instantly occupied by the Sectionists.

During this time Garat had returned with his fifteen dragoons, his fifteen chasseurs, and the two hundred men of the Section of the Quinze-Vingts, of which only fifty were armed. The Pont-Neuf bristled with bayonets. He thought they were those of the Conventionalists he had left

behind him, but no sooner was he among them than he saw by the coat-collars and the green pompons that he had encountered not only Sectionists, but Chouans.

At the same moment the commander of the body occupying the bridge, who was no other than Morgan, advanced toward him, remembering to have seen him in the Convention.

"Pardon me, Monsieur Garat," he said, bowing with his hat in his hand, "I think you have lost your way Can I be of service? What are you seeking?"

Garat recognized him, and understood the facetiousness. But preferring to take another tone, he said, cocking his pistol —

"I desire, citizen president, that you shall give passage to myself and my men."

Morgan continued to treat the matter in jest.

"Nothing more reasonable," he replied, "and we owe it to you, if only in return for the civility of General Carteaux, who has just given us the ground we now occupy, without striking a blow. But stay, uncock your pistol, some ill-luck might happen Suppose it went off accidentally, it would be thought that you fired upon me, and my men would blow you and your little troop to bits You are less than half armed, I see, and it would be very disagreeable to me to have it thought that we took advantage of numbers "

Garat uncocked his pistol

"But," he said, "have the goodness to tell me why you are here "

"Don't you see," replied Morgan, laughing, "that we are going to the assistance of the Convention?"

"Commandant," said Garat, jesting himself, "you must allow that you have a curious way of assisting people."

"Ah! I see you don't believe me," said Morgan, "so I shall have to tell you the truth. Well, we are a hundred thousand strong in Paris, and a million strong in France; are we not, Saint-Victor?"

The young muscadin to whom he addressed himself, and who was armed to the teeth, replied with a jeering toss of his head, and one word uttered in his musical voice:—

“More.”

“You see,” continued Morgan, “that my friend Saint-Victor, who is a man of honor, confirms what I have just said. Well, then, there are more than a hundred thousand in Paris, and more than a million in France, who have sworn the extermination of the Conventionals, and the destruction of the building in which the order for the King’s death was signed, and from which have issued, like birds of prey, such an untold number of death warrants. Not only must those men be punished, but the expiation must extend to stones. To-morrow, not a Conventional will be left alive; to-morrow, the palace where the Convention holds its sessions will be razed to the ground. We shall sow salt on the place where it stood, and the earth on which it was built shall be forever execrated by posterity.”

“If you are so sure of the result, commandant,” said Garat, resuming the jesting tone, which Morgan had abandoned, “it must be a matter of indifference to you whether you have two hundred men more or less to fight.”

“Absolute indifference,” replied Morgan.

“In that case, I say for the second time, allow me to pass; I desire to die with my colleagues, and have my tomb in that Convention you are about to annihilate.”

“Then dismount from your horse. Take my arm, and let us advance. Messieurs,” added Morgan, with that inflection of the voice which, without indicating the incroyable, was significant of the aristocracy, “let us play fairly. Citizen Garat asks to go with his two hundred men, of whom only fifty are armed, to the defence of the National Convention. His request seems to me reasonable, with the poor Convention in so bad a way, and I think we ought not to oppose his kindly sentiments.”

Bursts of ironical laughter greeted this motion, which did not need to be put to the vote. A path was opened instantly; and Morgan and Garat walking at their head, the little body of two hundred men passed through.

“Good-luck to you!” cried Saint-Victor.

XX.

THE OUTPOSTS.

MORGAN pretended not to see that he had passed his own outposts. Alone, arm in arm with Garat, and still conversing, he advanced as far as the colonnade. He was one of those sincerely loyal men who trust even their enemies, convinced that the most prudent course of all — above all in France — is that of courage.

When they reached the colonnade of the Louvre Morgan was twenty paces from his own line and ten paces from that of General Carteaux. The general himself was standing at his outposts, leaning on his sabre, magnificently dressed, and wearing a hat with an enormous tri-color plume, the feathers of which fell over into his eyes and annoyed him.

"You have a gorgeous drum-major there," said Morgan to Garat. "I congratulate you on him."

Garat smiled. It was not the first time that, voluntarily or involuntarily, the mistake had been made.

"That is not our drum-major, but our commander, General Carteaux," he replied.

"The devil! so that's the man who might have taken Toulon, and preferred to leave the business to a little officer of artillery named — what is his name? — Buonaparte, was it? Ha! present me to that worthy citizen; I adore handsome men, and above all, handsome uniforms."

"With pleasure," said Garat.

They advanced to General Carteaux.

"Citizen-general," said Garat to the colossus in uniform, "I have the honor to present to you the citizen president of the Section Le Peletier, who has not only gallantly

allowed me passage through his men, but has also, lest anything should happen to me, accompanied me thus far himself."

"Citizen," said Carteaux, drawing himself up, so as not to lose an inch of his height, "I join with the citizen-Conventional Garat in offering you my thanks."

"There's no occasion, general," said Morgan, with his customary politeness. "I saw you at a distance, and I wished to make your acquaintance; also I wished to ask you whether you are willing to cede to us, without effusion of blood, your present position, as you did the other."

"Is that a jest, or a proposition?" asked Carteaux, pompously deepening his already pompous voice.

"A proposition, and a serious one," replied Morgan.

"You seem to be too familiar with war, citizen," replied Carteaux, "not to be aware that there is a great difference between this position and the other. The other was attackable on four sides, this on two only. And you may observe, citizen, two cannon are ready to receive all who come by the quays, and two more are fully prepared to welcome those who approach us by the rue Saint-Honoré."

"Then why don't you open fire, general?" said the young president, carelessly. "It is a fine open range from the garden of the Infanta to the Pont-Neuf, — scarcely a hundred paces."

"The general, wishing to leave all the responsibility for the blood spilt on the Sectionists, has forbidden us to fire the first shot."

"What general, — Barras?"

"No; General Bonaparte."

"Oh! oh! oh! your little officer at Toulon. He is making his way! Already a general, like yourself!"

"More general than I; for I am under his orders," said Carteaux.

"That must be disagreeable to you, citizen. What an injustice! you, who are six feet tall, to obey that little

officer, only twenty-four years old, and five feet one inch in height, — or so they tell me.”

“Don’t you know him?” said Carteaux.

“No; I have not that honor.”

“Well, begin the firing, and this evening — ”

“This evening?”

“This evening you *will* know him; that’s all I have to say.”

At that moment drums were heard beating a salute, and through the gate of the Louvre came a gorgeous staff, in the midst of which was Barras, dressed with extreme elegance, and Bonaparte, distinguished by extreme simplicity.

Bonaparte was, as we have said, thin and short. From the point at which Morgan viewed him, the fine lines of his face could not be distinguished, and he seemed to be merely an insignificant man, riding, moreover, second to Barras.

“Ah, ha!” said Morgan; “something is occurring.”

“Yes,” said Garat, “see! General Barras and General Bonaparte have come to inspect the outposts.”

“Which is General Bonaparte?”

“The one on the black horse.”

“Why, he’s a lad who has n’t got his growth,” said Morgan, shrugging his shoulders.

“Wait,” said Carteaux, “he soon will have it.”

Barras, Bonaparte, and the staff advanced to General Carteaux.

“I shall stay,” said Morgan to Garat. “I want to see that Bonaparte near by.”

“Then hide behind me,” said Garat; “or behind Carteaux, — he’s a better shield.”

Morgan did as he was told, and the cavalcade approached the general.

Barras stopped before Carteaux; but Bonaparte made a few steps in advance, and found himself alone on the quay. He was half a musket-shot from the insurgents. Several pieces in the ranks of the Sectionists were lowered at him.

Morgan, seeing this, made a bound forward, and stood before the horse on which Bonaparte was mounted. With a wave of his hat, he compelled his men to lift their muskets.

Bonaparte rose in his stirrups, apparently paying no attention to this incident. The Pont-Neuf, the rue de la Monnaie, the quai de la Vallée, the rue de Thionville, and the quai Conti, as far as the Institute, were crowded with armed men; also, as far as the eye could reach, on the quai de l'École, the quai de la Mégisserie, the quai des Morfondus, nothing was to be seen but gun-barrels shining in the sun, and all leaning in one direction, like the ears in a field of wheat.

"How many men do you think you have before you, citizen Carteaux?" asked Bonaparte.

"Impossible to say, general. In the open country I could tell within a thousand men; but among these streets and quays and squares I don't know how to reckon."

"General, if you want to know exactly," said Garat, laughing, "ask the citizen who has just prevented those men from firing on you. He can answer you correctly."

Bonaparte lowered his eyes to the young man, as if he saw him for the first time.

"Citizen," he said, with a slight salutation of the head, "will it please you to give me the information I desire?"

"I think you asked, monsieur," said Morgan, careful to bestow that term on the republican general, "the number of the men opposed to you."

"Yes," said Bonaparte, fixing a penetrating eye on his questioner.

"Before you, monsieur," resumed Morgan, "you have, visible or invisible, from thirty-two to thirty-four thousand men; on the other side of the rue Saint-Roch, ten thousand; from the place des Filles-Saint-Thomas to the barrière des Sergents another ten thousand, — about fifty-six thousand men, all told."

"Is that all?" inquired Bonaparte.

"Do you think that is not enough to oppose your five thousand?"

"And you say you are sure of your estimate?" said Bonaparte, paying no attention to Morgan's remark.

"Perfectly sure; I am one of their chief leaders."

Lightning flashed in the eye of the young general, who turned to Carteaux.

"How came the citizen-Sectionist here?" he asked. "Is he your prisoner?"

"No, citizen-general," replied Carteaux.

"Did he come with a flag of truce?"

"No."

Bonaparte frowned.

"He is here in your ranks for some reason," he insisted. "What is it?"

"Citizen-general," said Garat, advancing, "I, with a hundred and fifty unarmed men, whom I had recruited in the faubourg Saint-Antoine, fell into the midst of the troops of citizen Morgan. In order that no harm should happen to us, he accompanied me here in person, with a loyalty and generosity for which we owe him thanks. Citizen Morgan, I thank you for the service you have done us; and I declare that not only have we no right to detain you, but also that if we did detain you, we should do an action contrary to loyalty and human rights. Citizen-General Bonaparte, I demand permission for the citizen to retire."

And Garat, advancing towards Morgan, grasped his hand, while Bonaparte, stretching his arm towards the Sectionary outposts, made a sign to Morgan to return to his troops, which the latter, after courteously bowing to Bonaparte, proceeded to do, with leisurely step, and whistling as he went the tune of "La Belle Gabrielle."

XXI.

THE STEPS OF SAINT-ROCH.

AFTER Morgan had rejoined the Sectionists and faced General Bonaparte, who this time saluted him by drawing his sabre from its sheath, the latter turned to Carteaux, and said:—

“You were right, general, to abandon the Pont-Neuf, in spite of the orders I had given you. You could not have held it with three hundred men against thirty-four thousand. But here you have over a thousand; here is the Thermopylæ of the Convention. You must be killed here, you and your men, before you yield an inch. Come, Barras.”

Barras bowed to General Carteaux, and followed Bonaparte, as though he were accustomed to receiving orders from him. Following the quay, the young general ordered two pieces of cannon into position beneath the balcony of Charles IX., and two more in battery to sweep the quay Conti in flank. Then, continuing to follow the quay, he re-entered the court of the Carrousel. He had previously gone out by the drawbridge at the extremity of the Tuileries gardens, crossed the place de la Révolution (where was a strong reserve of men and artillery), followed the alley of the Feuillants from the place Vendôme to the cul-de-sac of the Dauphin and the rue Saint-Honoré. He had then issued, as we have said, by the Louvre, and now returned by the Carrousel.

Just as Bonaparte and Barras disappeared into the Carrousel through the quay gate, the bearer of a flag of truce was brought to them, with all the ceremonial of cities in active warfare. He came from the gate of the Échelle,

on the opposite side of the Carrousel, and was preceded by a trumpeter. Questioned as to his mission, he said he was the bearer of proposals from citizen Danican, commander-in-chief of the Sectionists.

He was led into the hall of the Convention, and the bandage was taken from his eyes. Then in a threatening tone he offered peace, on condition that the battalion of Patriots should be disarmed, and the decrees of Fructidor revoked. At this moment the Convention gave signs of a weakness which great assemblies, to their shame, do sometimes display. And the strange thing was that this weakness appeared in precisely those men who were thought the strongest. Boissy d'Anglas, so firm, so antique in his bearing on the 1st Prairial, now mounted the tribune, and proposed to grant to Danican, not what he asked, but a conference for discussion; another member proposed to disarm all the Patriots whose conduct since '89 had been in any way reprehensible; and a third suggested, what was far worse, to rely on the loyalty of the Sections. Lanjuinais, the man who had so resolutely withstood the Jacobins, — Lanjuinais, who had dared to oppose the massacres of September, — Lanjuinais was frightened, and advised accepting the proposals of "those good citizens," — those good citizens being the Sectionists.

But one Conventional went still farther, crying out: "They tell me that murderers and assassins have slipped into the battalion of '89. I demand that they be shot."

Then Chénier sprang to the tribune. The poet in the midst of that sea of heads raised his still higher, inspired, not by the muse of drama, but by the genius of patriotism.

"I am amazed," he said, "that you even listen to conditions from the Sections in revolt. There is no middle course for the Convention. Victory or death! When the Convention is victorious it will know how to separate the misguided from the guilty. They talk of murderers and assassins," he continued; "the murderers and assassins are the rioters."

Lanjuinais mounted the tribune, saying: "I foresee civil war."

Twenty voices replied at the same instant: "Civil war! it is you who are making it."

Lanjuinais tried to reply. Shouts of "Down! down!" came from every part of the hall. At that moment stands of arms were brought in to General Bonaparte.

"For whom are those arms?" cried a voice.

"For the Convention, if worthy of them," replied Bonaparte.

The words of the young man went to every heart.

"Arms! give us arms!" cried the assembly. "We will die fighting."

The Convention, for a moment degraded, recovered itself. Life was not yet safe, but honor was. Bonaparte profited by the flash of enthusiasm he had thus lighted. Each deputy received a musket and a packet of cartridges. Barras called out:—

"We will die in the streets to defend the Convention; but you, the Convention, must die here to defend Liberty!"

Chénier, who was rather the hero of the occasion, again mounted the tribune, and with that magniloquence which is not devoid of a certain grandeur, he said, raising his arms to heaven:—

"O thou, who for six years hast guided the vessel of the Revolution through frightful tempests and sunken rocks; thou, by whose might we have conquered Europe with a government without rulers, with an army without generals, soldiers without pay, — do thou, Genius of Liberty, watch over us, thy last defenders!"

At that instant, as though Chénier's prayer were answered, the first shots were heard. Each deputy seized his gun, and standing in his place, bit off the cartridge and loaded it. It was a solemn moment; nothing was heard but the click of the ramrods in the muzzles of the muskets.

During the whole morning the Conventionalist troops, assailed by the grossest insults, and occasionally by stray

shots, had obeyed with heroic patience the orders not to fire. But, attacked this time by a volley from a courtyard seized by the Sectionists, and seeing several men fall wounded in their own ranks, they replied with a volley in return.

Bonaparte, at the first sound of the shots, sprang into the courtyard of the Tuileries.

"Who fired first?" he cried.

"The Sectionists!" was the answer from all sides.

"Then all's well!" he said. "And it will not be my fault if our uniforms are red with the blood of Frenchmen."

He listened. It seemed to him that the sounds were loudest in the direction of Saint-Roch. Putting his horse at a gallop, he rode up to two cannon on the Feuillants, ordered them into battery, and brought them to the head of the rue du Dauphin.

That street was a furnace. The Conventionals were holding it; but the Sectionists, masters of all the windows, and grouped in a semi-circle on the steps of Saint-Roch, were lashing them down with a hail of balls.

Then it was that Bonaparte appeared, preceded by the two cannon, and followed by the battalion of '89. He gave the order to the commandants of the latter to advance to the rue Saint-Honoré, through the firing and in spite of the firing, and wheel, one to the right, the other to the left.

The commanders executed the manœuvre, and as they entered the rue Saint-Honoré, to right and left, firing themselves, one toward the Palais-Royal, the other toward the place Vendôme, they heard a tornado of iron pass between them.

It came from the two cannon of General Bonaparte, which thundered at once, covering the steps of the church with shot and shell and dying men and a deluge of blood.

XXII.

THE ROUT.

WHEN the smoke from the cannon dispersed, those Sectionists who still remained erect on the steps of the church saw Bonaparte on horseback in the midst of the gunners, who were reloading their pieces not fifty paces from them. They answered with a volley of musketry. Seven or eight gunners fell. Bonaparte's black horse was killed by a shot in the head.

"Fire!" cried Bonaparte, as he fell.

The cannon thundered for the second time. Bonaparte had time to extricate himself. He had ambushed part of the battalion of '89 in the cul-de-sac of the Dauphin, which they reached through the stables. Drawing his sword, he cried out:—

"Follow me, the Volunteers!"

And the battalion came on with bayonets lowered. They were all tried men who had gone through the first battles of the Revolution. Bonaparte noticed an old drummer, who was standing apart.

"Here," he said, "and beat the charge!"

"The charge, my lad!" said the old drummer, who saw that he had to do with a youth of twenty-five; "you want the charge? Well, you shall have it,—and hot, too!"

He walked to the head of the regiment, and began to beat the charge. The regiment marched straight to the steps of the church, and pinned the remaining Sectionists with their bayonets to the doors.

"At a gallop, rue Saint-Honoré!" cried Bonaparte.

The cannon obeyed as if they, too, had understood the order. While the Volunteers were marching on Saint-Roch, the gunners had reloaded them.

"Turn to right!" cried Bonaparte, to one piece. "Turn to left!" he cried to the other. Then to both, at the same instant, "Fire!" he said.

And the rue Saint-Honoré was swept from end to end with the cannister of the two pieces.

The Sectionists, annihilated before they even knew whence the thunderbolt had come, took refuge in the church of Saint-Roch, in the Théâtre de la République (now the Théâtre Français), and in the Palais-Royal. They were put to flight, dispersed, broken. It was for others to dislodge them from their refuge. Bonaparte himself mounted another horse, crying out to the regiment of Volunteers:—

"Patriots of '89, the honor of the day is yours. Finish what you have so well begun."

The men, who did not know him, were amazed at being commanded by a mere lad. But they had just seen him at work, and they were dazzled by his calmness under fire. They scarcely knew his name; and most certainly they knew not him. They put their hats on the ends of their guns, and cried out:—

"Long live the Convention!"

The wounded, lying beside the houses and on the doorsteps, rose, supporting themselves by the doors or window-frames, and cried out:—

"Long live the Republic!"

The streets were cumbered with the dead; blood flowed in the gutters as it does in a slaughter-house. But enthusiasm hovered above those dead bodies.

"I have nothing more to do here," said the young general. Setting spurs to his horse, he galloped through the place Vendôme, now clear, and almost among the fugitives he seemed to be pursuing, until he reached the rue Saint-Florentine, and thence the place de la Révolution.

There he gave an order to General Montchoisy, commanding the reserve, to form a column, take two pieces of twelve, and follow the boulevard to the porte Saint-Honoré, and so turn the place Vendôme; then form a junction with the guard at headquarters (in the rue des Capucines), and with that guard return down the place Vendôme, and sweep out all the Sectionists that he found.

At the same time General Brune, according to another order given by Bonaparte, followed the rues Saint-Nicaise and Saint-Honoré. All the Sectionists between the barrière des Serpents and the place Vendôme, thus attacked on three sides, were either killed or made prisoners. Those who escaped by the rue de la Loi (the rue de Richelieu) built a barricade at the upper end of the rue Saint-Marc.

It was General Danican who made this last stand with some ten thousand men, whom he had held in reserve at the nearest point to the Convention, hoping to be able to force the gate of the Echelle at the right moment, and invade the Assembly. Wishing to obtain for himself all the honors of the day, he had forbidden Morgan, who commanded on the Pont-Neuf, and Coster de Saint-Victor, who commanded on the quai Conti, to make any advance.

Suddenly Morgan saw Danican, with the remnants of his ten thousand men, rushing down through the Halles and the place du Châtelet. The impetus thus given extended itself to the quai du Louvre and the quai Conti. This was the movement which Bonaparte had foreseen when he left Saint-Roch.

From the place de la Révolution, where he then was, he saw the Sectionists advance in close columns, on one side toward the gardens of the Infanta, on the other towards the quai Malaquais. He then sent two batteries to take position on the quai des Tuileries, and ordered them to fire, slanting, across the river. He himself galloped up the rue du Bac, turned the three cannon he had there upon the quai Voltaire, and gave the word "Fire!" as the head of the Sectionist column debouched by the Institute.

Obliged to march in close ranks to pass between the edifice and the parapet, the Sectionists presented a solid, narrow mass, but very deep. It was at that moment that the cannon thundered on them, and their ranks were literally mown down as with a scythe. The battery was of six cannon, of which three only were fired at a time, the other three reloaded and fired in turn. It was a double broadside, and made the firing incessant.

The Sections wavered, then fell back. Coster de Saint-Victor put himself at their head, rallied them, and was the first to step out from the narrow passage. His men followed him. The cannon raked them on front and flank. They fell about Coster, who was left standing alone ten steps in advance of the mutilated column, the fragments of which again retreated.

Saint-Victor sprang upon the parapet of the quay, and there, exposed to fire on all sides, he shouted to his men, encouraged them, insulted them. Goaded by his sarcasms, again the Sectionists tried to force their way. Coster jumped from the parapet, and put himself at their head.

The artillery belched forth in torrents, the grape-shot ploughed the ranks, every shell that burst left a gap among the living. Coster's hat was shot off, but the whirlwind of iron went by and did not touch him.

He looked about him, saw himself alone, admitted the impossibility of again rallying his men, cast his eyes on the quay of the Louvre, where Morgan was waging a furious fight with Carteaux, rushed at headlong speed up the rue Mazarin, through the rue Guénégaud, thence to the upper end of the quai Conti, heaped with dead, and exposed as he was to the batteries on the quai des Tuileries, gathered as he went a thousand men, crossed the Pont-Neuf, and debouched at their head by the quai de l'École.

XXIII.

VICTORY.

On this side also the battle was terrific. No sooner had Morgan, boiling with impatience, heard Danican's voice shouting far behind him, "Forward!" than he fell with the velocity of an avalanche on Carteaux's troops. The movement was so rapid that the latter had no time to raise their muskets to their shoulders and fire. They fired as they could, receiving Morgan and his men on their bayonets.

The battery stationed under the balcony of Charles IX. came very near being taken, so unexpected was the movement. The Sectionists were not ten paces from the muzzles of the guns, when the gunners touched their matches, and fired instinctively.

It is impossible to describe the horrible and bloody swathe cut by the three cannon through that solid body of men, close pressed against each other. It was like a breach made in a wall. But the onset of the Sectionists was so headlong that this deadly breach did not arrest them. But almost at the same moment the roof of the colonnade of the Louvre swarmed with sharp-shooters, whose fire plunged down into the ranks of the Sectionists.

During this time a hand-to-hand fight was taking place on the whole ground beside the Louvre. The Sectionists were, in fact, caught between two fires. All the houses in the rue des Poulies, the rue des Fossés-Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, and the rue des Prêtres, looked upon the garden of the Infanta, and all were vomiting death.

Morgan had resolved in his own mind to take Carteaux prisoner himself. But by the time he reached him Car-

teaux had put himself under shelter of the bayonets of his men. For an instant it was like a duel to the death along the whole line. The Sectionists, repulsed by the bayonets, fell back a step, reloaded, fired at close quarters, and then, seizing the muzzles of their guns, struck with the butts to open the belt of iron that surrounded them, — all to no purpose; nothing could break it.

Suddenly Morgan became aware that something had given way behind him. The artillery, which continued to thunder, had cut his column in two; for it was forced to incline to the right in order to maintain itself on the ground. A wide, open space now intervened between the rue de la Monnaie and the Pont-Neuf. The Sectionists, not daring to move to the quai du Louvre, sheltered themselves behind the houses of the rue de la Monnaie and the parapet of the Pont-Neuf.

Morgan was therefore forced to retreat; but as he reached the highest point of the Pont-Neuf, Coster de Saint-Victor, with his thousand men, came up at a run along the rue Guénégaud. The two young men recognized each other, gave a cry of joy, and carrying their men onward by their own example, returned with renewed fury to the quai du Louvre, where the same butchery was renewed. Bonaparte's measures had been so admirably taken that the Louvre was absolutely unapproachable. Artillery, musketry, grenades rained death on all sides. Folly alone could continue so hopeless a struggle.

Carteaux, seeing the hesitation of the Sectionists, who were really sustained only by the daring of the two young men, ordered his soldiers to fire for the last time, and then charge upon their assailants with the bayonet.

The Sectionists were annihilated. More than half were lying on the ground. In the last rank came Morgan, with a fragment of his sword in his hand, and Saint-Victor, plugging his handkerchief into a flesh wound in his thigh, like two lions forced to retreat before the guns of the hunters.

By half-past six o'clock all was over. Every column was beaten, broken, and dispersed. Two hours had sufficed to consummate this great defeat. Of fifty thousand Sectionists who had taken part in the action, barely one thousand, scattered in the church at Saint-Roch, the Palais-Royal, and behind the barricade in the rue de la Loi, held out. Then, as darkness would soon be coming on, and Bonaparte feared lest the innocent might suffer with the guilty, he ordered that the Sectionists should be pursued to the Pont de Change and the boulevards, but with muskets loaded with powder only. Their terror was so great that the noise was enough to make them fly.

At seven o'clock Barras and Bonaparte entered the Convention in the midst of the deputies, who laid down their guns to clap their hands.

"Roman Senators," said Barras, "your enemies are no more! You are free; and the Nation is saved!"

Cries of "Long live Barras!" burst forth on all sides.

But he, shaking his head, commanded silence.

"It is not to me, citizen-representatives," he said, "that the victory is due; it is to the prompt and sagacious arrangements of my young colleague Bonaparte."

As the whole assembly burst into cheers of gratitude, all the more intense because the danger had been so imminent, a ray of the setting sun falling athwart the arches of the roof made a halo of purple and gold around the bronzed and impassible head of the young victor.

"Do you see that?" said Chénier to Tallien, grasping his arm, and believing that ray an omen. "If Brutus were there!"

The same evening, Morgan, safe and sound by a miracle, passed the barrier without being stopped, and took the road to Besançon; while Coster de Saint-Victor, thinking he could nowhere be so well hidden as in the house of Barras's mistress, went to Aurélie Saint-Amour, and obtained a shelter.

XXIV.

THE SWORD OF THE VICOMTE DE BEAUHARNAIS.

AFTER such events as those we have just narrated, when cannon thunders in the open squares, and blood has flowed in torrents through the streets of a capital, great disturbances are felt throughout the community, which does not recover from their effects for a long time.

Though the following day sufficed to gather the dead bodies from the streets and efface all outward traces of the conflict, the people continued for many days to talk of the details of that horrifying struggle, which had given back to the Convention—that is, to the Revolution and its authors—the authority that was needed to establish the new institutions, a dread of which had produced the events we have narrated.

The Convention so fully understood by the morning of the 14th that the plenitude of its power was restored that it hardly inquired what had become of the beaten Sectionists, who, indeed, had disappeared leaving naught behind them but a trail of blood, which one day's work had effaced, if not from the memory of the citizens, at least from the pavement of the streets.

The Convention contented itself with abolishing the headquarters of the National Guard, dissolving the chasseurs and the grenadiers, who were nearly all young men with their hair in queues, putting the National Guard under the command of Barras, or rather of his young colleague, Bonaparte, ordering the disarming of the Sections Le Peletier and Théâtre Français, and, finally, appointing three commissions to try the leaders of the Sectionists, nearly all of whom had disappeared.

Many incidents of this day, which left in the minds of Parisians so bloody a memory, were long related. Splendid words issued from the lips of the wounded, or rather from the wounds themselves. It was told how the wounded, carried to the Convention itself, and into the hall of Victory, had been cared for by the wives and daughters of the Conventionals, transformed into Sisters of Mercy. Barras was praised for having known so well how to select his second in command; and they glorified the young general who, all unknown the night before, had suddenly burst upon the world like a majestic being amid the thunders of heaven.

Bonaparte, descending from this pedestal of flame, was now general of the Interior; and in order to be near headquarters, which were on the boulevard des Capucines, in the building formerly used for the ministry of foreign affairs, he had taken two rooms in the hôtel de la Concorde, rue Neuve-des-Capucines. It was in one of these rooms, which he used as an office, that a visitor was announced to him one morning, under the name of Eugène Beauharnais. Though much harassed by petitioners of all kinds, Bonaparte had not yet reached the point when he protected himself by stern exclusion of applicants. Besides, the name Beauharnais roused only pleasurable ideas. He accordingly gave permission for his visitor to be shown in.

Those of our readers who have already seen Eugène de Beauharnais in Strasbourg do not need to be told that he was now a handsome young man of sixteen. His eyes were large, his hair thick and black, his lips red and full, his teeth white, and his hands and feet aristocratic, — a distinction the young general remarked; and with all these personal qualities he possessed the sensitive timidity which becomes youth, especially when youth has a favor to solicit.

From the moment of his entrance, Bonaparte's eyes had followed him with the deepest attention, — a circumstance which contributed not a little to intimidate Eugène. But

suddenly, as if the lad were determined to shake off a shyness which was unworthy of him, he raised his head, and said, drawing himself up:—

"After all, I don't know why I hesitate to make you a request which is both loyal and filial."

"I am listening," said Bonaparte.

"I am the son of the Vicomte de Beauharnais."

"The citizen-general," said Bonaparte, gently.

"Citizen-general, if you insist on the forms of address adopted by the government of the Republic."

"I insist on nothing," said Bonaparte, "except that language be clear and to the point."

"Well," said the young man, "I came to ask you, citizen-general, for the sword of my father, Alexandre de Beauharnais, a general like yourself. I am sixteen years old; my education as a soldier is almost completed. It is my turn now to serve the country. I want to wear at my side the sword my father wore. That is why I have come to ask you for it."

Bonaparte, who wanted clear and straightforward language, was taken with this firm and intelligent answer.

"If I were to ask you for a few details about yourself and your family," he said, "should you attribute the request to curiosity, or to the interest you inspire in me?"

"I should prefer to think," replied Eugène, "that a rumor of our misfortunes had reached you, and that I owe to your kindness the interest you may show in me."

"Your mother was a prisoner also, I think?" questioned Bonaparte.

"Yes; and she was saved by a miracle. We owe her life to the citoyenne Tallien and the citizen Barras."

Bonaparte reflected a moment. "How does your father's sword come to be in my hands?" he said.

"I don't say it is exactly in your hands, general; but I say that you can get it returned to me. The Convention has ordered the disarming of the Section Le Peletier. We live in our old house, in the rue Neuve-des-Mathurins,

which General Barras recovered for us. A company of men came and demanded all the arms that were in the house. My mother gave them my double-barrelled gun, a carbine I had bought at Strasbourg, with which I fought the Prussians, and my father's sword. I did not regret the gun or the carbine, — though I had a little pride about the carbine, — but I regret, and shall always, I acknowledge, regret the sword that fought so gloriously in France and America."

"If the weapons were shown to you, I suppose you could recognize them?" said Bonaparte.

"Oh, no doubt of that!" replied Eugène.

Bonaparte rang the bell. A subaltern entered for orders.

"Accompany citizen Beauharnais," said Bonaparte, "to the rooms where the arms taken from the Sections have been deposited. You will let him take those he may select as belonging to him."

So saying, he held out to the youth the hand which was destined to lead him so high. In his ignorance of the future, Eugène darted forward, and grasped it gratefully.

"Ah, citizen!" he said, "my mother and sister shall be told how good you have been to me; and you may be sure that they will be as grateful as I am."

At this moment the door opened, and Barras came in, without being announced.

"So, so!" he said, "here are two of my friends."

"I have just been telling General Bonaparte what we owe to you," said Eugène; "and I repeat in your presence that without your protection the widow and children of Beauharnais would have died of hunger."

"Of hunger!" cried Bonaparte, laughing. "None but the veterans, set aside on half-pay by citizen Aubry, are exposed to that kind of death."

"I did n't exactly mean it, either," said Eugène; "for while our mother was a prisoner I was with an upholsterer, where I earned my food, and my sister was with a milliner, who gave her as much out of pity."

"Well," said Barras, "the bad days are over, and the good days have come. What brought you here, my little friend?"

Eugène told Barras the motive of his visit.

"Why did n't you ask me," said Barras, "instead of disturbing my colleague?"

"Because I wanted to know citizen-general Bonaparte," replied Eugène. "To get back my father's sword by his hand seemed to me a good omen."

Bowing to the two generals, he went off with the subaltern, much less shy and timid in departing than he had been on entering.

